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ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

THEIR LIVES AND GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS,

EMBRACING

BOOK I. THE GREAT FOUNDERS OF THE REPUBLIC.
BOOK II. THE NOBLE BUILDERS OF OUR UNION.
BOOK III. THE GREAT GENERALS OF THE CIVIL WAR.
BOOK IV. THE HEROES OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.
BOOK V. OUR GREAT PRESIDENTS AND STATESMEN.
BOOK VI. OUR GIANTS OF INVENTIVE ACHIEVEMENT.
BOOK VII. OUR SUCCESSFUL MEN OF BUSINESS.
BOOK VIII. OUR GREAT PULPIT ORATORS AND REFORMERS.
BOOK IX. OUR NOTED LITERARY MEN AND WOMEN.
BOOK X. THE POLITICAL LEADERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

PREPARED BY A CORPS OF DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.

HAMILTON W. MABIE, LL.B., WILLIAM GARNETT, D.C.L., ALLEN C. THOMAS, M.A., EDWARD S. ELLIS, M.A., PROF. W. W. BIRDSALL, W. FLETCHER JOHNSON, FRANCES E. WILLARD, AND OTHERS.

INTRODUCTION

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, LL.D.,

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED POLITICAL WRITER IN AMERICA.

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"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

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INTRODUCTION.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.,

Author of "The Man Without a Country," etc.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.,

THE history of mankind is made up of the biographies of men. This is a simple enough thing to say, and yet it would seem, from a good many histories, that it had never occurred to their writers. It is quite certain, however, that we appreciate and understand the history of our race most thoroughly, in those periods where we know of the personal lives of many of the actors. The periods where we do not know anything of individual lives are to us dreary deserts. For instance, it would probably be fair to say that the reason we give the Dark Ages that bad name, is that most of us know little or nothing of the personal movements or of individual lives of men and women in those ages.

The book in the reader's hands is compiled in the effort to bring together the lives of a hundred men and women who have led the United States since the middle of the last century. It is a very remarkable series. The people of the United States in that time have exhibited a genius for the science of government, such as the world has never elsewhere seen. In a hundred and fifty years following the first settlement of these coasts, there grew up on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean thirteen States. At the time of the Revolution these States were strong enough to equip armies and navies, and to defeat George the Third, who supposed that he was the strongest monarch in Europe when the Revolution began. The people in these thirteen States then had to organize forms of government wholly new for themselves and their successors. They took the

traditions and methods which had been developed in a century and a half, they studied with care the history of Europe, and they organized a set of constitutions which have made a new era in the political history of the world. In the first lives in this volume, the authors have tried to give to the careful reader some idea of the make-up of those men who engaged in work so remarkable; and we shall be disappointed if the American reader does not appreciate more highly the successes of the great founders of the republic, from knowing more intimately the details of their lives and of their education.

It is impossible to say that all these lives differ, in any one essential quality, from lives which have been led under the old civilizations of the European world. But in almost every one of them the reader will find a certain quality which he does not find in the average biography of persons brought up under European forms. If we compare a typical American with a typical European, the contrast is very strong. There is sometimes an American who has been educated in the European forms, and there is sometimes an inhabitant of the old continent who has been educated in unconventional forms, and in such a case the contrast between these two would not be strong. But, speaking in general, we may say that the book in the reader's hands will give him, if he reads it carefully, a good conception of what we mean when we speak of the American type, and so it will perhaps show to him how the history of the world has been affected by that providence which, in the discovery of America, gave white paper for the writing of its history.

The misfortune of most biography is a certain blindness which comes over the writer, when he forgets that his special business is to show his hero to the reader, and that he is not engaged, in the first instance, to give the general history of the hero's time. Even Mr. Irving lapsed here when he wrote his Life of Washington. There are whole chapters of that life in which Washington's name is not mentioned. More than half of it is a history of the United States, for the years when Washington was commander-in-chief of her army, or was President. On the other hand, the value of biography, as the common sense of the world has found out, is in such writing as Plutarch's. It may be doubted whether Plutarch were a very large man; it is certain that he did not take very noble views, either of man, of God, or of history. But Plutarch had the great art of being entertaining. His speculations may be foolish, but his narrative is interesting. Whoever will carefully study his method, will see that there was perhaps an advantage to Plutarch that he wrote before the days of printing, and, in most cases, some centuries after the men had died whom he described. The law of selection applied, therefore, for those things which were interesting about these men were still remembered, while the uninteresting

things had sunk to the bottom and were forgotten,—by the mere law of the attraction of gravitation, one might say. Plutarch writes what had proved to interest mankind, and leaves the rest unwritten. And what is it that interests mankind? Infallibly it is the narrative of events, if that narrative be enlivened by the personal characteristics of men engaged in the affair. In Plutarch's case, the most vivid of such characteristics shone through the dust and mist and smoke of centuries. He recorded what he knew, and did not record the rest, because he could not.

The reader of this volume will find, as I hope, that the various accomplished authors who have been engaged in it have been working on the principle which is illustrated in Plutarch's great success. We shall be disappointed if readers do not see how the personality of such great men has affected the time in which they lived. They ought to learn that what is called the drift of history, or the order of events, really results from the original life and purpose of the men and women who make up history.

The European critics of American life, who have never seen American life with their own eyes, are apt to construct a theory regarding us and our history which has no real foundation. John Stuart Mill, for instance, at many different times, expressed his opinion that in a social order resting upon universal suffrage, men will be forced by the pressure of a common life into a certain average existence, in which each man will resemble each other man, quite as so many shoe-pegs resemble each other when they are cut by the same machine. Mr. Mill does not say so, but if one were to give an illustration or two, he was afraid that an American Longfellow would be exactly like an American Lincoln, or an American Franklin exactly like an American Benedict Arnold. To us, on this side of the water, who suppose that we are living in a world of persons curiously unlike each other, such grave criticisms as these by Mr. Mill, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and other critics, who are writing about that of which they know very little, seem amusing. The contrasts presented between different lives in this volume will show how little danger we are in from this source, at least for several centuries.

Careful readers, again, will observe one distinguishing mark of American life, in the youth of many of the actors in our great dramas, so much younger are they than most of the men distinguished in similar work in the Old World. Thus, when the war of the Revolution began, Washington was only forty-three. It is amusing to see how his younger friends venerated his age. Of his aides, Hamilton was nineteen when he commanded a battery in New York and first attracted Washington's attention. Lafayette was nineteen when he was wounded at Brandywine. Pickering, who was quartermaster-general when the

war ended, was but twenty-seven when it began. Knox was twenty-five. Nathan Hale, the hero of young Americans, was but twenty-one when he died for his country, and expressed his regret that he had but one life to give for her. Of the five leaders in the founding of the nation, whose biographies we have here, the average age when the war began was but thirty-three. Adams and Jefferson, as is well remembered, were so young that they lived to see the greatness of their country half a century after that Declaration of Independence with which they had been so closely connected.

The readiness with which young men thus come forward into positions of trust and authority is readily accounted for by any one who has seen the conditions of a new settlement. Those conditions mark the arrangements of a rising State. The new town needs every one it can call into service. If a young man can do a man's work, he must. To revert again to the conditions of the war of the Revolution, when Burgoyne had driven in the American advance on the shore of Lake Champlain, when there was danger that his well-equipped army might sweep through the whole valley of the Connecticut, the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut ordered out every boy who was above the age of fifteen to meet the invading force. If he could carry a musket, the boy was old enough and big enough. Conditions like those lead to the rapid advance of young men. And even when the circumstances have all changed, the power of such conditions, through generations before, shows itself all through the social order.

The division into different books, which we have adopted, brings together those great characters who illustrate the service which has been rendered to our country in different fields of activity. The reader will readily note for himself the points at which the lives of these great men touch each other. He ought also to see how largely each life is affected by the influences of republican government, and those conditions which belong to States in their youth or in their infancy. Fulton in his earlier life painted a portrait of Dr. Franklin, which is one of the curious memorials of that time. John Quincy Adams is now most often remembered for the marvelous activity and spirit which he showed in his old age; but, as the reader will see, his personal memories ran back to the days when he copied documents for his father in the time of the Revolution. Young men should remember, indeed, that all through his early diary we find his expressions of regret that he had not the skill of an orator, and it should encourage them to recollect that when he died he was most often called the "old man eloquent."

But, without attempting in detail to show how closely the work of one of these heroes depends upon that of another, we ought to call the reader's attention to that many-sidedness of American life which, in each case, compels strong

people to occupy themselves in public affairs. To a true American, there must be no jealous seclusion of himself from his fellow-men. It is not simply that at each election he has his part to bear; in every civil contest he must define his position.

The literature of the country is therefore very closely connected with its politics, with its invention, with its discovery. Although at certain times we call very naturally upon the strongest men to go into the administration of the government, on the whole we are well pleased if such a man as Beecher keeps his position in the pulpit of Plymouth Church, and does not seek an appointment as a diplomatist or a member of the House of Representatives. If Mrs. Stowe gives her prayer and thought and time and genius to writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we are as well pleased at the result as if she had been canvassing for votes in the choice of a supervisor for the schools. George Peabody spent most of his life in London; the habits of his life were those of a banker and a financier. But, all his life through, he loved his country, and he believed in the principles on which the constitution of the country was founded. When the time came for the disposition of his great fortune, he was in touch with men of intelligence who knew the country better than he did, and he was able, therefore, to make the magnificent gifts which he made for education, for hospitals, and for the right study of history. He is to be remembered, therefore, as one of the real benefactors of America, with just as much gratitude as if he had served her in diplomacy, in Congress, or on the bench. And that man is a very careless reader who does not see that William Lloyd Garrison, quite outside of the administration of government, became a more important factor in the control of the history of this country, than many of those persons who occupied high official positions. Indeed, the young reader should observe that many of those persons are now entirely forgotten, and would have no place in any collection of the real leaders of America.

We shall, therefore, be very much disappointed if those who study this book do not learn the great lesson that he who does the duty next his hand, serves, in the providence of God, in the great purpose for which this nation exists, if only he loyally remember that he is a citizen of the nation and that the nation relies upon him. Alexander Hamilton may have thought, when he was a young man, that his genius was thwarted and humbled by the mercantile training to which he was bound. But it proved that Alexander Hamilton, precisely because he had a knowledge of financial and mercantile affairs, was the person on whose life the credit of the nation depended, in the great adjustment of its finances in the administration of Washington. George Washington himself may well have thought that in the monotonous services which he rendered, as one of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, he was throwing away abilities which deserved a nobler field. But in time the nobler field was opened, and it proved that George

Washington had been gaining that knowledge of men, and of the way to handle men, which was all-important for his country when he entered upon his great career. Of every person whose life is described here, the same could be said. They were "faithful in a few things," and because they were faithful there was given them the rule of great things. Henry Clay, with a marvelous gift of eloquence and with a careful preparation for the bar, had at the same time made the larger study of the American people. He knew what it was and what it was not. He knew what it needed, and he forecast its destiny. Precisely because he understood this people better than did most of the older men who were around him, he became, one may say, their idol, and he was able to render service to his country which no closet-student, trained simply in the methods of older dynasties, could ever have done. In an entirely different line of life, the same is true of Andrew Jackson. Precisely because he did not trammel himself with precedent or conditions, which even to a well-trained lawyer may have seemed important,—because, on the other hand, in the difficulties of frontier warfare he had accustomed himself to look at the national life, from a broad and at the same time practical point of view,—he saved the constitution when the constitution was really endangered.

This book will fall into the hands of clubs and schools, for study more careful than is involved in one superficial reading. In introducing it to readers who study it, I make one suggestion, of which I hope they will try the value; they will find similar suggestions made, with some detail of illustration, more than once in Miss Edgeworth's admirable suggestions for education. Let any group of readers cultivate the habit of impersonating, if they please, the characters whose lives interest them in American history, and bringing these people together for imaginary conversations, for common action, in such scenes and at such times as history will justify. Imaginary conversations, such as Madame de Genlis suggests; imaginary correspondence, such as even classical writers were amused with, will prove not only amusing but of permanent value in giving a vivid sense of the life of older times. Better yet, perhaps, for the purpose of maintaining the life and interest of a club or society of readers, would be the dramatic representation, in a parlor or a school-room, of scenes such as bright pupils would imagine, which shall introduce several of the great men or women of whom they read.

Thus, there is a curious home letter from a private soldier in Braddock's army, which makes it well-nigh certain that Franklin, at the age of forty-nine, met Washington when he was but twenty-three, as Braddock's army advanced toward its ruin. It would be easy, in some parlor theatricals, to represent the scene, to bring in these two men who were unconscious of their future greatness,

to surround them with such figures as those of Braddock and Gage and Morris, and in dialogue or in pantomime to interest the whole company. A date thus fixed, a transaction thus made real, take their places in memory, and, as an old friend says, "give something to knit upon" as one works out his own fabric of history.

When the Revolutionary War began, every *rencontre* between the soldiers of England and those of America brought people together in such dramatic fashion. When Gage addressed Washington and Washington replied to him, parted only by the Charles River, it was with recollections of the time when they sat at the same mess-table, when they copied the same despatch, as they both served on the staff of Braddock. When Franklin met Lord Howe, in 1776, it was to recall the memory of how they had played chess together in London. When Clinton sailed into New York, after his repulse at Charleston, it was to show to the younger officers the streets and homes of the town where he had spent his boyhood, in which, probably, he was more at home than he was in London. Perhaps, indeed, when he passed the burial-ground by King's Chapel in Boston some one took pains to point out to him the grave of his relative, Isaac Johnson, Arbella Johnson's husband, who had come from the family home in England, which Clinton must have remembered well. Indeed, an accurate reader could bring together Jefferson, Jay, and Adams, in more than one imaginary colloquy, which would fix in the memory of all who saw those characters well presented the various contributions which such men made, for weal or for woe, to the progress of the nation. The contrast of the fanfaronade and love of glory of Paul Jones, against the drollery and simplicity of Franklin, and the half-concealed annoyance of John Adams, might make a very amusing scene in such a performance as I have suggested. It is not so easy to imagine Henry Clay in London, arranging with George Peabody how he may draw for money. But such men never met but that each of them affected the life of the other.

I venture to recommend to all clubs or societies of young people who read this book together, that they try some such impersonations, which will bring history in visible form before them. The preparations will be in some regards more difficult, in some more easy, than they think at first. But it may well be that they shall find, in many instances, that they are working up some detail of the local history of the place in which they live, which would otherwise have been neglected and eventually forgotten. And such students should remember that there is many an attic which is yet to give up its store of old papers of great value in the working out of our history.

It is generally said, and it is true, that thus far America has not developed, or at least has not shown, much power in the writing of entertaining memoirs. For the history of the Revolution the most vivid local color is supplied by those bright, accomplished young Frenchmen, to whom everything was a surprise, and

who, therefore, wrote down what our own fathers thought a matter of course and left for forgetfulness. The gaps in our history, which are left by the inability of the fathers to write entertaining memoirs, must be supplied now from their ledgers and day-books and from the old correspondence, when by good fortune it has been preserved. What the artists call "local color," and the vividness which is given by what they call "broken lights," may often improve our historical picture, if contributed by some antiquarian student who works with imagination. I cannot but hope that, by the wide circulation of this very book, there may be roused up some young Parkman or Prescott or Bancroft, who shall be tempted to make the researches which will bring to light memoranda of use, because of interest, in the construction of the history of the republic.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.



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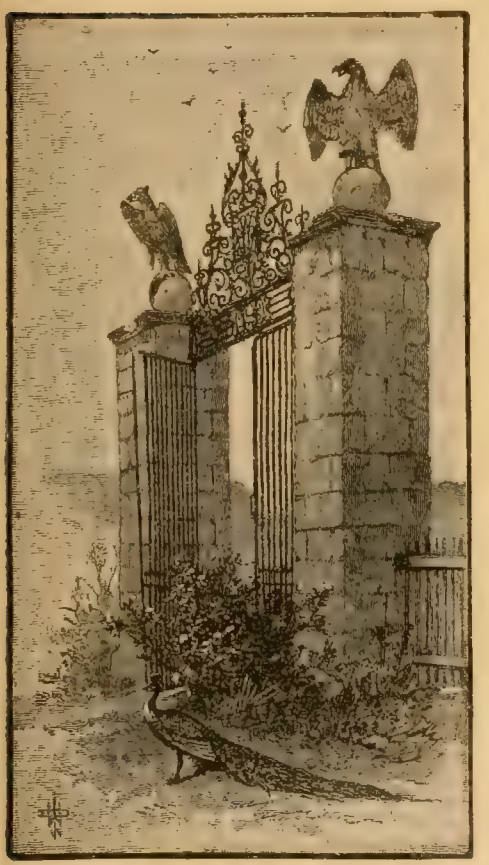


GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

FATHER AND FOUNDER OF THE REPUBLIC.



A VIRGINIA PLANTATION GATEWAY.

AMONG the multitude who in different lands and times have won fame in varying degrees, a few stand out so distinct, so far above the rest, that they mark the eras of the world's progress. By them we measure our growth; by them we test our advance or decline. We no longer judge them, but rather judge ourselves by them, by the extent to which we can appreciate and understand them. An age in which they are honored is glorious; a generation by which they are not esteemed is contemptible. Among the few thus truly great is WASHINGTON. A thousand times has the story of his noble life been told; yet never were men so eager to hear it as now. His character has endured every test; his fame is secure. "It will be the duty of the historian in all ages," says Lord Brougham, "to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; . . . and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

Two centuries ago Virginia was almost an unexplored wilderness; but the climate, the soil, the rivers, bays, mountains, valleys, all combined to render it one of the most attractive spots upon our globe. Two young brothers, Lawrence and John Washington, were lured by these attractions to abandon their home in England, and seek their fortunes in this new world. They were both

gentlemen. Lawrence was a fine scholar, a graduate of Oxford; John was an accomplished man of business.

The two brothers had purchased a large tract of land about fifty miles above the mouth of the Potomac, and on its western banks. John built him a house, and married Anne Pope. Augustine, his second son, inherited the paternal homestead. Augustine's first wife, Jane Butler, as lovely in character as she was beautiful in person, died, leaving three little motherless children. The disconsolate father, in the course of years, found another mother for his bereaved household.

He was singularly fortunate in his choice. Mary Ball was everything that husband or child could desire. She was beautiful in person, intelligent, accomplished, energetic and prudent, and a warm hearted Christian. Augustine and Mary were married on the 6th of March, 1730. On the 22d of February, 1732, they received into their arms their first-born child. Little did they dream, as they bore their babe to the baptismal font and called him *George Washington*, that that name was to become one of the most memorable in the annals of time.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

From earliest childhood George developed a very noble character. He had a vigorous constitution, a fine form, and great bodily strength. In childhood he was noted for frankness, fearlessness, and moral courage; and yet far removed from manifesting a quarrelsome spirit. He never tyrannized over others; and none were found to attempt to tyrannize over him.

After twelve happy years of union with Mary Ball, when George was but ten years of age, Augustine Washington died, leaving George and five other children fatherless. The mother was equal to the task thus imposed upon her. The confidence of her husband in her judgment and maternal love is indicated by the fact that he left the income of the entire property to her until her children should respectively come of age. Nobly she discharged the task. A nation's homage gathers around the memory of the mother of Washington. Life's severe discipline developed a character simple, sincere, grave, cheered with earnest and unostentatious piety. Her well-balanced mind gave her great influence over her son, which she retained until the hour of her death.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton tells the story that, when George Washington was in the meridian of his fame, a brilliant party was given in his honor at Fredericksburg, Va. When the church-bell rang the hour of nine, his mother rose and said, "Come, George, it is nine o'clock: it is time for us to go home." George, like a dutiful son, offered her his arm, and they retired. Mrs. Hamilton admits, however, that after Washington had seen his mother safely home he returned to the party.

At sixteen years of age George, then a man in character, and almost a man

in stature, left school. He excelled in mathematical studies, and had become familiar with the principles of geometry and trigonometry and of practical surveying. In was then his intention to become a civil engineer. At that time, in this new and rapidly-growing country, there was great demand for such services, and the employment was very lucrative. He had formed his character upon the right model. Everything he did he did well. If he wrote a letter, every word was as plain as print, with spelling, capitals, punctuation, all correct. His diagrams and tables were never scribbled off, but all executed with great beauty. These excellent habits, thus early formed, were retained through life.

Upon leaving school George went to spend a little time with his elder brother, Lawrence, at Mount Vernon. Then, as now, that was an enchanting spot. The house, situated upon a swell of land, commanded an extensive view of the Potomac and of the surrounding country. It was nearly one hundred miles above the home of George. Lord Fairfax, a man of large fortune and romantic tastes, had been lured by the charms of this delightful region to purchase a vast territory, which extended far away, over the Blue Mountains. It was a property embracing rivers and mountains, forests and prairies, and wealth unexplored. Lord Fairfax was charmed with young Washington, his frankness, his intelligence, his manliness, his gentlemanly bearing,—a boy in years, a man in maturity of wisdom and character; and he engaged this lad, then but one month over sixteen years of age, to explore and survey these pathless wilds, a large portion of which was then ranged only by wild beasts and savage men. It may be doubted whether a lad of his age ever before undertook a task so arduous. With a few attendants, the boy entered the wilderness. We have some extracts from the journal which he kept, which give us a vivid idea of the life he then led. Under date of March 15, 1748, he writes:—

"Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper, we were lighted into a room; and I, not being so good a woodman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly, and went into the bed, as they call it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, with double its weight of vermin. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did. Had we not been very tired, I am sure we should not have slept much that night. I made a promise to sleep so no more in a bed, choosing rather to sleep in the open air before a fire."

On the 2d of April he writes, "A blowing, rainy night. Our straw, upon which we were lying, took fire; but I was luckily preserved by one of our men awaking when it was in a flame. We have run off four lots this day."

George returned from this tramp with all his energies consolidated by toil, peril, and hardship. Though but seventeen years of age, he was a responsible, self-reliant man. The State of Virginia now employed him as public surveyor.



WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION AT TRENTON.

For three years he was engaged in these laborious duties, which introduced him to scenes of romance and adventure. Though he often, during these three years, visited his mother, his headquarters were with his brother at Mount Vernon, as this was much nearer. Lord Fairfax, who, it is said, was the victim of a love disappointment, had built him a substantial stone mansion in the valley beyond the Blue Ridge, where he was living in a sort of baronial splendor, and where George was an ever welcome guest.

MISSION TO THE FRENCH COMMANDER.

Having performed his duty as surveyor so well, he was chosen adjutant-general, with the rank of major, over a portion of the militia whose duty it was to repel the encroachments of the French and Indians. In the meantime, however, he was absent four months in Barbadoes with a sick brother. The next year, being then twenty-one years of age, he was sent as commissioner by Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French commander why he had invaded the king's colonies. For seven hundred and fifty miles, more than half of the distance through an unbroken wilderness, he made his way, accompanied by only seven persons; and after forty-one days of toil, in the middle of December he reached his destination. Having concluded his mission, he set out in the dead of winter to retrace his dreary route. The horses after a while gave out, and the drivers were left to take care of them, while he and one companion pushed on alone, on foot, through the wilderness. Traveling in this manner, they came upon an Indian, who, under the pretence of acting as guide, led them off their route, and then shot at them. Sparing his life, contrary to the wishes of his friend, Washington soon got rid of him, and walked all night to escape pursuit. Coming to the Alleghany river, they found it only partly frozen over, and here the two friends lay down upon the bank in the cold snow, with nothing but their blankets over them, and thus, weary and hungry, passed the dreary night. The next morning they set to work with a single hatchet to build a raft. They worked all day long on the frail thing, and just after sunset succeeded in launching it on the turbulent stream. When nearly half across, huge fragments of floating ice came driving down the current, and, jamming against the crazy fabric, jerked them overboard, into ten feet of water. The two adventurers swam and waded to an island, where, amid frost and snow, wet to the skin, without a blanket to cover them or a spark of fire, with their clothes frozen stiff upon their backs, they passed the long, wintry night. They were now without the means of reaching either shore; but the biting cold that benumbed their limbs froze also the river, so that when morning dawned it was bridged over with ice between them and the shore. Escaping the shot of the Indian, the dangers of the forest, and death by cold, they at length, after an absence of eleven weeks, arrived safely at home.

Washington's journal of this tour was published in London, and attracted much attention, as it contained conclusive proof that the French would resist any attempts of the English to establish their settlements upon the Ohio. The Legislature of Virginia was in session at Williamsburg when Washington returned. Modestly, and unconscious that he would attract any attention, he went into the gallery to observe the proceedings. The Speaker chanced to see him, and, rising, proposed that

"The thanks of this house be given to Major Washington, who now sits in the gallery, for the gallant manner in which he has executed the important trust lately reposed in him by his excellency the governor."

Every member of the house rose to his feet; and Washington was greeted with a simultaneous and enthusiastic burst of applause. Embarrassed by the unexpected honor, and unaccustomed to public speaking, the young hero endeavored in vain to give utterance to his thanks. Out of this painful dilemma the eloquent Speaker helped him as generously as he had helped him into it. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, in his most courteous manner, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." Nothing could be more elegant or skilful than this double stroke, which not only relieved Washington, but paid him at the same time the highest compliment that could be bestowed.

BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION.

Early in the spring of 1755 General Braddock, a self-conceited, stubborn man, landed in Virginia with two regiments of regular troops from Great Britain. Arrogant in the pride of his technical military education, he despised alike Frenchmen, Indians, and colonists. With his force, Braddock started on a march through the wilderness for the reduction of Fort Duquesne. Washington accompanied him as volunteer aid. In a straggling line four miles in length, this army of two thousand men, totally unacquainted with Indian warfare, and thoroughly despising such barbaric foes, commenced its march, with ponderous artillery and a cumbrous baggage-train, through the forest, for the distant junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela. Washington, who well knew the foe they were to encounter, was alarmed at this recklessness, and urged greater caution. The regular British general was not to be taught the art of war by a provincial colonel, who had never even seen the inside of a military school. Successfully they had threaded the wilderness, and on a beautiful summer's day they were exultingly marching along the banks of the Monongahela, when they entered a defile of picturesque beauty.

Suddenly, like the burst of thunder from the cloudless heavens, came the crash of musketry, and a tempest of lead swept through their ranks. Crash followed crash in quick succession, before, behind, on the right, on the left. No foe was to be seen; yet every bullet accomplished its mission. The ground was

soon covered with the dead and wounded. Amazement and consternation ran through the ranks. An unseen foe was assailing them. Braddock stood his ground with bull-dog courage, until he fell, pierced by a bullet. When nearly half of the army were slain, the remnant broke in wild disorder and fled. The ambush was entirely successful. Six hundred of these unseen assailants were Indians. They made the forest ring with their derision in scorn of the folly of Braddock.

Washington, through this awful scene, which he had been constantly anticipating, was perfectly collected, and, with the coolest courage, did everything which human sagacity could do to retrieve the disaster. Two horses were shot beneath him, and four bullets passed through his coat. Eight hundred of Braddock's army, including most of the officers, were either dead or wounded. Washington rallied around him the few provincials, upon whom Braddock had looked with contempt. Each man instantly placed himself behind a tree, according to the necessities of forest warfare. As the Indians burst from their ambush, the unerring fire of the provincials checked them and drove them back. But for this the army would have been utterly destroyed. All Washington's endeavors to rally the British regulars were unavailing. Indignantly he writes, "They ran like sheep before the hounds." Panic-stricken, abandoning artillery and baggage, they continued their tumultuous retreat to the Atlantic coast. The provincials, in orderly march, protected them from pursuit. Braddock's defeat rang through the land as Washington's victory. The provincials, who, submitting to military authority, had allowed themselves to be led into this valley of death, proclaimed far and wide the precautions which Washington had urged, and the heroism with which he had rescued the remnant of the army.

The French made no attempt to pursue their advantage, but quietly retired to Fort Duquesne, there to await another assault, should the English decide to make one. A force of about seven hundred men was raised, and placed under the command of Washington, to protect the scattered villages and dwellings of this vast frontier. For three years Washington gave all his energies to this arduous enterprise. It would require a volume to record the awful scenes through which he passed during these three years.

In November, 1758, Fort Duquesne was wrested from the French, and the valley of the Ohio passed from their control forever. The Canadas soon after surrendered to Wolfe, and English supremacy was established upon this continent without a rival.

Washington was now twenty-six years of age. The beautiful estate of Mount Vernon had descended to him by inheritance. On the 6th of January, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a lady of great worth and beauty. Washington was already wealthy; and his wife brought with her, as her dower, a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. After the tumultuous scenes of his



BARON STEUBEN. GOV. ARTHUR ST. CLAIR. SEC'Y SAMUEL A. OTIS. ROGER SHERMAN. GOV. GEORGE CLINTON.
CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON. GEORGE WASHINGTON. GEN'L HENRY KNOX

WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT,

APRIL 30, 1789, ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT TREASURY BUILDING, WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Virginia gave us this imperial man,
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
.
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a Country, giving him.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

youth, he retired with his bride and her two children to the lovely retreat of Mount Vernon, where he spent fifteen years of almost unalloyed happiness. He enlarged the mansion, embellished the grounds, and by purchase made very considerable additions to his large estate.

OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION.

During these serene years of peace and prosperity an appalling storm was gathering, which soon burst with fearful desolation over all the colonies. The British ministry, denying the colonists the rights of British subjects, insisted upon exercising the despotic power of imposing taxes upon the colonists, while withholding the right of representation. All American remonstrances were thrown back with scorn. Troops were sent to enforce obedience to the mandates of the British Crown. The Americans sprang to arms, called a Congress, and chose George Washington commander-in-chief.

To the Congress which elected him he replied: "I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge. That is all I desire."

To his wife, the object of his most tender affection, he wrote that it was his greatest affliction to be separated from her, but that duty called, and he must obey. He said that he could not decline the appointment without dishonoring his name, and sinking himself even in her esteem.

On the 2d of July Washington arrived in Cambridge and took command of the army. The ceremony took place under the elm-tree which still stands immortalized by the event. General Gage was commander of the British forces. Twelve thousand British regulars were intrenched on Bunker's Hill and in the streets of Boston. About fifteen thousand provincial militia, wretchedly armed and without any discipline, occupied a line nearly twelve miles in extent, encircling, on the land side, Charlestown and Boston. The British war-ships held undisputed possession of the harbor.

At length, in March, 1776, after months of toil and surmounting difficulties more than can be enumerated, Washington was prepared for decisive action. In a dark and stormy night he opened upon the foe in the city, from his encircling lines, as fierce a bombardment as his means would allow. Under cover of this roar of the batteries and the midnight storm, he dispatched a large force of picked troops, with the utmost secrecy, to take possession of the Heights of Dorchester. There, during the hours of the night, the soldiers worked with the utmost diligence in throwing up breastworks which would protect them from the broadsides of the English fleet. Having established his batteries upon those heights, he commanded the harbor.

In the early dawn of the morning, the British Admiral saw, to his consternation, that a fort bristling with cannon had sprung up during the night almost over his head. He immediately opened upon the works the broadsides of all his ships; but the Americans, defiant of the storm of iron which fell around them, continued to pile their sand-bags and to ply their shovels, until they had thrown up ramparts so strong that no cannonade could injure them. The British fleet was now at the mercy of Washington's batteries. In a spirit almost of desperation, the Admiral ordered three thousand men in boats to land and take the heights at every hazard. But a great storm came to the aid of the colonists. The gale increased to such fury that not a boat could be launched. Before another day and night had passed the redoubt was made so strong that it could defy any attack.

It was the morning of the 17th of March, 1776. The storm had passed away. The blue sky overarched the beleaguered city and the encamping armies. Washington sat upon his horse, serene and majestic, and contemplated in silent triumph, from the Heights of Dorchester, the evacuation of Boston. The whole British army was crowded on board the ships. A fresh breeze from the west filled their sails; and the hostile armament, before the sun went down, had disappeared beyond the distant horizon. It was a glorious victory. Such another case, perhaps, history does not record. Washington, *without ammunition*, had maintained his post for six months within musket-shot of a powerful British army. During this time he had disbanded the small force of raw militia he at first had with him, and had recruited another army; and had then driven the enemy into his ships, and out into the sea.

The latter part of June, just before the Declaration of Independence, two large British fleets, one from Halifax and the other direct from England, met at the mouth of the Bay of New York, and, disembarking a powerful army, took possession of Staten Island. Washington had assembled all his available military force to resist their advances. The British Government regarded the leaders of the armies, and their supporters in Congress, as felons, doomed to the scaffold. They refused, consequently, to recognize any titles conferred by Congress.

By the middle of August the British had assembled, on Staten Island and at the mouth of the Hudson River, a force of nearly thirty thousand soldiers, with a numerous and well-equipped fleet. To oppose them Washington had about twelve thousand men, poorly armed, and quite unaccustomed to military discipline and the hardships of the camp. A few regiments of American troops, about five thousand in number, were gathered near Brooklyn. A few thousand more were stationed at other points on Long Island. The English landed without opposition, fifteen thousand strong, and made a combined assault upon the Americans. The battle was short, but bloody. The Americans, overpowered, sullenly retired, leaving fifteen hundred of their number either dead or in the

hands of the English. A vastly superior force of well-trained British troops, flushed with victory, pressed upon the rear of the dispirited colonists. Their situation seemed desperate.

Again Providence came to our aid. The wind died away to a perfect calm, so that the British fleet could not move. A dense fog was rolled in from the ocean. The Americans, familiar with every foot of the ground, improved the propitious moments. Boats were rapidly collected; and, in the few hours of that black night, nine thousand men, with nearly all their artillery and military stores, were safely landed in New York. The transportation was conducted so secretly that, though the Americans could hear the English at work with their pickaxes, the last boat had left the Long Island shore ere the retreat was suspected.

The American army was now in a deplorable condition. It had neither arms, ammunition, nor food. The soldiers were unpaid, almost mutinous, and in rags. There were thousands in the vicinity of New York who were in sympathy with the British. Nearly all the Government officials and their friends were on that side. A conspiracy was formed, in which a part of Washington's own guard was implicated, to seize him, and deliver him to that ignominious death to which the British Crown had doomed him.

Washington was equal to the crisis. He saw that the only hope was to be found in avoiding an engagement, and in wearing out the resources of the enemy in protracted campaigns. He slowly retired from New York to the Heights of Harlem, with sleepless vigilance watching every movement of the foe, that he might take advantage of the slightest indiscretion. Here he threw up breastworks, which the enemy did not venture to attack. The British troops ascended the Hudson and East River to assail Washington in his rear. A weary campaign of marches and counter-marches ensued, in which Washington, with scarcely a shadow of an army, sustained, in the midst of a constant succession of disasters, the apparently hopeless fortunes of his country. At one time General Reed in anguish exclaimed,—

"My God! General Washington, how long shall we fly?"

Serenely Washington replied, "We shall retreat, if necessary, over every river of our country, and then over the mountains, where I will make a last stand against our enemies."

THE NEW JERSEY CAMPAIGN.

Washington crossed the Hudson into the Jerseys. The British pursued him. With consummate skill, he baffled all the efforts of the foe. With an army reduced to a freezing, starving band of but three thousand men, he retreated to Trenton. The British pressed exultantly on, deeming the conflict ended and the Revolution crushed. It was December. The foe tracked the patriots by the blood of their lacerated feet on the frozen ground. With great difficulty Wash-



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

(From the Painting by Leutze.)

ington succeeded in crossing the Delaware in boats, just as the British army arrived upon the banks of the stream. They needed but to cross the river to take possession of Philadelphia. The ice was so rapidly forming that they would soon be able to pass at any point without obstruction. The enemy, with apparently nothing to fear, relaxed his vigilance.

The night of December 25, 1776, was very dark and intensely cold. A storm of wind and snow raged violently. The British, considering the patriots utterly dispersed, and that a broad, icy river flowed between them and the retreating American bands, gathered around the firesides. In the darkness of that wintry night, and amidst the conflict of its elements, Washington re-embarked his troops to recross the Delaware. Forcing his boats through the floating blocks of ice, he succeeded, before daylight the next morning, in landing upon the opposite shore twenty-four hundred men and twenty pieces of cannon. The British were carelessly dispersed, not dreaming of danger. The Americans sprang upon the first body of the foe they met, and, after a short but bloody strife, scattered them, capturing a thousand prisoners and six cannon. The British retreated to Princeton, and Washington took possession of Trenton. Soon Lord Cornwallis, having received large reinforcements, marched upon Trenton, confident that General Washington could no longer escape them. At the close of a bleak winter day his army appeared before the lines which Washington had thrown up around Trenton. "To-morrow," he said, "at the break of day, I will attack them. The rising sun shall see the end of the rebellion."

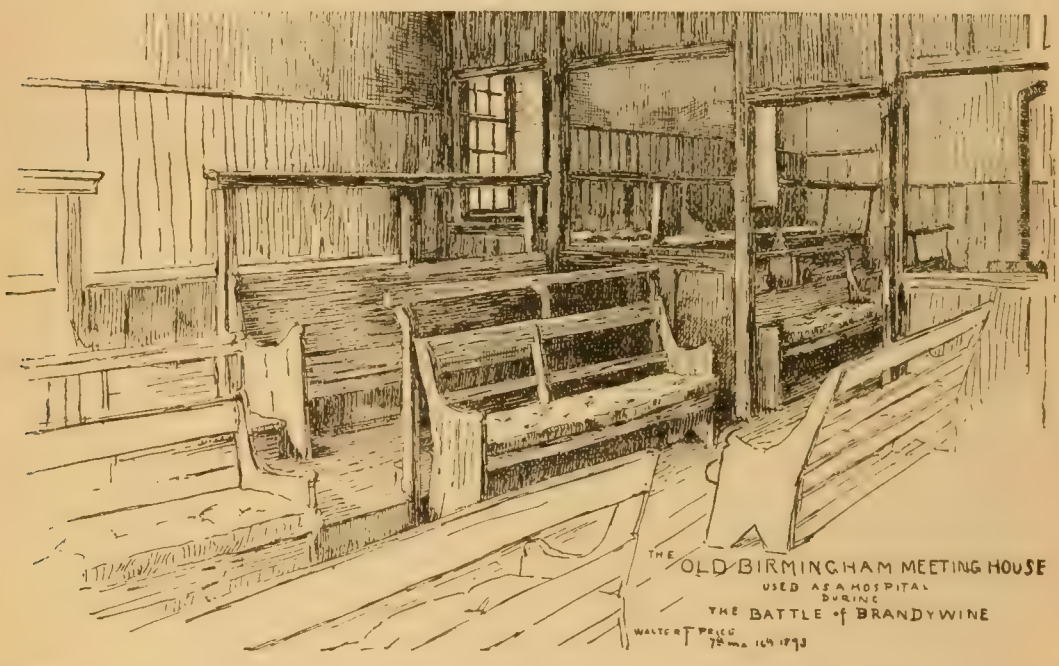
The sun rose the next morning, cold but cloudless. In the night the American army had vanished. Replenishing his camp-fires to deceive the enemy, at midnight, with the utmost precaution and precipitation, he evacuated his camp, and, by a circuitous route, fell upon the rear of the English at Princeton. A hundred and sixty of the British were shot down, and three hundred were taken prisoners.

Cheered by this success, Washington led his handful of troops to the Heights of Morristown. There he intrenched them for winter-quarters. He, however, sent out frequent detachments, which so harassed the enemy that, in a short time, New Jersey was delivered from their presence. The country was animated by these achievements, and Congress roused itself to new energies.

During the remainder of the winter vigorous efforts were made in preparation for the opening of the spring campaign. The different States sent troops to join the army at Morristown. The people of France, in sympathy with our cause, sent two vessels. The Marquis de Lafayette left his mansion of opulence, and his youthful bride, to peril his life in the cause of American independence. The British, harassed by Washington's sleepless vigilance, yet unable to compel him or to lure him into a general engagement, left New York in a fleet, with

eighteen thousand soldiers, to capture Philadelphia. They landed near Elkton, at the head of Chesapeake Bay. Washington, with but eleven thousand men, marched to encounter them. The two armies met on the banks of the Brandywine. A bloody battle ensued. Lafayette was wounded. The Americans, overpowered, were compelled to retreat. Washington, after a short but severe engagement at Germantown, retired, and the British took possession of Philadelphia.

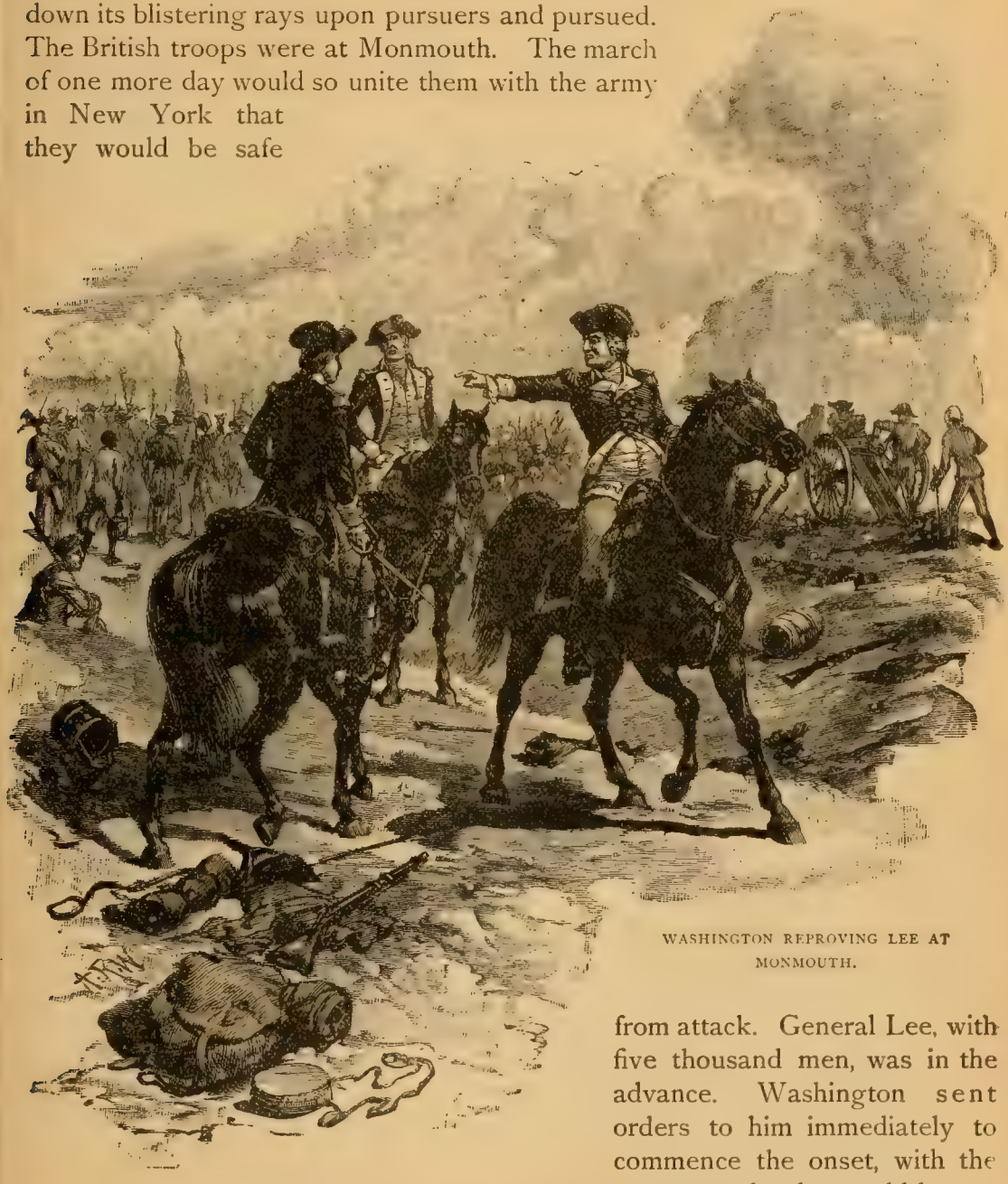
Congress precipitately adjourned to Lancaster, and thence to York. Winter again came. The British were comfortably housed in Philadelphia. Washington selected Valley Forge, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, as his winter-quarters. Eleven thousand men here passed the winter of 1777 and



1778. It was a period of great discouragement and suffering. The army was in a state of destitution, which Washington did not dare to proclaim abroad, lest the foe should rush upon him in his helplessness.

In this dark hour France came forward to our aid; recognizing our independence, entering into a friendly alliance with us, and sending both a fleet and an army to our support. The British army in New York and Philadelphia amounted to thirty thousand men. The whole American army did not exceed fifteen thousand. But the British, apprehensive that a French fleet might soon appear, and thus endanger the troops in Philadelphia, evacuated the city, and the troops commenced their march through New Jersey. The cold of winter had given place to the heat of summer.

Washington followed close in the rear of the foe, watching for a chance to strike. The 28th of June, 1778, was a day of intense heat. Not a breath of air was stirring, while an unclouded sun poured down its blistering rays upon pursuers and pursued. The British troops were at Monmouth. The march of one more day would so unite them with the army in New York that they would be safe



WASHINGTON REPROVING LEE AT MONMOUTH.

from attack. General Lee, with five thousand men, was in the advance. Washington sent orders to him immediately to commence the onset, with the assurance that he would hasten to his support. As Washington was pressing eagerly forward, to his inexpressible chagrin he met General Lee at the head of his troops, in full retreat. It

is said that Washington, with great vehemence of manner and utterance, cried out, "General Lee, what means this ill-timed prudence?" The retreating General threw back an angry retort. But it was no time for altercation. Washington turned to the men. They greeted him with cheers. At his command they wheeled about and charged the enemy. A sanguinary battle ensued, and the English were driven from the field. The colonists slept upon their arms, prepared to renew the battle in the morning. When the morning dawned, no foe was to be seen. The British had retreated in the night, leaving three hundred of their dead behind them. The Americans lost but sixty-nine.

DARK DAYS OF THE WAR.

Another cold and cheerless winter came. The British remained within their lines at New York. They sent agents, however, to the Six Nations of Indians, to arm them against our defenseless frontier. These fierce savages, accompanied by Tory bands, perpetrated horrors too dreadful for recital. The massacres of Cherry Valley and of Wyoming were among the most awful tragedies ever witnessed on this globe. The narrative of these fiendish deeds sent a thrill of horror through England as well as America. Four thousand men were sent by Washington into the wilderness, to arrest, if possible, these massacres. The savages and their allies were driven to Niagara, where they were received into an English fortress. General Clinton commenced a vigorous prosecution of a system of violence and plunder upon defenseless towns and farm-houses. The sky was reddened with wanton conflagration. Women and children were driven houseless into the fields. The flourishing towns of Fairfield and Norwalk, in Connecticut, were reduced to ashes.

While the enemy was thus ravaging that defenseless State, Washington planned an expedition against Stony Point, on the Hudson, which was held by the British. General Wayne conducted the enterprise, on the night of the 15th of July, with great gallantry and success. Sixty-three of the British were killed, five hundred and forty-three were taken prisoners, and all the military stores of the fortress captured. During this summer campaign the American army was never sufficiently strong to take the offensive. It was, however, incessantly employed striking blows upon the English wherever the eagle eye of Washington could discern an exposed spot.

The winter of 1779 set in early, and with unusual severity. The American army was in such a starving condition that Washington was compelled to make the utmost exertions to save his wasting band from annihilation. These long years of war and woe filled many even of the most sanguine hearts with despair. Not a few patriots deemed it madness for the colonies, impoverished as they were, any longer to contend against the richest and most powerful nation upon the globe. General Arnold, who was at this time in command at West Point,

saw no hope for his country. Believing the ship to be sinking, he turned traitor, and offered to sell his fortress to the English. The treason was detected, but the traitor escaped; and the lamented André, who had been lured into the position of a spy, became the necessary victim of Arnold's crime.

Lord Cornwallis was now, with a well-provided army and an assisting navy, overrunning the two Carolinas. General Greene was sent, with all the force which Washington could spare, to watch and harass the invaders, and to furnish the inhabitants with all the protection in his power. Lafayette was in the vicinity of New York, with his eagle eye fixed upon the foe, ready to pounce upon any detachment which presented the slightest exposure. Washington was everywhere, with patriotism which never flagged, with hope which never failed, cheering the army, animating the inhabitants, rousing Congress, and guiding with his well-balanced mind both military and civil legislation. Thus the dreary year of 1780 lingered away.

As the spring of 1781 opened, the war was renewed. The British directed their chief attention to the South, which was far weaker than the North. Richmond, in Virginia, was laid in ashes; and a general system of devastation and plunder prevailed. The enemy ascended the Chesapeake and the Potomac with armed vessels. They landed at Mount Vernon. The manager of the estate, to save the mansion from pillage and flames, furnished them with abundant supplies. Washington was much displeased. He wrote to his agent:—

"It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that, in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burned my house and laid the plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them, with a view to prevent a conflagration."

Lord Cornwallis was now at Yorktown, in Virginia, but a few miles from Chesapeake Bay. There was no force in his vicinity seriously to annoy him. Washington resolved, in conjunction with our allies from France, to make a bold movement for his capture. An army of six thousand men, under Count Rochambeau, had been sent by France to aid the American cause. This army, with the French fleet, were most important aids to Washington. He succeeded in deceiving the English into the belief that he was making great preparations for the siege of New York. Thus they were prevented from rendering any aid to Yorktown.

By rapid marches from the neighborhood of New York Washington hastened to Virginia. Early in September Lord Cornwallis, as he arose one morning, was amazed to find himself surrounded by the bayonets and batteries of the Americans. At about the same hour the French fleet appeared, in invincible strength, before the harbor. Cornwallis was caught. There was no escape;



MEETING OF WASHINGTON AND ROCHAMBEAU.

there was no retreat. Neither by land nor by sea could he obtain any supplies. Shot and shell soon began to fall thickly into his lines. Famine stared him in the face. After a few days of hopeless conflict, on the 19th of October, 1781, he was compelled to surrender. Seven thousand British veterans laid down their arms. One hundred and sixty pieces of cannon, with corresponding military stores, graced the triumph.

When the British soldiers were marching from their intrenchments to lay down their arms, Washington thus addressed his troops: "My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing, increase their mortification. Posterity will huzza for us."

This glorious capture roused renewed hope and vigor all over the country. The joyful tidings reached Philadelphia at midnight. A watchman traversed the streets, shouting at intervals, "Past twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken!" Candles were lighted; windows thrown up; figures in night-robes and night-caps bent eagerly out to catch the thrilling sound; shouts were raised; citizens rushed into the streets, half clad,—they wept; they laughed. The news flew upon the wings of the wind, nobody can tell how, and the shout of an enfranchised people rose, like a roar of thunder, from our whole land. With such a victory, republican America would never again yield to the aristocratic government of England.

Early in May, 1782, the British Cabinet opened negotiations for peace. Hostilities were, by each party, tacitly laid aside. Negotiations were protracted in Paris during the summer and the ensuing winter. Early in the following spring the joyful tidings arrived that a treaty of peace had been signed at Paris. The intelligence was communicated to the American army on the 19th of April, 1783,—just eight years from the day when the conflict was commenced on the Common at Lexington.

Late in November the British evacuated New York, entered their ships, and sailed for their distant island. Washington, marching from West Point, entered the city as our vanquished foes departed. America was free and independent. Washington was the savior of his country.

After an affecting farewell to the officers of the army, Washington set out for his Virginia home. At every town and village he was received with love and gratitude. At Annapolis he met the Continental Congress, where he was to resign his commission. It was the 23d of December, 1783. All the members of Congress, and a large concourse of spectators, were present. His address closed with the following words:—

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

The next day he returned to Mount Vernon, where he expected to spend the remainder of his days as a private citizen. This, however, could not be. The wisdom and ability of which he had given such abundant proof was soon required once more in his country's service.

The great problem which now engrossed all minds was the consolidation of the thirteen States into a nation. To this subject Washington, who had suffered so intensely from the inefficiency of the Continental Congress, devoted his most anxious attention. A convention was called in the year 1787. Washington was a delegate from Virginia, and was unanimously chosen to preside over its deliberations. The result was the present Constitution of the United States; which created a nation from the people of all the States, with supreme powers for all the purposes of a general government, and leaving with the States those questions of local law in which the integrity of the nation was not involved. The Constitution of the United States is, in the judgment of the millions of the American people, the most sagacious document which has ever emanated from uninspired minds. It has created the strongest government upon this globe. It has made the United States of America what they now are. The world must look at the fruit, and wonder and admire.

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW NATION.

Upon the adoption of the Constitution all eyes were turned to Washington as chief magistrate. By the unanimous voice of the Electors he was chosen the first President of the United States. There was probably scarcely a dissentient voice in the nation. New York was then the seat of government. As Washington left Mount Vernon for the metropolis to assume these new duties of toil and care, we find recorded in his journal:—

"About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hopes of answering its expectations."

On his journey to New York Washington was met and escorted by crowds of people, who made his progress a march of triumph. At Trenton a beautiful arch, decorated with flowers, spanned the road, commemorating his victory over the Hessians in 1776. His path was strewn with flowers, and troops of children sang songs of welcome.

Washington was inaugurated President of the United States on the 30th of April, 1789. He remained in the presidential chair two terms of four years each. At the close of his administration, in the year 1796, he again retired to the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon. Soon after his return he wrote a letter to a friend, in which he described the manner in which he passed his time. He rose with the sun, and first made preparations for the business of the day.

"By the time I have accomplished these matters," he adds, "breakfast is ready. This being over, I mount my horse, and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss to see strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect to me. And how different is this from having a few friends at the social board! The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candle-light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that, as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing-table, and acknowledge the letters I have received. Having given you this history of a day, it will serve for a year."

The following anecdotes have been related, illustrative of President Washington's habits of punctuality. Whenever he assigned to meet Congress at noon, he seldom failed of passing the door of the hall when the clock struck twelve. His dining-hour was at four o'clock, when he always sat down to his table, whether his guests were assembled or not, merely allowing five minutes for the variation of time-pieces. To those who came late, he remarked, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here: my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has."

Captain Pease had a beautiful span of horses, which he wished to sell to the President. The President appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them at his stable. The Captain arrived with his span at quarter past five. He was told by the groom that the President was there at five o'clock, but was then gone to attend to other engagements. The President's time was wholly occupied for several days, so that Captain Pease had to remain a whole week in Philadelphia before he could get another opportunity to exhibit his span.

Washington, having inherited a large landed estate in Virginia, was, as a matter of course, a slaveholder. The whole number which he held at the time of his death was one hundred and twenty-four. The system met his strong disapproval. In 1786 he wrote to Robert Morris, saying, "There is no man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery."

Long before this he had recorded his resolve: "I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase; it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law."

Mrs. Washington, immediately after her husband's death, learning from his will that the only obstacle to the immediate emancipation of the slaves was her right of dower, immediately relinquished that right, and the slaves were at once emancipated.

The 12th of December, 1799, was chill and damp. Washington, however, took his usual round on horseback to his farms, and returned late in the after-

noon, wet with sleet, and shivering with cold. Though the snow was clinging to his hair behind when he came in, he sat down to dinner without changing his dress. The next day three inches of snow whitened the ground, and the sky was clouded. Washington, feeling that he had taken cold, remained by the fireside during the morning. As it cleared up in the afternoon, he went out to



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.

superintend some work upon the lawn. He was then hoarse, and the hoarseness increased as night came on. He, however, took no remedy for it, saying, "I never take anything to carry off a cold. Let it go as it came."

He passed the evening as usual, reading the papers, answering letters, and conversing with his family. About two o'clock the next morning, Saturday, the

14th, he awoke in an ague-chill, and was seriously unwell. At sunrise his physician, Dr. Craig, who resided at Alexandria, was sent for. In the meantime he was bled by one of his overseers, but with no relief, as he rapidly grew worse. Dr. Craig reached Mount Vernon at eleven o'clock, and immediately bled his patient again, but without effect. Two consulting physicians arrived during the day; and, as the difficulty in breathing and swallowing rapidly increased, venesection was again attempted. It is evident that Washington then considered his case doubtful. He examined his will, and destroyed some papers which he did not wish to have preserved.

His sufferings from inflammation of the throat and struggling for breath, as the afternoon wore away, became quite severe. Still, he retained his mental faculties unimpaired, and spoke briefly of his approaching death and burial. About four o'clock in the afternoon he said to Dr. Craig, "I die hard; but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it: my breath cannot last long." About six o'clock, his physician asked him if he would sit up in his bed. He held out his hands, and was raised up on his pillow, when he said, "I feel that I am going. I thank you for your attentions. You had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly. I cannot last long."

He then sank back upon his pillow, and made several unavailing attempts to speak intelligibly. About ten o'clock he said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault until three days after I am dead. Do you understand me?" To the reply, "Yes, sir," he remarked, "It is well." These were the last words he uttered. Soon after this he gently expired, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

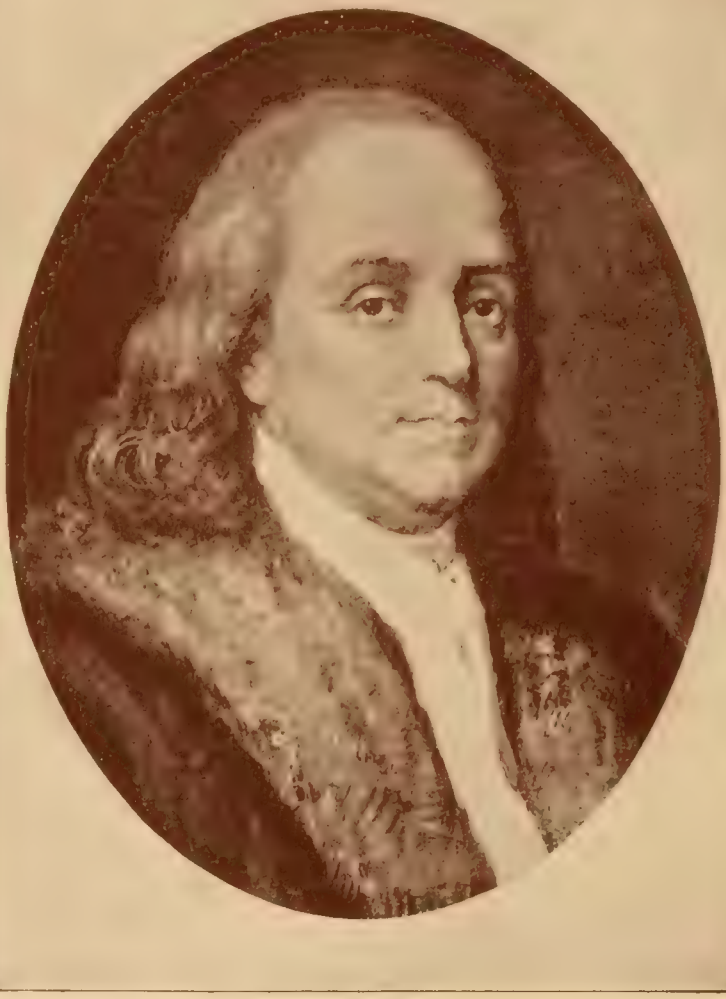
At the moment of his death Mrs. Washington sat in silent grief at the foot of his bed. "Is he gone?" she asked, in a firm and collected voice. The physician, unable to speak, gave a silent signal of assent. "'Tis well," she added, in the same untremulous utterance. "All is now over. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

On the 18th his remains were deposited in the tomb at Mount Vernon, where they still repose; and his name and memory live on immortal, forever enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

THE INVENTOR, PHILOSOPHER, AND STATESMAN



"NO ONE," says a well-known writer, "ever started from a lower point than the poor apprentice of Boston; no one ever raised himself higher by his own unaided forces than the inventor of the lightning-rod. Better than the biographies of Plutarch, this life, so long and so well filled, is a source of perpetual instruction to all men. Every one can there find counsel and example."

Franklin's autobiography is one of the most fascinating books in the language. It has the charm of style common to all of his writings; and no one who has opportunity should miss reading this unrivaled book. It was undertaken at first for the edification of the members of his own family, and afterward continued at the pressing request of friends in London and Paris. His autobiography, however, covers only the first fifty years of his life.

For three hundred years at least Franklin's family lived in the village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, England, the eldest son, who inherited the property, being always brought up to the trade of a smith. Franklin himself "was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back." Franklin's father, Josiah, took his wife and three children to New England, in 1682, where he practiced the trade of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. Franklin was born in 1706, and was the youngest of seventeen children.

Benjamin being the youngest of ten sons, his father intended him for the Church, and sent him to school when eight years of age. Although he made very rapid progress in the school, his father concluded he could not afford a college education. At the age of ten young Benjamin was taken home to assist in cutting the wicks of candles, and otherwise to make himself useful.

Until twelve years of age Benjamin continued in his father's business, but as he manifested a great dislike for it, his parents set about finding some trade more congenial to his tastes. With this view his father took him to see various artificers at their work, that he might observe the tastes of the boy. This

experience was very valuable to him, as it taught him to do many little jobs for himself. During this time Benjamin spent most of his pocket-money in purchasing books, some of which he sold when he had read them, in order to buy others. He read through most of the books in his father's very limited library.

At length Franklin's fondness for books caused his father to decide to make him a printer. His brother James had already entered that business, and had set up in Boston. He signed his indentures when only twelve years old, apprenticing himself to his brother until the age of twenty-one.

Meeting with a book on vegetarianism, Franklin determined to give the system a trial. This led to some inconvenience in his brother's housekeeping, so Franklin proposed to board himself if his brother would give him half the sum he paid for his board. Out of this he was able to save a considerable amount for the purpose of buying books. Moreover, the time required for his meals was now so short that the dinner-hour afforded considerable leisure for reading.

In 1720 or 1721 James Franklin began to print the *New England Courant*. To this paper, which he helped to compose and print, Benjamin became an anonymous contributor. The members of the staff spoke highly of his contributions, but when the authorship became known, James conceived a jealousy of his younger brother, which led to their separation. An article in the paper having offended the Assembly, James was imprisoned for a month, and forbidden to print the paper. He then secretly freed Benjamin from his indentures, in order that the paper might be published in his name. At length, a disagreement arising, Benjamin took advantage of the canceling of his indentures to quit his brother's service. As he could get no employment in Boston, he obtained a passage to New York, whence he was recommended to go to Philadelphia, which he reached after a very troublesome journey. His whole stock of cash then consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's worth of coppers. His first appearance in Philadelphia, about eight o'clock on a Sunday morning, was certainly striking. A youth between seventeen and eighteen years of age, dressed in his working clothes, which were dirty through his journey, with his pockets stuffed out with stockings and shirts, his aspect was not calculated to command respect.

"I walked up the street," he writes, "gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, on Second street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness, nor the name of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny-worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and having no

room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market street as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut street and part of Walnut street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled out with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go further."

FRANKLIN IN PHILADELPHIA.

In Philadelphia Franklin obtained an introduction to a printer, named Keimer, who had set up business with an old press which he appeared not to know how to use, and one pair of cases of English type. Here Franklin obtained employment when the business on hand would permit, and he put the press in order and worked it. Keimer obtained lodging for him at the house of Mr. Read, and, by industry and economical living, Franklin soon found himself in easy circumstances. Sir William Keith, the Governor of Pennsylvania, hearing of Franklin, called upon him, and promised to obtain for him the Government printing if he would set up for himself. Josiah Franklin thought his son too young to take the responsibility of a business, whereon the Governor, stating that he was determined to have a good printer there, promised to find the means of equipping the printing-office himself, and suggested Franklin's making a journey to England to purchase the plant. He promised letters of introduction to various persons in England, as well as a letter of credit. These were to be sent on board the ship, and Franklin, having gone on board, awaited the letters. When the Governor's despatches came, they were all put into a bag together, and the captain promised to let Franklin have his letters before landing. On opening the bag off Plymouth, there were no letters of the kind promised, and Franklin was left, without introductions and almost without money, to make his own way in the world. In London he learned that Governor Keith was well known as a man in whom no dependence could be placed, and as to his giving a letter of credit, "he had no credit to give."

A friend of Franklin's, named Ralph, accompanied him from America, and the two took lodgings together. Franklin immediately obtained employment at a printing-office, but Ralph, who knew no trade but aimed at literature, was unable to get any work. He could not obtain employment, even as a copying clerk, so for some time the wages which Franklin earned had to support the two.

Among Franklin's fellow-passengers from Philadelphia to England was an American merchant, a Mr. Denham. This gentleman always remained a firm friend to Franklin, who, during his stay in London, sought his advice when any

important questions arose. When Mr. Denham returned to Philadelphia, he offered Franklin an appointment as clerk, which was afterward to develop into a commission agency. The offer was accepted, and the two returned to Philadelphia in October, 1726. Here he found that Miss Read, to whom he had become engaged before leaving for England, and to whom he had written only once during his absence, had married. Shortly after starting in business, Mr. Denham died, and thus left Franklin to commence life again for himself. Keimer had by this time obtained a fairly extensive establishment, and employed a



PENN'S RESIDENCE IN SECOND STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT STREET.

number of hands, but none of them of much value; and he made overtures to Franklin to take the management of his printing-office. Franklin set the printing-house in order, started type-founding, made the ink, and, when necessary, executed engravings.

While working for Keimer, Franklin formed a club, called the Junto, which was destined to exert considerable influence on American politics. It was essentially a debating society, the subject for each evening's discussion being proposed at the preceding meeting. The Club lasted for about forty years, and became

the nucleus of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the first president.

On leaving Keimer's, Franklin went into partnership with one of his fellow-workmen, Hugh Meredith, whose father found the necessary capital, and a printing-office was started which soon excelled its two rivals in Philadelphia. Franklin's industry attracted the attention of the townsfolk, and inspired the merchants with confidence in the prospects of the new concern.

"In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary. I drest plainly; I was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went out a-fishing or shooting; a book, indeed, sometimes debauch'd me from my work, but that was seldom, snug, and gave no scandal; and, to show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchas'd at the stores thro' the streets on a wheelbarrow. Thus being esteem'd an industrious, thriving young man, and paying duly for what I bought, the merchants who imported stationery solicited my custom; others proposed supplying me with books, and I went on swimmingly. In the meantime, Keimer's credit declining daily, he was at last forc'd to sell his printing-house to satisfy his creditors."

On September 1, 1730, Franklin married his former *fiancée*, whose previous husband had left her and was reported to have died in the West Indies. The marriage was a very happy one. Industry and frugality reigned in the household of the young printer. Mrs. Franklin not only managed the house, but assisted in the business, folding and stitching pamphlets, and in other ways making herself useful.

PUBLIC SERVICE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

In 1732 appeared the first copy of "Poor Richard's Almanack." This was published by Franklin for about twenty-five years in succession, and attained a world-wide fame. Besides the usual astronomical information, it contained a collection of entertaining anecdotes, verses, jests, etc., while the "little spaces that occurred between the remarkable events in the calendar" were filled with proverbial sayings, inculcating industry and frugality as helps to virtue. These sayings were collected and prefixed to the almanack of 1757, whence they were copied into the American newspapers, and afterward reprinted as a broad-sheet in England and in France.

In 1736 Franklin was chosen Clerk to the General Assembly, an office to which he was annually re-elected until he became a member of the Assembly about 1750. There was one member who, on the second occasion of his election, made a long speech against him. Franklin determined to secure the friendship of this member. Accordingly, he wrote to him to request the loan of a very scarce and curious book which was in his library. The book was lent

and returned in about a week, with a note of thanks. The member ever after manifested a readiness to serve Franklin, and they became great friends—"Another instance of the truth of an old maxim I had learned, which says, '*He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.*' And it shows how much more profitable it is to prudently remove, than to resent, return, and continue inimical proceedings."

Spain, having been for some years at war with England, was joined at length by France. This threatened danger to the American colonies. Franklin published a pamphlet entitled "Plain Truth," setting forth the unarmed condition of the colonies, and recommending the formation of a volunteer force for defensive purposes. The pamphlet excited much attention. The provision of war material was a difficulty with the Assembly, which consisted largely of Quakers, who, though privately willing that the country should be put in a state of defense, hesitated to vote in opposition to their peace principles. Hence, when the Government of New England asked a grant of gunpowder from Pennsylvania, the Assembly voted £3000 "for the purchasing of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*." When it was proposed to devote £60 toward the erection of a battery below the town, Franklin suggested that it should be proposed that a fire-engine be purchased with the money, and that the committee should "buy a great gun, which is certainly a *fire-engine*."

The "Pennsylvania fireplace" was invented in 1742. A patent was offered to Franklin by the Governor of Pennsylvania, but he declined it on the principle "*that, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously.*"

Having practically retired from business, Franklin intended to devote himself to philosophical studies, having commenced his electrical researches some time before in conjunction with the other members of the Library Company. Public business, however, crowded upon him. He was elected a member of the Assembly, a councillor, and afterward an alderman of the city, and by the Governor was made a justice of the peace. As a member of the Assembly, he was largely concerned in providing the means for the erection of a hospital, and in arranging for the paving and cleansing of the streets of the city. In 1753 he was appointed, in conjunction with Mr. Hunter, Postmaster-General of America. The post-office of the colonies had previously been conducted at a loss. In a few years, under Franklin's management, it not only paid the stipends of himself and Mr. Hunter, but yielded a considerable revenue to the Crown.

In 1754 war with France appeared to be again imminent, and a Congress of Commissioners from the several colonies was arranged for. Of course, Franklin was one of the representatives of Pennsylvania, and was also one of the members who independently drew up a plan for the union of all the colonies

under one government, for defensive and other general purposes, and his was the plan finally approved by Congress for the union, though it was not accepted by the Assemblies or by the English Government, being regarded by the former as having too much of the *prerogative* in it, by the latter as being too *democratic*. Franklin wrote respecting this scheme: "The different and contrary reasons of dislike to my plan makes me suspect that it was really the true medium; and I am still of opinion that it would have been happy for both sides the water if it had been adopted. The colonies, so united, would have been sufficiently strong to have defended themselves; there would then have been no need of troops from England; of course, the subsequent pretense for taxing America, and the bloody contest it occasioned, would have been avoided."

In the following year General Braddock started on his famous expedition against Fort Duquesne. Franklin's services were called for in providing horses and wagons from the Pennsylvania farmers; and in the disastrous defeat which Braddock suffered, and in the long years of the French and Indian war which followed, Franklin took a prominent part in devising means of protection for the Colonies. When at last the war was ended by the victory and death of Wolfe on the heights of Quebec, Franklin's attention was turned to the relations of the Colonies to the mother country, which were becoming daily more strained by the oppressions of the British Parliament.

FRANKLIN SENT TO ENGLAND.

In 1757 Franklin was sent by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to London, to present a remonstrance against the conduct of the Governor, who refused to assent to bills for raising revenue for the king unless the proprietary estates were exempted from taxation. When Franklin reached London he took up his abode with Mrs. Margaret Stevenson. For Mrs. Stevenson and her daughter Mary, then a young lady of eighteen, he acquired a sincere affection, which continued throughout their lives. Miss Stevenson spent much of her time with an aunt in the country, and some of Franklin's letters to her respecting the conduct of her "higher education" are among the most interesting of his writings. In coming to England, Franklin brought with him his son William, who entered on the study of law. To his wife and daughter Franklin frequently sent presents, and his letters to Mrs. Franklin give a pretty full account of all his doings while in England. During his visit he received the honorary degrees of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and LL.D. from that of Edinburgh. In August, 1762, he started again for America, and reached Philadelphia on November 1, after an absence of five years. His son William had shortly before been appointed Governor of New Jersey. From this time William Franklin became very much the servant of the proprietaries and of the English government, but no offer of patronage produced any effect on the father.



DEATH OF WOLFE

Franklin's stay in America was of short duration. While there he was mainly instrumental in quelling an insurrection in Pennsylvania, and was engaged in long and tedious efforts to compose the incessant disputes between the Assembly and the proprietary governors. As soon as the Assembly was convened, it determined to send Franklin to England, to take charge of a petition for a change of government. The merchants subscribed £1100 toward his expenses in a few hours, and in twelve days he was on his journey, being accompanied to the ship by a cavalcade of three hundred of his friends. Arrived in London, he at once took up his old lodgings with Mrs. Stevenson. He was a master of satire, equaled only by Swift, and during the quarrels which preceded the War of Independence, as well as during the war, he made good use of his powers.

One of Franklin's chief objects in coming to England was to prevent the passing of the Stamp Act. The colonists urged that they had always been liberal in their votes, whenever money was required by the Crown, and that Parliament had no right to tax America so long as the colonists were unrepresented in Parliament. "Had Mr. Grenville, instead of that act, applied to the King in Council for requisitional letters, I am sure he would have obtained more money from the colonies by their voluntary grants than he himself expected from the sale of stamps. But he chose compulsion rather than persuasion, and would not receive from their good-will what he thought he could obtain without it." The Stamp Act was passed, stamps were printed, distributors were appointed, but the colonists would have nothing to do with the stamps. The distributors were compelled to resign their commissions, and the captains of vessels were forbidden to land the stamped paper. The cost of printing and distributing amounted to £12,000; the whole return was about £1500, and that mainly from Canada and the West Indies.

In 1767 Franklin visited Paris. Though Parliament had repealed the Stamp Act, it nevertheless insisted on its right to tax the colonies. The Duty Act was scarcely less objectionable than its predecessors. On Franklin's return from the continent, he heard of the retaliatory measures of the Boston people, who had assembled in town-meetings, formally resolved to encourage home manufactures, to abandon superfluities, and, after a certain time, to give up the use of some articles of foreign manufacture.

A quantity of tea sent by the East India Company to Boston was destroyed by the people. The British Government then blockaded the port. This soon led to open hostilities. Franklin worked hard to effect a reconciliation. He drew up a scheme, setting forth the conditions under which he conceived a reconciliation might be brought about, and discussed it fully with Mr. Daniel Barclay and Dr. Fothergill. This scheme was shown to Lord Howe, and afterward brought before the Ministry, but was rejected. All his negotiations were fruitless. At

last he addressed a memorial to the Earl of Dartmouth, Secretary of State, complaining of the blockade of Boston, which had then continued for nine months, and had "during every week of its continuance done damage to that town equal to what was suffered there by the India Company;" and claiming reparation for such injury beyond the value of the tea which had been destroyed. This memorial was returned to Franklin by Mr. Walpole, and Franklin shortly afterward returned to Philadelphia.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Before Franklin reached America, the War of Independence, though not formally declared, had fairly begun. He was appointed a member of the second Continental Congress, and one of a committee to confer with General Washington respecting the Continental Army. On October 3, 1775, he wrote to Priestley:—

"Tell our dear good friend, Dr. Price, who sometimes has his doubts and despondencies about our firmness, that America is determined and unanimous; a very few Tories and placemen excepted, who will probably soon export themselves. Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed a hundred and fifty Yankees this campaign, which is £20,000 a head; and at Bunker's Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost again by our taking the post on Ploughed Hill. During the same time sixty thousand children have been born in America. From these *data* his mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all and conquer our whole territory."

On the 4th of July Franklin took part in the signing of the Declaration of Independence. When the document was about to be signed, Mr. Hancock remarked, "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together." Franklin replied, "Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

In the autumn of 1776 Franklin was unanimously chosen a Special Commissioner to the French Court. He took with him his two grandsons, William Temple Franklin and Benjamin Franklin Bache, and leaving Marcus Hook on October 28th, crossed the Atlantic in a sloop of sixteen guns. In Paris he met with an enthusiastic reception. M. de Chaumont placed at his disposal his house at Passy, about a mile from Paris. Here he resided for nine years, being a constant visitor at the French Court, and certainly one of the most conspicuous figures in Paris. He was obliged to serve in many capacities, and was very much burdened with work. Not only were there his duties as Commissioner at the French Court, but he was also made Admiralty Judge and Financial Agent, so that all financial negotiations, either with the French Government or contractors, had to pass through his hands. Perhaps the most unpleasant part of his work was his continued applications to the French Court for monetary

advances. The French Government warmly espoused the cause of the Americans, and to the utmost of its ability assisted them with money, material, and men.



REAR VIEW OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

At first the British Government, regarding the Americans as rebels, did not treat their prisoners as prisoners of war, but threatened to try them for high treason. Their sufferings in the English prisons were very great. Mr. David Hartley did much to relieve them, and Franklin transmitted money for the pur-

pose. When a treaty had been formed between France and the United States, and fortune began to turn in favor of the united armies, the American prisoners received better treatment from the English Government, and exchanges took place freely.

In a letter to Mr. Hartley, Franklin showed something of the feelings of the Americans with respect to the English at that time:—

"You may have heard that accounts upon oath have been taken in America, by order of Congress, of the British barbarities committed there. It is expected of me to make a school-book of them, and to have thirty-five prints designed here by good artists, and engraved, each expressing one or more of the horrid facts, in order to impress the minds of children and posterity with a deep sense of your bloody and insatiable malice and wickedness. Every kindness I hear of done by an Englishman to an American prisoner makes me resolve not to proceed in the work."

Franklin always advocated freedom of commerce, even in time of war. He was of opinion that the merchant, the agriculturist, and the fisherman were benefactors to mankind. He condemned privateering in every form, and endeavored to bring about an agreement between all the civilized powers against the fitting out of privateers. He held that no merchantman should be interfered with unless carrying war material. He greatly lamented the horrors of the war, but preferred anything to a dishonorable peace. To Priestley he wrote:—

"Perhaps as you grow older you may . . . repent of having murdered in mephitic air so many honest, harmless mice, and wish that, to prevent mischief, you had used boys and girls instead of them. In what light we are viewed by superior beings may be gathered from a piece of late West India news, which possibly has not yet reached you. A young angel of distinction, being sent down to this world on some business for the first time, had an old courier-spirit assigned him as a guide. They arrived over the seas of Martinico, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another,—he turned angrily to his guide, and said, 'You blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell!' 'No, sir,' says the guide, 'I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense and more of what men (vainly) call humanity.'"

Franklin maintained that it would be far cheaper for a nation to extend its possessions by purchase from other nations than to pay the cost of war for the sake of conquest.

At last, after two years' negotiations, a definitive treaty of peace was signed between Great Britain and the United States, Franklin being one of the Commissioners for the latter, and Mr. Hartley for the former, and therewith terminated the seven years' War of Independence. Franklin celebrated the surrender of the armies of Burgoyne and Cornwallis by a medal, on which the infant Hercules appears strangling two serpents.

RETURN TO AMERICA.

On May 2, 1785, Franklin received from Congress permission to return to America. He was then in his eightieth year. On July 12th he left Passy for Havre, whence he crossed to Southampton, and there saw for the last time his old friend, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and his family. He reached his home in Philadelphia early in September, and the day after his arrival he received a congratulatory address from the Assembly of Pennsylvania. In the following month he was elected President of the State, and was twice re-elected to the same office, it being contrary to the Constitution for any President to be elected for more than three years in succession.

The following extract from a letter, written most probably to Thomas Paine, is worthy of the attention of some writers :—

"I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards and guides, and may favor particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear His displeasure, or to pray for His protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion ; you having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother.

"I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification by the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be *if without* it? I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore add no *professions* to it; but subscribe simply yours."



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

During the last few years of his life Franklin suffered from a painful disease, which confined him to his bed and seriously interfered with his literary work, preventing him from completing his biography. During this time he was cared for by his daughter, Mrs. Bache, who resided in the same house with him. He died on April 17, 1790, the immediate cause of death being an affection of the lungs. He was buried beside his wife in the cemetery of Christ Church, Philadelphia, the marble slab upon the grave bearing no other inscription than the name and date of death. In his early days (1728) he had written the following epitaph for himself:—

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING),
LIES HERE, FOOD FOR WORMS.
BUT THE WORK SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW AND MORE ELEGANT EDITION,
REVISED AND CORRECTED
BY
THE AUTHOR.



JOHN ADAMS.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

JOHN ADAMS,

THE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT AND STATESMAN.



IN SEPTEMBER, 1774, there assembled in Philadelphia one of the greatest bodies of men which the world has ever seen. "For solidity of reason, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion," said the great Earl of Chatham, "*no body of men* can take precedence of the Continental Congress." One of the foremost of that renowned Congress was the man whose name every schoolboy associates with American Independence,—the name of JOHN ADAMS. "He was our Colossus," says his great colleague, Thomas Jefferson; "the great pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the House, was John Adams. Not graceful, not always fluent, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and expression, which moved us from our seats."

The name of Adams is "with the country's woven" to a remarkable extent. The son of the first John Adams was John Quincy Adams, also President, and one of the purest and ablest men who ever sat in the executive chair. After him came his son, Charles Francis Adams, whose services as minister to England during the stormy days of our great civil war will not soon be forgotten. The interest which we naturally feel in this remarkable family is increased by the ample materials which they have given us to satisfy it. A fluent pen seems to belong in the Adams line. A tendency to keep records is a family trait. The Diary of John Quincy Adams, in twelve large volumes, edited by his son, is one of our best sources of the current history of his time; and Charles Francis Adams has also edited the "Life and Works of John Adams," in ten volumes; so that we not only have in this great line of statesmen a most interesting subject, but also the amplest materials for its study.

John Adams was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, on the 30th of October, 1735. His father was a farmer of moderate means, a worthy, industrious man, toiling early and late. He was anxious to give his son a collegiate education, hoping that he would become a minister. John entered Harvard College at the

age of sixteen. He had to struggle with small means. When he graduated at twenty years of age, he was considered as having received his full share of the small patrimony; and, with his education as his only capital, he went out to take his place in the conflicts of the world.

For two years John Adams lived in Worcester, then a town of but a few hundred inhabitants, teaching a public school and studying law. When but twenty-two years of age he returned to his native town of Braintree, and, opening a law office, devoted himself to study with renewed vigor. His native powers of mind and untiring devotion to his profession caused him to rise rapidly in public esteem. In October, 1764, he married Miss Abigail Smith, daughter of Rev. William Smith, pastor of the church in Weymouth. She was a lady of rare endowments of person and mind, and, by the force of her character, contributed not a little to her husband's celebrity.

DIFFICULTIES WITH ENGLAND.

When the memorable Stamp Act was issued, Adams entered with all the ardor of his soul into political life. He drew up a series of resolutions, remonstrating against the Act, which were adopted at a public meeting of citizens at Braintree, and which were subsequently adopted, word for word, by more than forty towns in the State. John Adams boldly took the ground that the Stamp Act was an assumption of arbitrary power, violating both the English Constitution and the charter of the province. It is said that this was the first direct denial of the unlimited right of Parliament over the colonies.

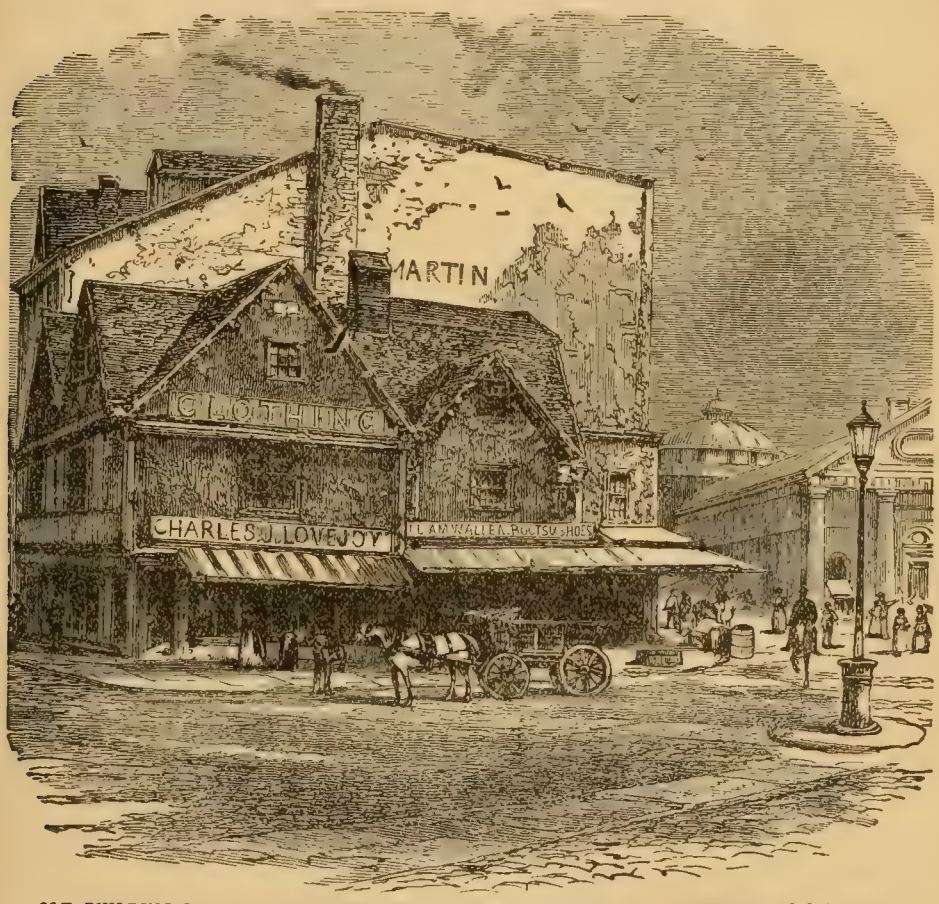
To suppress the spirit of independence, daily becoming more manifest among the people, the British crown sent two regiments of soldiers to Boston. A more obnoxious menace could not have been devised. The populace insulted the soldiers; the soldiers retaliated with insolence and threats.

On the 5th of March, 1770, a small party of soldiers, thus assailed, fired upon the crowd in Boston, killing and wounding several. Mutual exasperation was now roused almost to frenzy. The captain and six soldiers were arrested and tried for murder. Very nobly, and with moral courage rarely equaled, John Adams and Josiah Quincy undertook the task of their defense. They encountered unmeasured obloquy. They were stigmatized as deserters from the cause of popular liberty and the bribed advocates of tyranny. Captain Preston and the soldiers were acquitted, excepting two, who received a very slight punishment. Though Boston instituted an annual commemoration of the massacre, Mr. Adams' popularity suffered so little that he was elected by the citizens of Boston, to which place he had removed, as one of their representatives to the colonial Legislature.

In 1773, in spite of the opposition of the colonists, several ships loaded with tea were sent from England to Boston. The patriots were firmly resolved

that the tea should not be landed; and a band of resolute men, meeting in secret, made arrangements to prevent it by force, if necessary. After exhausting every lawful means, a party of men disguised as Indians boarded the vessels, broke open the chests, and emptied the contents into the harbor. It may be imagined that John Adams was not a mere passive spectator in the proceedings which thus led to the famous "Boston Tea-party."

John Adams was one of the five delegates sent from Massachusetts to the



OLD BUILDING IN BOSTON WHERE THE TEA-PLOT IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN HATCHED.

Continental Congress. He was entreated by a friend, the king's attorney-general, not to accept his appointment as a delegate to the Congress. "Great Britain," said the Attorney General, "has determined on her system. Her power is irresistible, and will be destructive to you, and to all those who shall persevere in opposition to her designs."

The heroic reply of John Adams was: "I know that Great Britain has determined on her system; and that very determination determines me on

mine. You know that I have been constant and uniform in my opposition to her measures. The die is now cast. I have passed the Rubicon. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my fixed, unalterable determination."

The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the 17th of June, 1775. The next afternoon, which was Sunday, Mrs. Adams wrote to her husband :—

"The day, perhaps the decisive day, is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard that our dear friend Dr. Warren is no more. Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning, about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet; and it is now three o'clock, Sabbath afternoon. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing that we cannot either eat, drink, or sleep."

These scenes had aroused the country around Boston to the very highest pitch of excitement. The farmers had come rushing in from all the adjoining towns with rifles, shot-guns, pitchforks, and any other weapons they could grasp. Thus a motley mass of heroic men, without efficient arms, supplies, powder, or discipline, amounting to some fourteen thousand, were surrounding Boston, which was held by about eight thousand British regulars, supported by a powerful fleet.

Washington hastened to Massachusetts to take command of the army. Five days after his appointment Thomas Jefferson made his appearance upon the floor of Congress. A strong friendship immediately sprang up between Adams and Jefferson, which, with a short interruption, continued for the remainder of their lives. After a brief adjournment, Congress met again in September. The battle was still raging about Boston; and the British, with free ingress and egress by their fleet, were plundering and burning and committing every kind of atrocity in all directions. John Adams presented and carried the decisive resolution, that, in view of the aggressions and demands of England, "it is necessary that the exercise of every kind of authority under said crown should be totally suppressed." On the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, offered the memorable resolution, which John Adams seconded,—

"That these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent."

A committee was then appointed to draught a Declaration of Independence. It consisted of Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston. Jefferson and Adams were appointed, by the rest, a sub-committee to draw up the Declaration. At Mr. Adams' earnest request Mr. Jefferson prepared that immortal document, which embodies the fundamental principles of all human rights. At this time Mr. Adams wrote to a friend :—

"I am engaged in constant business,—from seven to ten in the morning in committee, from ten to five in Congress, and from six to ten again in committee. Our assembly is scarcely numerous enough for the business. Everybody is engaged all day in Congress, and all the morning and evening in committees."

On the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, and signed by each member. This was one of the boldest acts in the records of time. Every man who affixed his signature to that paper thus cast the glove of mortal defiance at the foot of the greatest power on this globe. The scene was one upon which the genius of both pen and pencil has been lavished. In its grandeur it stands forth as one of the most sublime of earthly acts. Of the fifty-five who signed that Declaration, there was not probably one who would deny that its most earnest advocate, and its most eloquent defender, was John Adams.

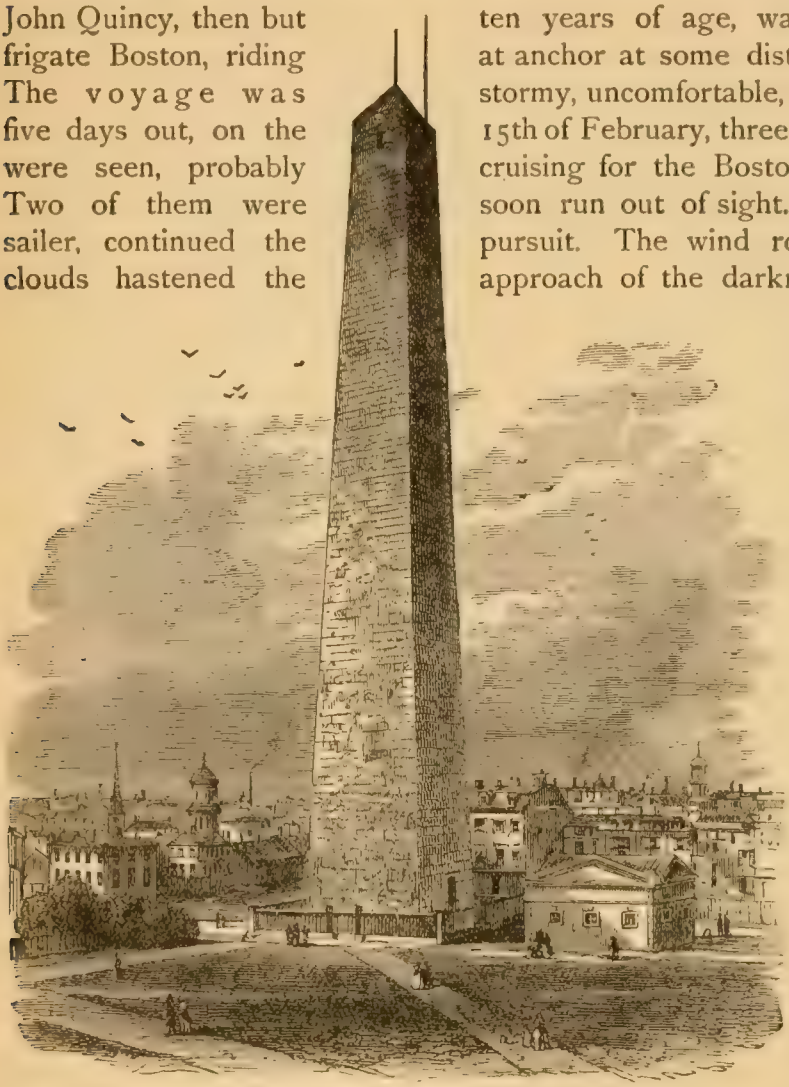
The day after this momentous event, Mr. Adams wrote to his wife as follows:—

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America; and greater, perhaps, never was or will be decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, 'That these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.' The day is passed. The 4th of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomps, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm; but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States; yet, through all the gloom, I can see that the end is worth more than all the means, and that posterity will triumph, though you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not."

Until November, 1776, Mr. Adams was assiduous in his attendance upon Congress, devoting himself with tireless diligence to his public duties. In 1777 he was appointed a delegate to France, to coöperate with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, who were then in Paris, in the endeavor to obtain assistance in arms and money from the French government. This was a severe trial to his patriotism, as it separated him from his home, compelled him to cross the ocean in winter, and exposed him to imminent peril of capture by the British cruisers. Capture would lodge him in Newgate. He would be tried in England for treason, and Mr. Adams had no doubt that they would proceed to execute him. But, on the other hand, our country was in extremest peril. It was clear that, without the aid of some friendly European power, our feeble armies must be

crushed. As was to be expected of the man, he resolved to run all the risks.

It was several months before a frigate could be got ready. On a cold day in February, 1778, a wintry wind roughening Massachusetts Bay, Mr. Adams took a sad leave of his wife and three children, and accompanied by his son, John Quincy, then but ten years of age, was rowed out to the frigate Boston, riding at anchor at some distance from the shore. The voyage was stormy, uncomfortable, and eventful. When five days out, on the 15th of February, three large English frigates were seen, probably cruising for the Boston. They gave chase. Two of them were soon run out of sight. The third, a better sailer, continued the pursuit. The wind rose to a gale. The clouds hastened the approach of the darkness of the night, in which the ships lost sight of each other; and when the morning dawned the British frigate was nowhere to be seen.



THE MONUMENT ON BUNKER HILL.

On the 14th of March another sail hove in sight. Trusting that it might prove a prize which they would be able to take, they gave chase, and it was soon overtaken nd captured. Captain Tucker begged Mr. Adams to retire to a place of safety below. Soon after, as the balls of the hostile ship were flying over their heads, Captain Tucker saw Mr. Adams on deck with a musket in his hand, fighting as a common marine. In the excitement of the moment he rushed up to his illustrious passenger, exclaiming, "Why are you here, sir? I am commanded to carry you safely to Europe, and I will do it;" and, seizing him in his arms, he forcibly carried him from the scene of danger.

On the morning of March 30th they made Bordeaux light-house, and ran safely into the river. There was a French ship in the stream, and Mr. Adams and his son were invited to a very elegant entertainment, served up in style to which they had been quite unaccustomed in their frugal provincial home. They there learned that Dr. Franklin, who had been received by Louis XVI. with great pomp, and who, from his courtesy of manners, affability, and aptness in paying compliments, was admirably adapted to impress the French mind, had already succeeded in concluding a treaty with France.

MR. ADAMS' BLUNT MANNERS.

Indeed, it is probably fortunate that Mr. Adams did not arrive any sooner. He was not at all at home in French diplomacy. While Franklin was greatly admired and caressed, Mr. Adams was decidedly unpopular in the Parisian court. His virtues and his defects were those of a blunt, straightforward, unpolished Englishman. In Paris he met with David Hartley, a member of the British House of Commons. They came together like two icebergs. Mr. Hartley, on his return to London, said to Sir John Temple and others: "Your Mr. Adams, that you represent as a man of such good sense—he may have that; but he is the most ungracious man I ever saw."

Mr. Adams' first interview with the President of the Parliament of Bordeaux was alike characteristic of the affable Frenchman and the bluff Yankee. The premier received him not only respectfully and politely, but with affection which was even tender.

"I am charmed," said he, "to see you. I have long felt for you a brother's love. I have trembled for you in the great perils through which you have passed. You have encountered many dangers and sufferings in the cause of liberty, and I have sympathized with you in them all, for I have suffered in that cause myself."

We learn how Mr. Adams received these cordial advances by the following ungracious entry in his journal:—

"Mr. Bondfield had to interpret all this effusion of compliments. I thought it never would come to an end; but it did; and I concluded, upon the whole, there was a form of sincerity in it, decorated, and almost suffocated, with French compliments."

In a sketch of his colleagues, Mr. Adams writes of Dr. Franklin:—

"That he was a great genius, a great wit, a great humorist, a great satirist, a great politician, is certain. That he was a great philosopher, a great moralist, a great statesman, is more questionable." On the other hand, Dr. Franklin writes of his colleague: "Mr. Adams is always an honest man, often a wise one; but he is sometimes completely out of his senses."

Mr. Adams' earnest patriotism induced him to practice the most rigid

economy while abroad, that Congress might be put to as little expense as possible. The treaty of alliance with France was already formed before his arrival, and, soon finding that there was but little for him to do in Paris, he resolved that he had rather run the gauntlet through all the British men-of-war, and all the storms of the ocean on a return, than remain where he was.

On the 17th of June, 1779, he embarked on board the French frigate "Sensible," and arrived safely in Boston with his son on the 2d of August, after an absence of seventeen months.

In September Mr. Adams was chosen again to go to Paris, there to hold himself in readiness to negotiate a treaty of peace and of commerce with Great Britain so soon as the British cabinet might be found willing to listen to such proposals. The Chevalier de la Luzerne, the French Minister, who had accompanied Mr. Adams to America, wrote him a very polite note, congratulating him upon his appointment, and offering him a passage in the return French frigate. M. Marbois had been so much impressed with the distinguished talents of Mr. Adams' son, John Quincy, that he sent his father a special injunction to carry him back, that he might profit by the advantages of a European education.

On the 13th of November, 1779, Mr. Adams was again on board the "Sensible," outward bound, and reached Paris on the 5th of February, 1780. He was to remain in the French capital until an opportunity should present itself to open negotiations with Great Britain. The Count de Vergennes assumed that France, our powerful ally, should be specially consulted upon any terms which were to be presented to the British cabinet; and that it would be manifestly unjust for the United States to negotiate a separate peace with Great Britain without the approval of the French nation. On the other hand, Mr. Adams assumed that the United States had not placed their destinies in the hands of France, so as to lose all independent power. He acted upon the principle that sympathy with Americans, as victims of oppression, had no influence whatever with France; that the French Government, in its alliance, was influenced by pure and undiluted selfishness. Dr. Franklin did not sympathize in these views, and did not give Mr. Adams his support. Much annoyed, Mr. Adams at length decided to go to Holland. In taking his departure, he wrote a letter to the Count de Vergennes, which did but increase the alienation. The Count was so indignant that he sent to the Congress at Philadelphia, soliciting the recall of the commissions which had been intrusted to Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams ever regarded, and justly, his mission to Holland as the greatest success of his life. On the very day that he was received by the States-General he proposed a treaty of amity and commerce; and on the 7th of October, 1782, had the pleasure of announcing the second alliance entered into by the United States as a sovereign power. The glory of this great event belongs undeniably to John Adams. It was deemed so important that two medals were

engraved in Holland in its commemoration. "Monsieur," said a French gentleman to Mr. Adams on his return to Paris, "you are the Washington of negotiation." Mr. Adams was highly gratified by the compliments which were lavished upon him; but he intimates that Dr. Franklin would die of jealousy should he hear them.

After a vast amount of diplomatic maneuvering, a definite treaty of peace with England was signed at Paris on the 21st of January, 1783. The reaction from the excitement, toil, and anxiety through which Mr. Adams had passed threw him into a fever. He occupied the Hôtel du Roi, in the Place du Carrousel. It was a thoroughfare over whose pavements a constant stream of carriages was rolling, with a noise like thunder, incessantly for twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four. Burning with fever, he found sleep impossible. His friends despaired of his recovery.

As soon as Mr. Adams could be removed he was taken to Auteuil, where he enjoyed the pure air and silence of the country. But recovery was very slow. Feeble, emaciated, languid, his friends advised him to go to England to drink the waters of Bath. On Monday, the 20th of October, he set out, with his son and one servant, for London. While Mr. Adams was in England, still drooping and desponding, he received dispatches urging the indispensable necessity of his repairing immediately to Amsterdam to negotiate another loan.

"It was winter," writes Mr. Adams. "My health was very delicate. A journey to Holland, at that season, would very probably put an end to my labors. I scarcely saw a possibility of surviving it. Nevertheless, no man knows what he can bear till he tries. A few moments' reflection determined me."

While in England Mr. Adams had enjoyed the intense gratification of hearing George III., from his throne, announce to Parliament that he had concluded a treaty of peace, in which he recognized the independence of the United States. While in Holland Frederick II. of Prussia made overtures to Mr. Adams for a treaty of commerce. At the same time Mr. Adams received a new commission, authorizing him to act with Franklin and Jefferson to negotiate treaties of commerce with any of the foreign powers. As it was evident that his residence abroad was to be extended, he wrote to Mrs. Adams to join him with their family. The happy reunion took place in the summer of 1784; and they selected for their residence a quiet retreat at Auteuil, near Paris. And now came probably the happiest period of Mr. Adams' life. His wife, his eldest son, John Quincy, then rising into a youth of great promise, and his daughter, whose beauty and accomplishments made her justly the pride of both father and mother, were with him.

On the 24th of February, 1785, peace with England having been proclaimed, Congress appointed Mr. Adams envoy to the Court of St. James

He crossed the Channel to assume these new, arduous, and delicate responsibilities. He was now to meet, face to face, the King of England, who had so long regarded him as a traitor, and against whose despotic power he had assisted the nation so successfully to contend. Mr. Adams, in his despatch to Mr. Jay, has left an interesting account of his first public reception.

He rode to court, by invitation of Lord Carmarthen, in his coach. In the ante-chamber he found the room full of ministers of state, generals, bishops, and all sorts of courtiers, each waiting his turn for an audience. He was soon conducted into the king's closet, where he was left alone with the king and his secretary of state. Mr. Adams, according to the court etiquette, upon which he had carefully informed himself, made three low bows,—one at the door, another when he made a couple of steps, and the third when he stood before the king. He then, in a voice tremulous with the emotion which the scene was calculated to inspire, addressed his Majesty in the following words :—

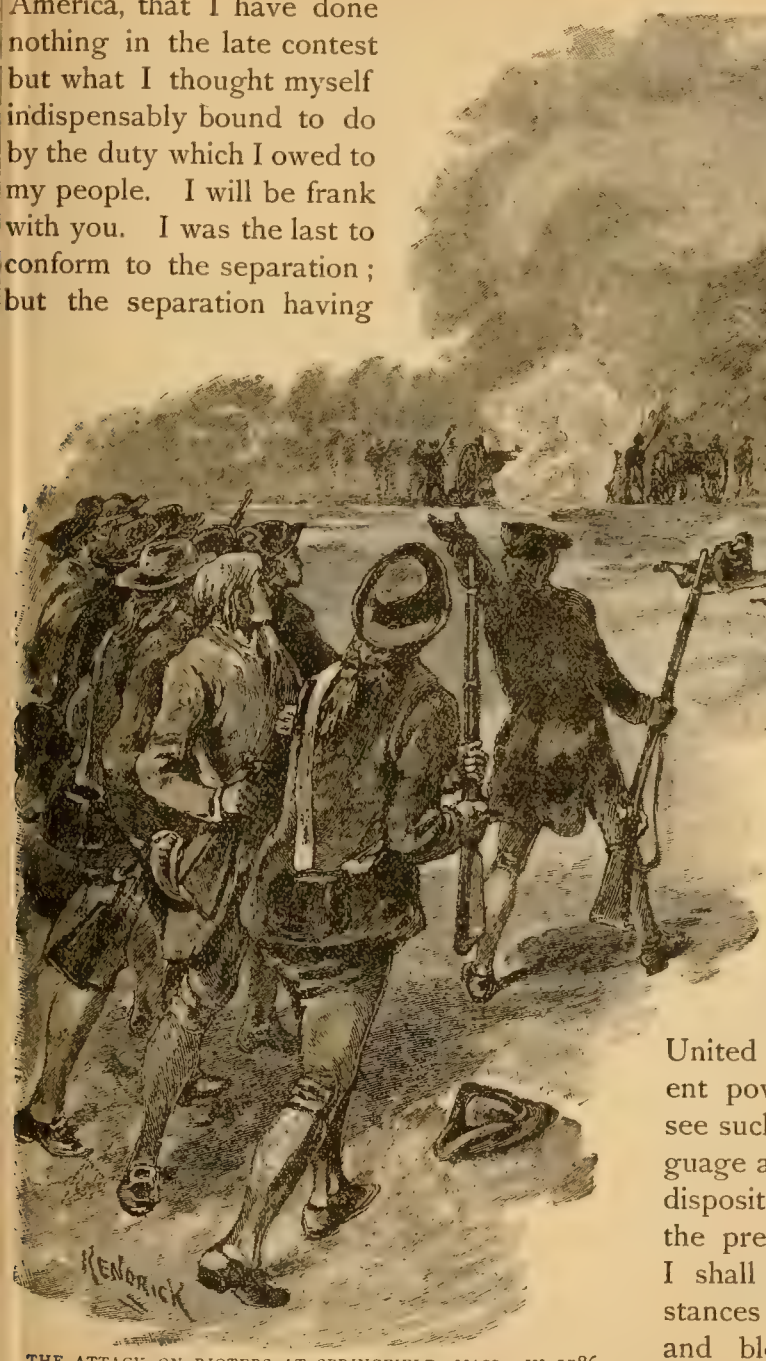
"Sire, the United States of America have appointed me their minister plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands that I have the honor to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your Majesty's health and for that of the royal family.

"The appointment of a minister from the United States to your Majesty's court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character ; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring the entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, the old good-nature and the old harmony between people who, though separated by an ocean and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood. I beg your Majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been intrusted by my country, it was never, in my whole life, in a manner so agreeable to myself."

The king listened to this address in evident emotion. He seemed not a little agitated ; for to him it was an hour of deep humiliation. With a voice even more tremulous than that with which Mr. Adams had spoken, he replied :—

"Sir, the circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly disposition of the people of the United States, but that I am very glad that the choice has fallen upon you as their

minister. But I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, Let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their full effect."



THE ATTACK ON RIOTERS AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS., IN 1786.

As Great Britain did not condescend to appoint a minister to the United States, and as Mr. Adams felt that he was accomplishing but little, he solicited

permission to return to his own country, and reached his rural home in Braintree, from which he had so long been absent, in June of 1788.

When some persons accused Mr. Adams of being covertly in favor of monarchical institutions, Mr. Jefferson replied: "Gentlemen, you do not know that man. There is not upon this earth a more perfectly honest man than John Adams. It is not in his nature to meditate anything which he would not publish to the world. I know him well; and I repeat, that a more honest man never issued from the hands of his Creator."

In 1787 delegates were appointed by the various States of the Confederacy to form a Constitution for the United States of America. They met in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, where the great Declaration had been signed. The Constitution which they drew up was accepted by the States, and we became a nation. George Washington was unanimously chosen President for four years, and John Adams Vice-President.

THE FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.

During the first Presidency, Congress was tossed by angry passions and stormy debates. Both Washington and Adams were assailed with intensest bitterness. Both were accused of monarchical tendencies, and of fondness for the pomp and pageantry of royalty. The democratic party was now rapidly rising into controlling power. Still both Washington and Adams were reëlected, and again, on the 4th of March, 1793, took the oaths of office.

Just about this time the French Revolution shook the continent of Europe. Mr. Adams felt no sympathy with the French people in this struggle; for he had no confidence in their power of self-government, and utterly abhorred the atheistic character of those *philosophers*, who, in his judgment, inaugurated the movement. On the other hand, Jefferson's sympathies were strongly enlisted in behalf of the French people, struggling to throw off the yoke of intolerable despotism. Hence originated the alienation between these two distinguished men. Washington at first hailed the French Revolution with hope; but as its disorders became more developed he leaned more strongly to the views of Mr. Adams. Two very powerful parties were thus soon organized. Adams was at the head of the one whose sympathies were with England. Jefferson led the other, in sympathy with France.

England proclaimed war against the French republicans; played the tyrant over weaker nations upon the ocean; and, despising our feeble navy, insulted and harassed our commerce. This conduct swept the current of popular feeling increasingly toward Mr. Jefferson and his party. Upon the retirement of Washington, at the close of his second Presidential term, there was a very hotly contested election; and Mr. Adams, by a slender majority, was chosen President, and Thomas Jefferson, Vice-President.

Those were stormy days, and it required great wisdom safely to navigate the ship of state. The excitement which the French Revolution created in this country, as the community ranged themselves on the side of England or of France, was intense. For four years Mr. Adams struggled through almost a constant tempest of assaults. He was never a popular man. The party arrayed against him, with the Vice-President at its head, was powerful in numbers, and still more powerful in ability. He was not a man of conciliatory manners or of winning speech. After four years of harassment, which must have been the four least happy years of his life, he was mortified by losing a reëlection. Jefferson was chosen President; and Aaron Burr, Vice-President; and John Adams was left to return to his farm at Quincy. His chagrin was so great as to lead him to the lamentable mistake of refusing to remain in Philadelphia to witness the inauguration of his successful rival. There ensued a breach in the friendship of these illustrious men which was not closed for thirteen years.

About the time of Mr. Adams' retirement, his eldest son, who was married and settled in New York, suddenly died, leaving to his father's care a wife and two infant children. He then spoke of this event as the deepest affliction of his life. He was then sixty-six years of age. A quarter of a century still remained to him before he died. He generally avoided all public gatherings, and took little part in political questions, devoting his time mainly to the cultivation of his farm. When England, looking contemptuously upon our feeble navy, persisted in the outrage of searching American ships, both John Adams and his son, John Quincy, nobly supported the policy of Mr. Jefferson in resenting these outrages. It seems strange that a man could be found in America willing to submit to such insolence. But for this Mr. Adams was bitterly accused of being recreant to his principles, and of joining the party who were charged with seeking an excuse for dragging our country into a war against England, that we might thus aid France. On this occasion John Adams, for the first time since his retirement, broke silence, and drew up a very able paper, exposing the atrocity of the British pretensions. Mr. Adams had been associated with a party hostile to France, and in favor of submission to the British pretensions. In advocating resistance, he was regarded as abandoning his old friends, and with bitter animosity was he assailed.

MR. ADAMS' HOME LIFE.

In 1818, when Mr. Adams was eighty-two years of age, his noble wife, who had shared with him the joys and griefs of more than half a century, died, at the age of seventy-four. The event threw over him a shade of sadness which never disappeared. A gentleman who visited Quincy a year or two before her death gave a description of the interview. Mr. Adams was, in body, very infirm, tottering and shaking with age; but his mind seemed as vigorous, and his heart as

young, as ever. There was a boy's joyousness and elasticity in his hearty laugh. He joked, was full of fun, and talked about everybody and everything with the utmost freedom and *abandon*. His knowledge seemed to his visitor boundless; for he was equally at home upon whatever subject might be introduced. Nothing could be more entertaining than his conversation, it was so replete with anecdote and lively sallies of wit.

While thus conversing, Mrs. Adams came in,—a tall and stately lady of rather formal address. "A cap of exquisite lace surrounded features still exhibiting intellect and energy. Her dress was snowy white, and there was that immaculate neatness in her appearance which gives to age almost the sweetness of youth. With less warmth of manner and sociableness than Mr. Adams, she was sufficiently gracious, and her occasional remarks betrayed intellectual vigor and strong sense. The guest went away, feeling that he should never again behold such living specimens of the 'great old.'"



OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

While his drooping frame and feeble step and dimmed eye showed the ravages of years, Mr. Adams' mind retained its wonted vigor. He read until his vision failed, and was then read to, many hours every day. He loved, in conversation with his friends, to recall the scenes of his younger years, and to fight his battles over again. His son, John Quincy, rose to distinction, and occupied high posts of honor at home and abroad. In 1825 his parental pride was gratified by the elevation of his son to the chair which the father had honored as President of the United States. When John Quincy Adams received a note from Rufus King, informing him of his election, he inclosed it to his father, with the following lines from his own pen, under date of February 9, 1825:—

MY DEAR AND HONORED FATHER:—The inclosed note from Mr. King will inform you of the event of this day; upon which I can only offer *you* my congratulations, and ask your blessing and prayers.

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Adams was now ninety years of age. His enfeebled powers indicated that his end was drawing nigh. The 4th of July, 1826, came. The nation had made arrangements for a more than usually brilliant celebration of that anniversary. Adams and Jefferson still lived. It was hoped that they might be brought together, at some favored spot, as the nation's guests. But, as the time drew near, it was evident that neither of them could bear a journey. On Friday morning, the 30th of June, a gentleman called upon Mr. Adams to obtain a toast to be presented on the 4th of July at the celebration at Quincy. "I give you," said he, "*Independence forever.*"

He was now rapidly declining. On the morning of the 4th his physician judged that he would scarcely survive the day. There was the ringing of bells, the exultant music of martial bands, the thunders of artillery from ships and forts, from hills and valleys, echoing all over our land, as rejoicing millions welcomed the natal day of the nation. Mr. Adams, upon his dying couch, listened to these sounds of joy with silent emotion. "Do you know what day it is?" some one inquired. "Oh, yes!" he replied: "it is the glorious 4th of July. God bless it! God bless you all! It is a great and glorious day." "Thomas Jefferson," he murmured at a later hour to himself, "still survives." These were his last words. But he was mistaken. An hour or two before, the spirit of Jefferson had taken its flight. The sands of his own long and memorable life were now run out, and gently he passed away into that sleep from which there is no earthly waking.



VIEW OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.



JOHN JAY.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

JOHN JAY,

FIRST CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.



HEN, in 1685, Louis XIV. of France revoked the Edict of Nantes, that famous act of toleration under which French Protestants had for so long lived and flourished, his bigotry set in motion forces whose efforts reached every nation of the earth, and turned the current of history for centuries after. Among the multitudes of industrious and ingenious men who were then driven from France to other lands was one Pierre Jay, a merchant of La Rochelle, who fled to England to escape persecution. His son, a West India merchant, came to New York, and married the daughter of one of the early Dutch settlers; and thus their distinguished son, John Jay, one of the founders of our government, and its first chief justice, was remarkable among early American statesmen as having not a drop of English blood in his veins.

There is little in the history of Jay that is picturesque or striking; but there are few among the worthies of the Revolution to whom posterity owes a greater debt. "Life," says the poet Lowell,—

> "may be given in many ways,
> And loyalty to truth be sealed
> As bravely in the closet as the field."

That Jay had the true heroic spirit is shown by an episode of his life in college. A number of his fellow-students, in some rough play in the college hall, which he saw but had no part in, broke a table. The noise reached the ears of the president, who suddenly appeared, but not in time to discover them in the act. All those present, except Jay and one other student, flatly denied that they broke the table, or knew who did. Jay and his comrade admitted that they knew who did it, but refused to tell their names, Jay maintaining that there was nothing

in the laws of the college requiring him to play the part of an informer. This manly conduct, however, was deemed by the authorities a grave offense, and Jay and his companion were suspended.

Upon his graduation from college Jay entered on the study of the law, and was admitted to the New York bar in 1768. He is said to have "combined in a remarkable degree the dignity and gravity of manhood with the ardor of youth." He soon acquired a large practice, and great influence in political affairs. As a member of the Continental Congress, in 1774, he drew up the famous Address to the People of Great Britain, which at once gave him the reputation of being one of the ablest and most eloquent writers in America. "Are not the proprietors of the soil of Great Britain," he says, "lords of their own property? Can it be taken from them without their own consent? . . . Why, then, are the proprietors of the soil of America less lords of their property than you are of yours? or why should they submit it to the disposal of your Parliament, or any other parliament or council in the world not of their own election? . . . Such declarations we consider as heresies in English politics, and can no more operate to deprive us of our property than the interdicts of the Pope can divest kings of scepters which the laws of the land and the voice of the people have placed in their hands."

Referring to the ability and character of the men who formed the famous Continental Congress, Lord Chatham said: "When your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow that, . . . for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, . . . no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia."

JAY'S TRIALS IN SPAIN.

In 1778 Jay was chosen President of Congress, and fulfilled the difficult duties of that station for nearly two years, when he was sent as minister to Spain to negotiate for a loan of $5,000,000, and for the free navigation of the Mississippi. "While I am sensible," wrote another delegate to Jay, "of the advantages we shall reap from your eminent services there, I have my fears that they will be missed importantly where you now are." The trials and vexations of his new position were very great. "The Spaniards will not easily give their dollars," truly wrote Lafayette to Washington; and, far from giving up to America the navigation of the Mississippi, they wished to obtain sole control of it themselves. "Poor as we are," wrote Franklin to Jay, "as I know we shall be rich, I would rather agree with them to buy, at a great price, the whole of their right on the Mississippi than to sell a drop of its waters. A neighbor might as well ask me to sell my street door."

Jay wasted many months of fruitless and vexatious labor in Spain, Congress in the meantime not only failing to provide him with any means of support, but expecting him to beg or borrow from Spain hundreds of thousands of dollars to pay bills of exchange which they drew upon him. When in the greatest extremity, Franklin, whose influence at the French court was very great, sent Jay $25,000 to aid in meeting these bills. "If you find any inclination to hug me for the good news of this letter," wrote Franklin, "I constitute



BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI TO-DAY, FOR WHOSE FREE NAVIGATION JAY NEGOTIATED.

and appoint Mrs. Jay my attorney, to receive in my behalf your embraces." Soon afterward Jay left Spain, and took a most important part in negotiating a treaty of peace with England, at Paris, in 1783,—a treaty so advantageous to America that the French Prime Minister remarked that "England had bought a peace, rather than made one." On his return to America Jay was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and filled that office until 1789.

In 1787 met that renowned body of statesmen, the Constitutional Conven-

tion of 1787, which, "in order to form a more perfect union," drafted the present Constitution of the United States. In the labors of this convention probably no member bore a more important part than Jay. When the work of the convention was at last complete, and submitted to the people, there was violent opposition to it, especially in Jay's own State—New York. In this state of the public mind that trio of great men, Madison, Jay, and Hamilton, undertook to explain and vindicate the proposed instrument in *The Federalist*, a series of articles, originally published in the New York papers. "No constitution," says Chancellor Kent, "ever received a more masterly and successful vindication." The opposition to its adoption was finally removed; it was ratified by the States, and went into effect with the election of Washington as first President, in 1789.

Washington manifested his opinion of Jay's character and abilities by giving him a choice of the offices under the new government. He preferred the chief-justiceship, as being most suited to his turn of mind and his training. In an address at one of the first sessions he said: "Nothing but a strong government of laws, irresistibly bearing down arbitrary power and licentiousness, can defend it against those two formidable enemies. Let it be remembered that civil liberty consists, not in a right to every man to do just as he pleases, but in an equal right to all citizens to have, enjoy, and do, in peace, security, and without molestation, whatever the equal and constitutional laws of the country admit to be consistent with the public good."

STRONG LANGUAGE ABOUT SLAVERY.

Of all the statesmen of the Revolution, Jay was one of the most pronounced and uncompromising opponents of slavery. The inconsistency of demanding freedom for ourselves, while holding others in bondage, was one which his strong, logical mind could not tolerate, and which he did not attempt to reconcile. In 1780, writing from Spain to a friend in America, he says: "An excellent law might be made out of the Pennsylvania one for the gradual abolition of slavery. Till America comes into this measure, her prayers to Heaven for liberty will be impious. . . . I believe God governs the world, and I believe it to be a maxim in his, as in our court, that those who ask for equity, ought to do it." Again he says: "It is much to be wished that slavery may be abolished. . . . To contend for our own liberty, and to deny that blessing to others, involves an inconsistency not to be excused."

Jay continued on the bench of the Supreme Court until 1794, when his services were required as special minister to England, to adjust the differences between the two countries, which were so great as to threaten war. His abilities as a diplomatist were shown by the treaty which he negotiated, under which England paid over ten millions of dollars for illegal captures of American pro-

perty in the war for independence, and of which Lord Sheffield afterward said, at the breaking out of the war of 1812, "We have now an opportunity of getting rid of that most impolitic treaty of 1794, when Lord Grenville was so

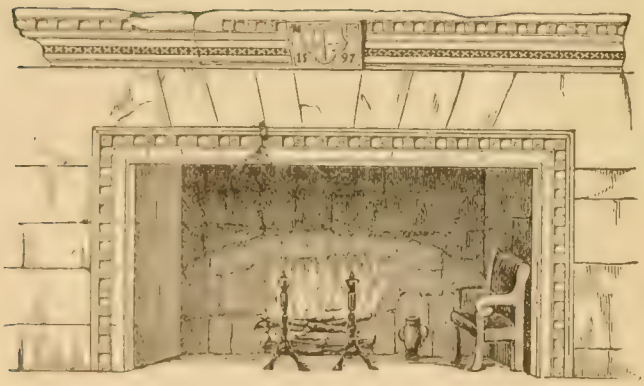


ST. PAUL'S, NEW YORK, AN OLD CHURCH OF JAY'S TIME.

perfectly duped by Jay." While Jay was yet in England he was elected Governor of New York, and was twice re-elected. He, however, declined serving a third term; and also declined a second term as chief justice, to which

he had been nominated and confirmed in 1801. At the end of his second term as Governor of New York he retired from public life, and spent the remainder of his days on his estate in Westchester county, New York, where he died in 1829.

The character of Jay is clearly shown forth in the record of his life. In devotion to his country, in clear judgment, in spotless integrity, he is not surpassed even among the great men of his own time. He was modest, claimed no merit, and seldom alluded to the great events in which he took part. He was generous and charitable, while at the same time exact and careful. It has been beautifully said of him that "He lives in our memories a flawless statue, whose noble lineaments have everything to gain from the clear light of history."



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FIREPLACE.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

THE ARCHITECT OF THE FEDERAL SYSTEM.

AMONG all the monuments in the great Cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, the proudest is a simple tablet to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that splendid pile. "Reader," it says, "if thou seekest *his* monument, look around thee." Turning from structures of brick and stone to an edifice of a nobler kind, we of America have but to look around us to see in the mighty fabric of our national government the monument of ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

In the summer of 1772 that beautiful group of the West Indies known as the Leeward Islands were desolated by a hurricane. While its effects were still visible, and men were looking fearfully into the skies, an account of the calamity appeared in the *St. Christopher's Gazette*, written with such singular ability that there was great curiosity to discover its author. It was traced to a youth employed in a St. Croix counting-house, a boy of only fifteen, named Alexander Hamilton. He was born in the tiny island of Nevis. His father was a Scotch gentleman, and his mother was of the good Huguenot stock of France. It was a happy day for our young author; a lad who could write in this way, it was thought, should not spend his life in casting up accounts. It was at once determined to send him to New York to complete his education; and in the month of October, in that year, he landed in Boston.

Francis Barber, afterward a colonel, and a brave man in several battles, was at this time principal of a grammar-school of good repute in Elizabethtown, New Jersey; and hither came the young West Indian to be prepared for college,—a handsome youth, erect, graceful, eagle-eyed, and "wise in conversation as a man."

Before the end of 1773 he had finished his preliminary studies, and proceeded to Princeton, to inquire of Dr. Witherspoon if he could enter the college with the privilege of passing from class to class as fast as he advanced in scholarship. The president was sorry, but the laws of the institution would not permit. Ham-

ilton was more successful in New York. In King's College (now Columbia University) he might sue for a degree whenever he could show the title of sufficient learning; and so Hamilton fixed upon the New York institution. Some great men of the future were then in King's College, but there was only one Alexander Hamilton there. In the debating club he controlled everything by his acuteness and eloquence. His room-mate was awed, night and morning, by the fervid passion of his prayers, and has testified that Hamilton's firm faith in Christianity, and his mighty and convincing arguments, did much to confirm his own wavering faith. Hamilton was a versatile genius; he wrote hymns and burlesques; he was pious and punctilious; ambitious and gay.

THE STIRRING DAYS OF '73.

While Hamilton was at his studies in King's College, great events were taking place outside. The quarrel with Great Britain was becoming irreconcilable. In December, 1773, occurred the "Boston Tea Party," when a band of patriots, disguised as Indians, boarded the British vessels laden with tea, and emptied their contents in the harbor. The excitement throughout the country, already great, increased in intensity; the methods of resistance to be adopted were on every man's tongue. In September, 1774, the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia. Nothing was thought of but resistance to the tyranny of England.

In college Hamilton never relaxed the severe application which his ambition and his tastes made natural; but he was not unmindful of the storm gathering beyond his quiet cloisters. His mind, his pen, and his voice were from the first employed in defending colonial opposition to the acts of the British Parliament. He organized a military corps, mostly of fellow-students, who practiced their daily drill early in the morning, before the commencement of their college duties. They assumed the name of "Hearts of Oak," and wore a green uniform, surmounted by a leather cap, on which was inscribed "Freedom or Death!" Early and late he was busy, not only in promoting measures of resistance, but in mastering the science of political economy, the laws of commerce, the balance of trade, and the circulating medium; so that when these topics became prominent, no one was better equipped for dealing with them than Hamilton.

Hamilton's first political speech to a popular assembly was delivered at "the great meeting in the fields," as it was long afterward called, called to choose delegates to the first Continental Congress. He was still a student, and exceedingly juvenile in appearance. Being unexpectedly called upon, he at first faltered and hesitated; but soon he recovered himself, and the immense multitude were astonished and electrified by the "infant orator," as they called him. After a discussion, clear, forcible, and striking, of the great principles

involved, he depicted in glowing colors the aggravated oppressions of the mother-country. Touching this point he burst forth in a strain of bold and thrilling eloquence :—

"The sacred rights of mankind," he declared, "are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

He insisted on the duty of resistance, pointed out the means and certainty of success, and described "the waves of rebellion, sparkling with fire, and washing back on the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth, and her glory." Under this spontaneous burst of mature eloquence from lips so youthful, the vast multitude first listened in awe and surprise, and then rose with irrepressible astonishment. The death-like silence ceased as he closed, and repeated cheers resounded to the heavens. Then the whisper, "A collegian—it is a collegian!" passed in surprise from one to another through the crowd.



In March, 1776, Hamilton left college, and, joining a band of volunteers, obtained the command of a company of artillery. One day, while Washington was preparing for the

defense of New York. General Greene, on his way to headquarters, had his attention attracted to Hamilton's company, which was drilling in a neighboring field. The captain seemed a mere boy, small and slight, but quick in his movements, and with an air of remarkable intelligence; and his company was handled with an ease and skill which roused Greene's admiration. He stopped to talk with him, and was soon convinced, from Hamilton's conversation, that he had met a youth of no common abilities. He spoke of Hamilton to General Washington at the time, expressing his opinion of his character.

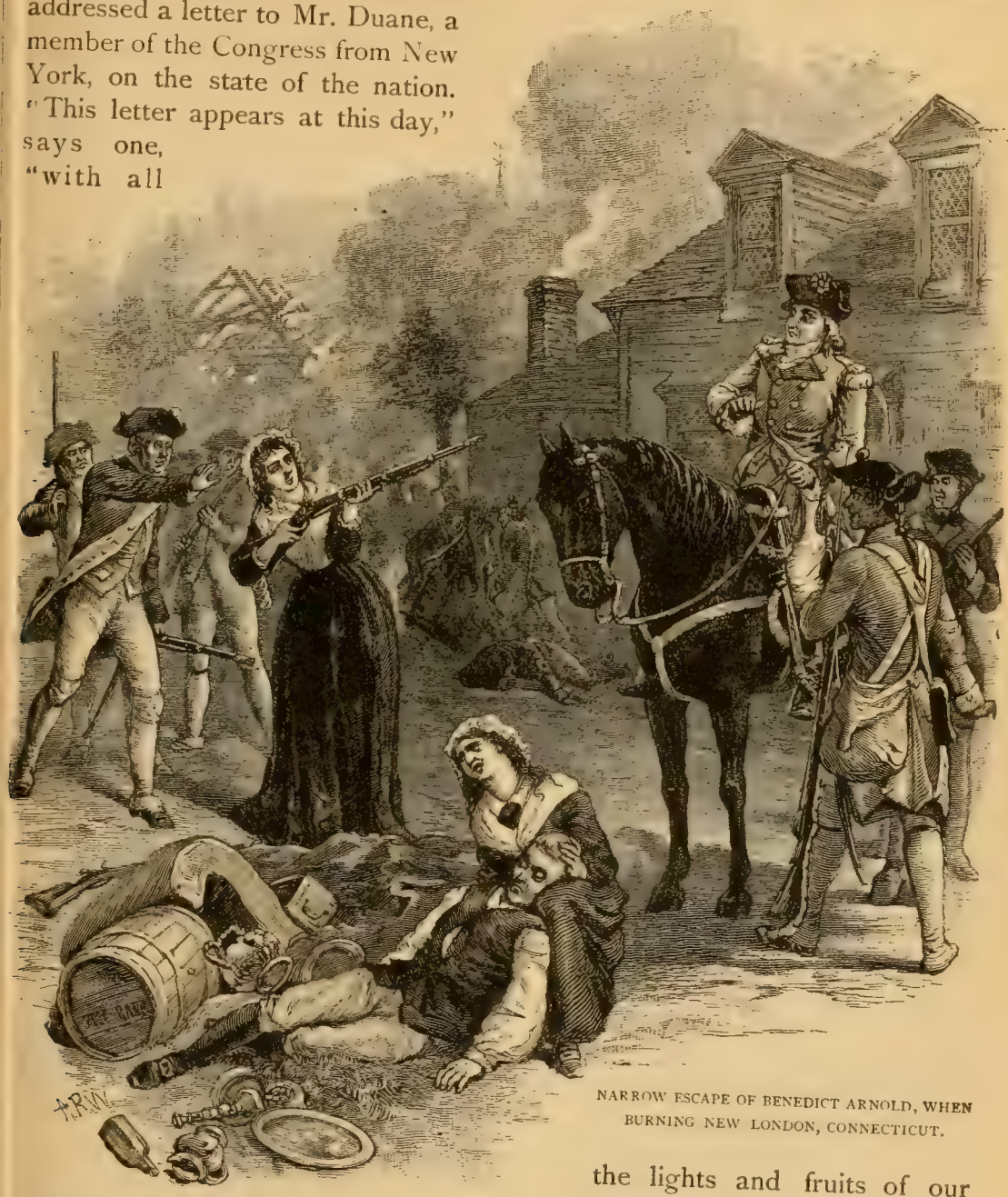
At the passage of the Raritan, in the memorable retreat through New Jersey, Washington observed with admiration the courage and skill of the youthful artillery officer, and ordered his aide-de-camp, Fitzgerald, to ascertain who he was, and to bring him to headquarters at the first halt of the army. In the evening Hamilton was appointed Washington's aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel. From this time he continued until February, 1781, the inseparable companion of the commander-in-chief, and was always consulted by him, and by all the leading functionaries, on the most important occasions. He acted as his first aid at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. At the siege of Yorktown he led the detachment which carried by assault one of the strongest outworks of the foe; and Washington, in recognition of his gallantry, ordered that Hamilton should receive the surrender of one of the divisions of Cornwallis's army.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value of Hamilton's services during the long period he acted as Washington's first aid and confidential secretary. The principal portions of the voluminous correspondence fell on him, and the most elaborate communications are understood to have been made essentially by his assistance. "The pen of our country," says Troup, "was held by Hamilton; and for dignity of manner, pith of matter, and elegance of style, General Washington's letters are unrivaled in military annals."

At the time of Arnold's treason, Hamilton's position led him into acquaintance with the ill-fated André, for whom he felt a strong admiration. He urged the wisdom and good policy of sparing André's life, arguing, with great force, that it would compel a cessation of British cruelties to American prisoners; but unfortunately he was overborne, and André was executed.

Hamilton's military achievements are such as to warrant the belief that he would have made a great soldier; but his tastes and abilities alike tended toward the work of the statesman, and, fortunately for the country, led him in that direction. The embarrassments of the Treasury and consequent sufferings of the army prompted him to take up the study of finance, and in 1779, in private and anonymous communications to Robert Morris, he proposed a great financial scheme for the country, in which, rising above all the crude systems of that age, and pointing to a combination of public with private credit

as the basis of his plan, he led the way to the establishment of the first American bank. About a year later he addressed a letter to Mr. Duane, a member of the Congress from New York, on the state of the nation. "This letter appears at this day," says one, "with all



NARROW ESCAPE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD, WHEN BURNING NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

the lights and fruits of our experience, as masterly in a reëminent degree. He went on to show the defects and total inefficiency f the Articles of Confederation, and to prove that we stood in need of a ational government with the requisite sovereign powers; such, indeed, as

the confederation theoretically contained, but without any fit organs to receive them. He suggested the idea of a national convention to amend and reorganize the government. This was undoubtedly the ablest and truest production on the state of the Union, its finances, its army, its miseries, its resources, and its remedies, that appeared during the Revolution. It contained in embryo the existing Federal Constitution, and it was the production of a young man of the age of twenty-three."

In December, 1780, he was married to Elizabeth, a daughter of General Philip Schuyler, and on the first of March, 1781, he retired from the military family of Washington, resigning his pay, and retaining his commission only that he might have the power, should there be occasion, still to serve his country in the field.

THE GREAT WORK OF HAMILTON'S LIFE.

At the close of the war with England the government was so weak that it had sunk into contempt. The mutiny of some eighty soldiers at Philadelphia actually obliged Congress to adjourn to Princeton. It afterward removed to Annapolis; and, as the States could not agree on a seat of government, it seemed likely to become a migratory body, with constantly diminishing numbers and influence. It had so dwindled away, that when the Treaty of Peace was finally to be ratified, weeks elapsed before the attendance of the required number of nine States could be procured, and, even then, only twenty-three members were present at the ratification. Manifestly the construction of a strong and stable government was essential; and after much delay and many disputes, the famous Convention of 1787, to form the Constitution, met in Philadelphia.

Since the meeting of that renowned first Congress, which led the way in the struggle for independence, America had seen no such body of men as now assembled. Thither came George Washington, from his retirement at Mount Vernon, where he had hoped "to glide gently down a stream which no human effort can ascend," called to engage once more in the service of his country. From Virginia also came James Madison, afterward President, but then a young and rising politician. From Massachusetts came Rufus King, jurist and statesman; from South Carolina, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, soldier, scholar, and lawyer. Pennsylvania was peculiarly fortunate in her representatives. At their head was Benjamin Franklin, now in his eighty-second year, the oldest and most widely known of American public men, and in some sort combining in his own person many of the leading characteristics of America. His venerable age, his long services, his serene and benignant aspect, commanded the respect of all, and imposed a controlling power on the assembly. With him came Gouverneur Morris, one of the best and wisest of American patriots; and Robert Morris, who had made the first attempts at dealing with the complicated difficulties of American finance. There were other men of note in the Convention, such as Roger

Sherman of Connecticut, John Jay of New York, John Dickinson of Delaware, Luther Martin of Maryland, and George Mason of Virginia,—fifty-five members in all, representing twelve sovereign States,—for Rhode Island made no appointment. But the whole edifice would have wanted its crowning glory if New York had not sent Hamilton, with the treasures of his genius and eloquence. All could be better spared than *he*, who had first conceived the plan of a reform in the Constitution, and who alone could carry it to a successful issue. And this man, foremost in an assembly of the most able representatives of the States, and who had already achieved so much in the field and the council, was yet only thirty years of age.

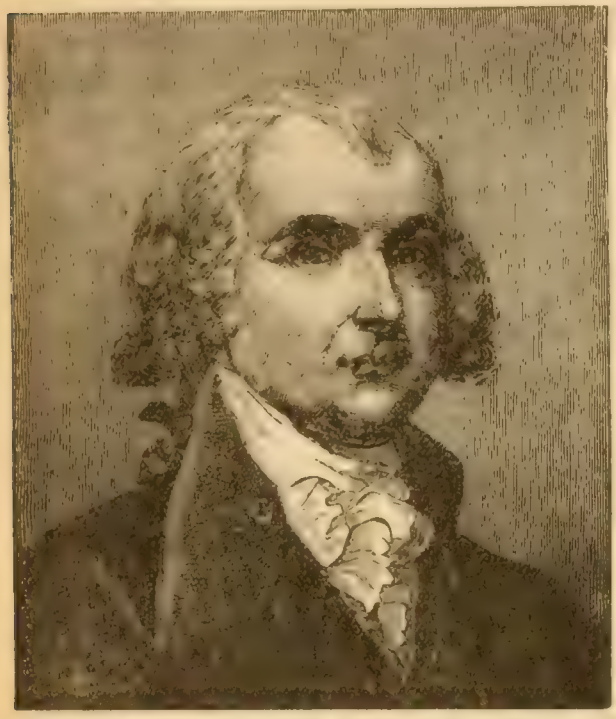
Washington was unanimously called to the chair. Into particulars of the discussions it is not intended to enter here, but the part which Hamilton took in them was of an importance impossible to rate too highly. He stood in the midst of the jarring elements like a beneficent genius, ready to evoke order out of chaos; and the proportion in which his views were adopted or rejected may be almost regarded as the measure of the strength and the weakness of the Constitution.

The document which embodied the scheme of the present Constitution was signed by a majority of the delegates, and by one or more representatives of *each* of the twelve States present in the Convention. The first name on the list is that of George Washington, who is said to have paused a moment, with the pen in his hand, as he pronounced these words: "Should the States reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again offer to cancel another in peace. The next will be drawn in blood." And in the speech which Franklin delivered in the assembly, he thus expressed himself: "I consent, sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that this is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I hope, therefore, for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of posterity, we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavors to the means of having it well administered." Then, while the members were signing, he turned toward the image of a sun painted at the back of the President's chair, and said: "Often and often, in the course of the session, I have looked at it without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising, and not a setting sun."

The Convention being dissolved, the plan of the Constitution was laid before the country, and at once excited the most fervid feelings of approbation and dissent. In general it was supported by moderate men, who looked with apprehension at the actual state of affairs, and desired, by any reasonable compromise, to establish a practicable government. On the other hand, it was violently

opposed by that class who viewed with jealousy the rise of any central power, and whose theory of freedom precluded the notion of authority. Two great parties joined issue on the question of its acceptance or rejection. They took the names of *Federalists* and *Anti-Federalists*. A few years later, after the Constitution had been adopted, the same two parties, with some modifications, continued to divide the people of America, but they were then called *Federalists* and *Republicans*.

One of the most efficient means employed in making the new Constitution familiar and acceptable to the people was the publication of a series of essays under the name of the *Federalist*, which Americans still regard as the greatest and most complete exposition of the principles of their constitutional law. It was the work of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay; but of the eighty-five essays of which it is composed, upward of fifty were written by Hamilton. "It was from him," says Mr. Curtis, "that the *Federalist* derived the weight and the power which commanded the careful attention of the country and carried conviction to the great body of intelligent men in all parts of the Union."



JAMES MADISON, HAMILTON'S CHIEF AID IN WRITING "THE FEDERALIST."

All the ability displayed in the *Federalist*, and all the exertions of Hamilton and his friends, were required to secure the acceptance of the Constitution. Hamilton threw his whole strength into the contest, and left no honest means untried to accomplish the end. During the months that elapsed between the dissolution of the Convention and the ratification of the Constitution, his vigilance never slumbered, and his exertions were not relaxed for a moment. Many able men were engaged in that struggle, but none rendered such service as he did to the Federalist cause.

The first State to ratify the Constitution was little Delaware, on the 7th of December, 1787. Pennsylvania, influenced by the name of Franklin, was the next to follow. Then came New Jersey, Georgia, and Connecticut. But it was felt that the hardest of the battle must be fought in Virginia and New York. In

Virginia the opposition was led by Patrick Henry, whose fiery eloquence had done so much in exciting his countrymen to resistance in the commencement of the struggle with Great Britain. In New York the whole interest of Governor Clinton and his friends, and many local and personal prejudices, were arrayed against the adoption of the Constitution. The State convention to decide the matter was held at Poughkeepsie, and the whole State was agitated by the discussion.

"HAMILTON IS SPEAKING!"

On the 24th of June Hamilton received intelligence that, by the ratification of New Hampshire, the Constitution had been adopted by nine States, the number requisite for its establishment. The question was then at once raised whether New York was to remain in the Confederacy, or to stand alone as an independent power. There was a party favoring the latter alternative; but Hamilton felt that to leave out New York would be to abandon the heart and centre of the Union, and resolved to combat the project by all the means at his disposal. During the last days of the Convention, the streets of New York were filled with an excited crowd, waiting for news from Poughkeepsie, and, as each messenger arrived, it was repeated from mouth to mouth: "Hamilton is speaking! Hamilton is speaking yet!" as though the destinies of the country hung suspended on his words. And when at length the tidings of the ratification reached the city, the bells pealed from the church towers, the cannon resounded from the forts, and a loud and exulting shout proclaimed that the popular voice had sanctioned the victory of the Constitution.

The first election under the new Constitution was held in the autumn of 1788. There was no question as to who should be the first President. Washington was elected without opposition, and on April 30, 1789, took the oath of office in New York. In choosing his Cabinet he at once offered the treasury to Hamilton. He is said to have consulted Robert Morris, the former superintendent of finance, as to the second of these appointments, asking, with a sigh: "What is to be done with this heavy debt?" "There is but one man in the United States," answered Morris, "who can tell you, and that is Alexander Hamilton."

The President, who well remembered the invaluable services of his aide-de-camp, could fully subscribe to this flattering estimate of his talents. He had lately been in frequent communication with Hamilton, and had consulted him on several grave and delicate questions. He had always cherished a pleasant recollection of their intimacy, and now the old feelings of friendship had strongly revived between them. In his elevated position Washington needed more than ever a friend he could entirely trust. On every ground, therefore, private as well as public, he was glad to offer this important post to Hamilton; and the latter did not hesitate to accept it, although he well knew its difficulties.

Hamilton now devoted all his thoughts to the national finances, and was busy in devising schemes to meet the pressing exigencies of the time. The office required the vigorous exercise of all his powers; and his reports of plans for the restoration of public credit, on the protection and encouragement of manufactures, on the necessity and the constitutionality of a national bank, and on the establishment of a mint, would alone have given him the reputation of being one of the most consummate statesmen who have ever lived. The plans which he proposed were adopted by Congress almost without alteration. When he entered upon the duties of his office the government had neither credit nor money, and the resources of the country were unknown; when he retired, at the end of five years, the fiscal condition of no people was better or more clearly understood. Mr. Gallatin has said that secretaries of the treasury have since enjoyed a sinecure, the genius and labors of Hamilton having created and arranged everything that was necessary for the perfect and easy discharge of their duties.

"He smote the rock of the national resources," says Daniel Webster, "and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the Public Credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the brain of Alexander Hamilton."

When, after years of immense labor, the financial system of the government was established, Hamilton resolved to retire from office. Doubtless he was weary of constant struggle; for the politics of the time were charged with such bitterness that even Washington did not escape the most venomous abuse. Hamilton's enemies made ceaseless attacks upon him; but there were other reasons which made him wish to retire, and which, if anything could have done so, might have called a blush to the cheeks of his persecutors. This man, who had held the revenues of an empire at his disposal, and whom his adversaries had not scrupled to charge with enriching himself at the public expense, was in reality very poor. His official salary did not suffice for the wants of his family, and his official duties had obliged him to abandon his practice at the bar. He was anxious, before it was too late, to repair his fortunes, and provide for his wife and children.

Hamilton now set to work at his profession, and was once more the leading spirit of the bar. Talleyrand, passing his office long after midnight, saw him still there at his desk. "I have beheld," said he, "one of the wonders of the world. I have seen a man, who has made the fortune of a nation, laboring all night to support his family." And yet, while thus working at his ordinary calling, Hamilton never withdrew his attention from public affairs. He was still the leader of his party, and the unsalaried adviser of the President; and as a

necessary consequence, he was still the mark for the poisoned arrows of his enemies.

From 1795 to 1797 Washington often had recourse to Hamilton for counsel. He had resolved to retire from office at the expiration of his second term; and, as the time approached, he determined to issue a Farewell Address to the American people. On this subject also he consulted Hamilton. There has been much controversy as to the exact authorship of this celebrated paper, but the fact seems to be that, while the original groundwork was Washington's own, the superstructure was in great part Hamilton's. While he retained wherever he could the thoughts and language of Washington, he added much valuable matter, and brought the whole into its present form. Calm, wise, and noble, it is a monument worthy of the great man whose name it bears; and, had the American people always remembered its lessons, it would have been well for their own peace, and conducive to the happiness of the world.

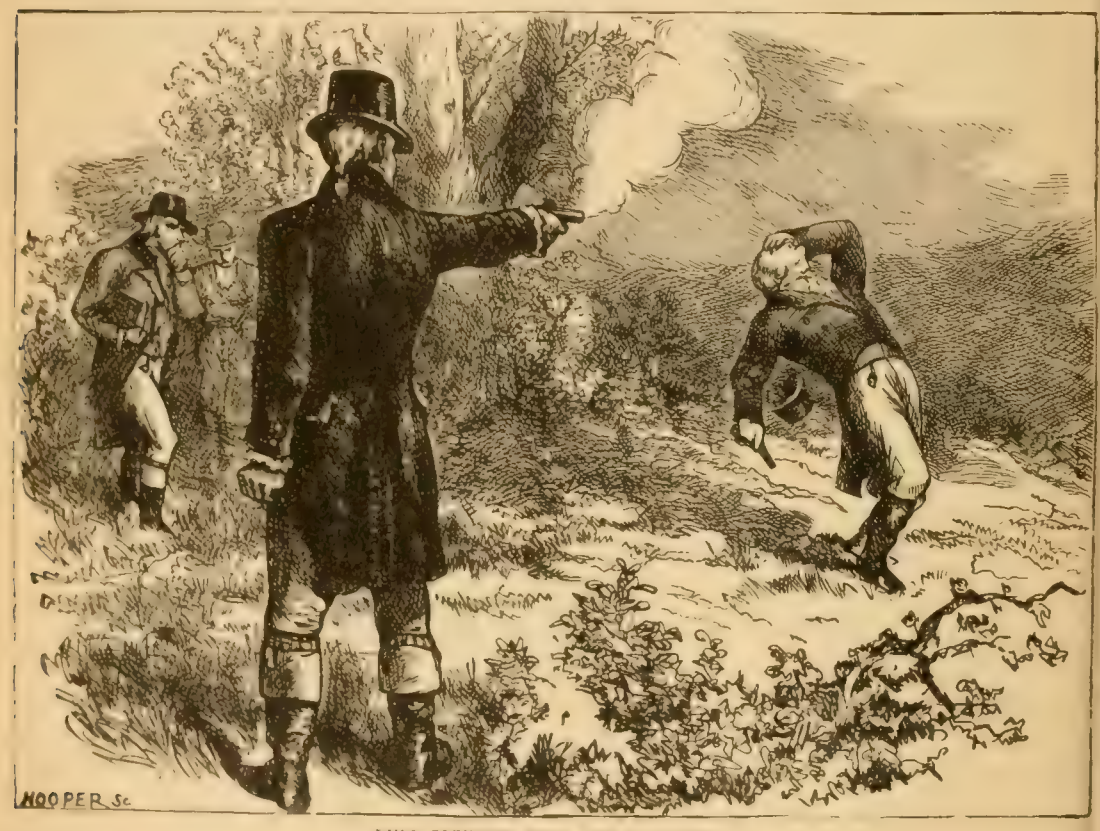
In the neighborhood of New York, but still in the midst of rural scenery, Hamilton, after resigning his position in the government, purchased a small estate. The ground was adorned with fine old trees, a pleasant lawn spread in front of the house, and the balcony commanded a magnificent prospect. Harlem River, Long Island Sound, and many a scene endeared by its own beauty, or made interesting by associations, were visible from this lovely spot. Hamilton called it "The Grange," after the name of his grandfather's house in Scotland; and thither he came from the labors of his profession, to enjoy the society of his family and the refreshment of a country life. He was once more a busy man at the bar, and, although he could never keep quite clear of politics, they no longer occupied all his thoughts. He busied himself with his garden, —"a very useful refuge," he says, "for a disappointed politician,"— sent to Carolina for melon-seeds and paroquets for his daughter, played at soldiers with his boys, and spent summer evenings with his friends on the green slopes of his domain. A great sorrow came to darken this cheerful picture. His eldest son, a promising youth of twenty, was killed in a duel arising from a dispute at the theatre. It was a bitter grief to the father and all the family; but it only foreshadowed the worse calamity that was to follow.

Hamilton met his death at the hands of Aaron Burr, in a duel, on July 11, 1804. At that time public sentiment on the subject of dueling was such as to make it very difficult for Hamilton to refuse Burr's challenge. They had long been political opponents, and Hamilton had more than once denounced Burr's public acts. Burr addressed a letter to Hamilton, repeating a newspaper report that Hamilton had "expressed a despicable opinion" of Burr, and "looked upon him as a dangerous man," and demanding a wholesale denial or retractation. This it was obviously impossible to give. The correspondence which followed left Hamilton no choice but to either accept or decline Burr's challenge. A paper

written before the duel explains his reasons for not declining to meet Burr, which were in effect that in the state of public opinion on dueling, a refusal to accept his challenge would destroy his public usefulness afterward.

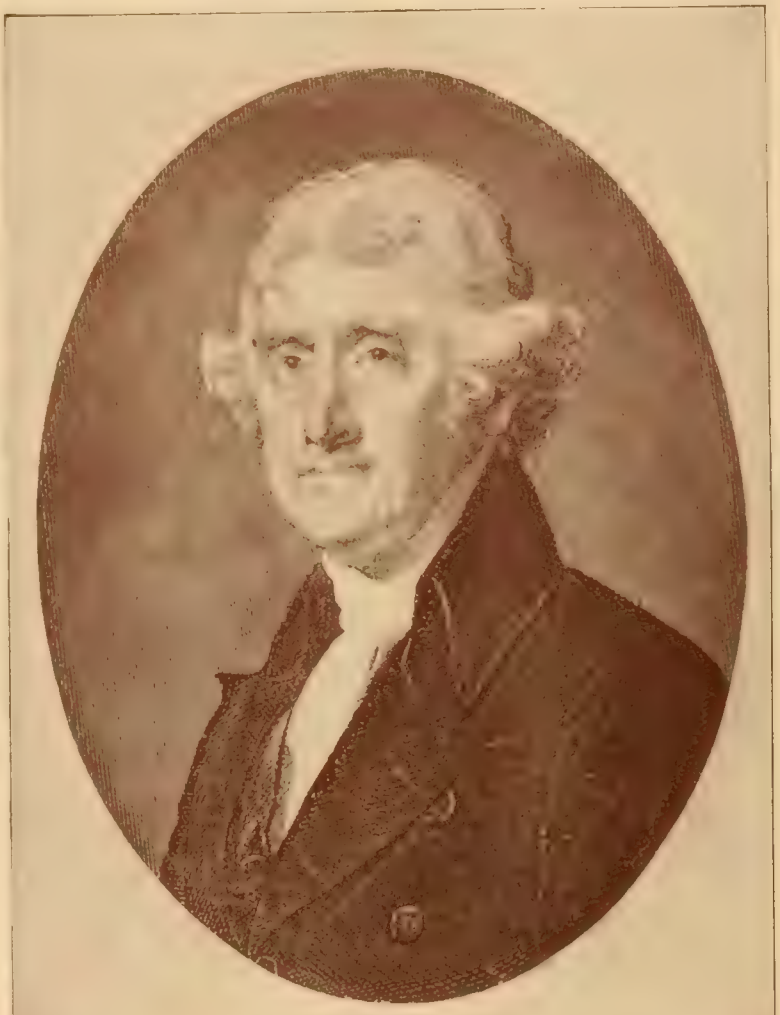
The duel took place at Weehawken, in New Jersey, nearly opposite New York. When the word was given, Hamilton did not fire immediately; but Burr, taking deliberate aim, fired, the ball entering Hamilton's right side. He was taken across the Hudson to his home, where he died the following day.

Hamilton was not faultless; but his errors were greatly exaggerated by



DUEL BETWEEN BURR AND HAMILTON.

his enemies; and there were few among his distinguished political adversaries whose private character approached his in purity. His public life was without a stain. In ability he stands in the front rank. "He must be classed," says the great French historian Guizot, "among the men who have best known the vital principles and fundamental conditions of government. There is not in the Constitution of the United States an element of order, strength, or durability which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce into it." The judgment of history will undoubtedly be that Alexander Hamilton was the greatest constructive statesman of the eighteenth century.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

THE PIONEER OF DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.



THE LIBERTY BELL, AS EXHIBITED AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century the people of the United States may be said to have been divided into two classes,—those who thought Thomas Jefferson the greatest and wisest of living men, and those who believed him the worst and most dangerous. The French Revolution, that great uprising of the masses against the oppressions of despotic power, had then divided public opinion throughout the whole civilized world. Jefferson was at the head of the party which sympathized with the common people, and advocated their cause. The opposite party, shocked and horrified at the excesses committed by the revolutionists in France, looked upon everything democratic with indescribable fear and aversion. These extremes of opinion make it difficult, even at this day, to get a fair and moderate opinion of Jefferson. He is either a fiend incarnate or an angel of light. But whether the principles for which he stood be approved or condemned, their success at least cannot be denied. Jefferson was the pioneer of democracy, the apostle of the sovereignty of the common people, which

from his time to the present has become every year more firmly rooted in American politics; and whether it be for good or ill, it is for this that he will be remembered in the centuries yet to come.

Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743, near the site of the present town of Charlottesville, Virginia. His father, Peter Jefferson, owned a plantation of fourteen hundred acres called Shadwell, from the name of the parish in London where his wife was born. His home was literally hewn out of the wilderness. There were but few white settlers within many miles of the mansion, which consisted of a spacious story and a half cottage-house. A wide hall and four large rooms occupied the lower floor. Above these there were good chambers and a spacious garret. Two huge outside chimneys contributed to the picturesque aspect of the mansion. It was delightfully situated upon a gentle swell of land on the slopes of the Blue Ridge, and commanded a sublime prospect of far-reaching mountains and forests.

Thomas was naturally of a serious, pensive, reflective turn of mind. From the time he was five years of age he was kept diligently at school under the best teachers. He was a general favorite with both teachers and scholars. In the year 1760 he entered William and Mary College. Williamsburg was then the seat of the colonial court, and the abode of fashion and splendor. Young Jefferson lived in college somewhat expensively, keeping fine horses, and much caressed by gay society. Still, he was earnestly devoted to his studies and irreproachable in his morals.

In 1767 he entered upon the practice of the law. His thoroughly disciplined mind, ample stores of knowledge, and polished address, were rapidly raising him to distinction, when the outbreak of the Revolution introduced him to loftier spheres of responsibility. He had been but a short time admitted to the bar ere he was chosen by his fellow-citizens to a seat in the Legislature of Virginia. This was in 1769. Jefferson was then the largest slaveholder in the house. It is a remarkable evidence of his foresight, his moral courage, and the love of liberty which inspired him, that he introduced a bill empowering slaveholders to manumit their slaves if they wished to do so. Slavery caught the alarm. The proposition was rejected by an overwhelming vote.

In 1772 he married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a very beautiful, wealthy, and highly accomplished young widow. She brought to him, as her munificent dowry, forty thousand acres of land, and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. He thus became one of the largest slaveholders in Virginia: and yet he labored with all his energies for the abolition of slavery; declaring the institution to be a curse to the master, a curse to the slave, and an offense in the sight of God.

In 1775 Jefferson was chosen a member of the Continental Congress, and in June of that year he left Williamsburg to take his seat in the Congress at Philadelphia. He was the youngest member in the body but one. His

reputation as a writer had preceded him, and he immediately took a conspicuous stand, though he seldom spoke. The native suavity of Jefferson, his modesty, and the frankness and force with which he expressed his views, captivated even his opponents. It is said that he had not an enemy in Congress.

WRITING THE GREAT DECLARATION.

When the time came for drafting the "Declaration of Independence," that great task was committed to Jefferson. Franklin and Adams suggested a few changes before it was submitted to Congress. The Declaration passed a fiery ordeal of criticism. For three days the debate continued. Mr. Jefferson opened not his lips. John Adams was the great champion of the Declaration on the floor. One may search all the ages to find a more solemn, momentous event than the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It was accompanied with prayer to Almighty God. Silence pervaded the room as one after another affixed his name to that document, which brought down upon him the implacable hate of the mightiest power upon the globe, and which doomed him inevitably to the scaffold, should the feeble colonies fail in the unequal struggle.

In 1779 Mr. Jefferson was chosen governor of Virginia. He was then thirty-six years of age. The British were now preparing to strike their heaviest blows upon the South. Georgia had fallen helpless into the hands of the foe; South Carolina was invaded, and Charleston threatened. At one time the British officer, Tarleton, sent a secret expedition to Monticello to capture the governor. Scarcely five minutes elapsed after the hurried escape of Mr. Jefferson and his family ere his mansion was in the possession of the British troops. A detachment of the army of Cornwallis, in their march north from the Carolinas, seized also another plantation which he owned on the James river. The foe destroyed all his crops, burnt his barns and fences, drove off the cattle, seized the serviceable horses, cut the throats of the colts, and left the whole plantation a smouldering, blackened waste. Twenty-seven slaves were also carried off. "Had he carried off the slaves," says Jefferson with characteristic magnanimity, "to give them freedom, he would have done right."

The English ministry were now getting tired of the war. The opposition in Parliament had succeeded in carrying a resolution on the 4th of March, 1782, "That all those who should advise, or by any means attempt, the further prosecution of offensive war in America, should be considered as enemies to their king and country." This popular decision overcame the obstinacy of the king, and he was compelled to make overtures for peace.

Mr. Jefferson had wonderful power of winning men to his opinions, while he scrupulously avoided all controversy. The following extract from a letter to his grandson brings clearly to light this trait in his character:—

"In stating prudential rules for our government in society, I must not omit

the important one of never entering into dispute or argument with another. I never yet saw an instance of one of two disputants convincing the other by argument: I have seen many, of their getting warm, becoming rude, and shooting one another. Conviction is the effect of our own dispassionate reasoning,



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

either in solitude or weighing within ourselves dispassionately what we hear from others, standing uncommitted in argument ourselves. It was one of the rules, which, above all others, made Dr. Franklin the most amiable of men in society, 'never to contradict anybody.'"

In May, 1784, Congress appointed Mr. Jefferson to act as minister with Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin in negotiating treaties of commerce with foreign nations. Leaving two daughters with their aunt, he took his eldest daughter Martha with him and sailed for Europe. After a delightful voyage he reached Paris on the 6th of August. Here he placed his daughter at school, and, meeting his colleagues at Passy, engaged vigorously with them in accomplishing the object of his mision. Dr. Franklin, now aged and infirm, obtained permission to return home from his embassy to France. His genial character, combined with his illustrious merit, had won the love of the French people; and he was unboundedly popular with both peasant and prince. Such attentions were lavished upon him in his journey from Paris to the coast, that it was almost an ovation. It was, indeed, a delicate matter to step into the position which had been occupied by one so enthusiastically admired. Few men could have done this so gracefully as did Jefferson.

"You replace Monsieur Franklin, I hear," said the celebrated French minister, the Count de Vergennes. "I *succeed* him," was the prompt reply: "no man can *replace* him."

SECRETARY OF STATE.

In September, 1789, Jefferson returned with his daughter to America. Immediately upon his return from France, Washington wrote to him in the most flattering terms, urging upon him a seat in his cabinet as Secretary of State. After some conference he accepted the appointment. His eldest daughter, Martha, was married on the 23d of February, 1790, to Colonel Thomas M. Randolph. A few days after the wedding, on the 1st of March, Mr. Jefferson set out for New York, which was then the seat of government. He went by way of Richmond and Alexandria. The roads were horrible. At the latter place he took a stage, sending his carriage round by water, and leading his horses. Through snow and mud, their speed seldom exceeded three or four miles an hour by day, and one mile an hour by night. A fortnight, of great fatigue, was consumed in the journey. Occasionally Jefferson relieved the monotony of the dreary ride by mounting his led saddle-horse. At Philadelphia he called upon his friend Benjamin Franklin, then in his last illness.

The American Revolution did not originate in hostility to a monarchical form of government, but in resisting the oppressions which that government was inflicting upon the American people. Consequently, many persons, who were most active in the Revolution, would have been very willing to see an independent monarchy established here. But Mr. Jefferson had seen so much of the pernicious influence of kings and courts in Europe that he had become an intense republican. Upon his arrival in New York he was much surprised at the freedom with which many persons advocated a monarchical government. He writes,—

"I cannot describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversation filled me. Politics were the chief topic; and a preference of a kingly over a republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite; and I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate on the republican side of the question, unless among the guests there chanced to be some member of that party from the legislative houses."

President Washington watched with great anxiety the rising storm, and did all he could to quell its fury. His cabinet was divided. General Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, was leader of the so-called Federal party. Mr.



STAGE-COACH OF JEFFERSON'S TIME.

Jefferson, Secretary of State, was leader of the Republican party. On the 30th of September, 1792, as he was going from Monticello to the seat of government, he stopped, as usual, at Mount Vernon, and spent a night with President Washington. Mr. Jefferson makes the following record in his note-book of this interview, which shows conclusively that President Washington did not agree with Mr. Jefferson in his belief that there was a strong monarchical party in this country:—

"The President," he writes, "expressed his concern at the difference which he found to subsist between the Secretary of the Treasury and myself, of which, he said, he had not been aware. He knew, indeed, that there was a marked difference in our political sentiments; but he had never suspected it had gone

so far in producing a personal difference, and he wished he could be the mediator to put an end to it; that he thought it important to preserve the check of my opinions in the administration, in order to keep things in their proper channel, and prevent them from going too far; *that, as to the idea of transforming this government into a monarchy, he did not believe there were ten men in the United States, whose opinions were worth attention, who entertained such a thought.*"

Some important financial measures which were proposed by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jefferson violently opposed. They were, however, sustained by the cabinet, adopted by both houses of the legislature, and approved by the President. The enemies of Mr. Jefferson now pressed him with the charge of indelicacy in holding office under a government whose leading measures he opposed. Bitter was the warfare waged between the two hostile secretaries. Hamilton accused Jefferson of lauding the constitution in public, while in private he had admitted that it contained those imperfections *of want of power* which Hamilton laid to its charge.

The President seems to have been in accord with Mr. Jefferson in his views of the importance of maintaining cordial relations with France. Both England and Spain were then making encroachments upon us, very menacing in their aspect. The President, in a conversation with Mr. Jefferson, on the 27th of December, 1792, urged the necessity of making sure of the alliance with France in the event of a rupture with either of these powers. "There is no nation," said he, "on whom we can rely at all times, but France." This had long been one of the fundamental principles of Mr. Jefferson's policy. Upon the election of President Washington to his second term of office, Mr. Jefferson wished to retire from the Cabinet. Dissatisfaction with the measures of the government was doubtless a leading cause. At the earnest solicitation, however, of the President, he consented to remain in his position, which was daily becoming more uncomfortable, until the last of July, when he again sent in his resignation. But still again President Washington so earnestly entreated him to remain, that, very reluctantly, he consented to continue in office until the close of the year.

Every day the political horizon was growing more stormy. All Europe was in the blaze of war. England, the most powerful monarchy on the globe, was straining every nerve to crush the French Revolution. The haughty course which the British government pursued toward the United States had exasperated even the placid Washington. He wrote to General Hamilton on the 31st of August, 1794:—

"By these high-handed measures of that government, and the outrageous and insulting conduct of its officers, it would seem next to impossible to keep peace between the United States and Great Britain."

Even John Adams became aroused. Two years after, he wrote, in reference to the cool treatment which his son, John Quincy Adams, had received in

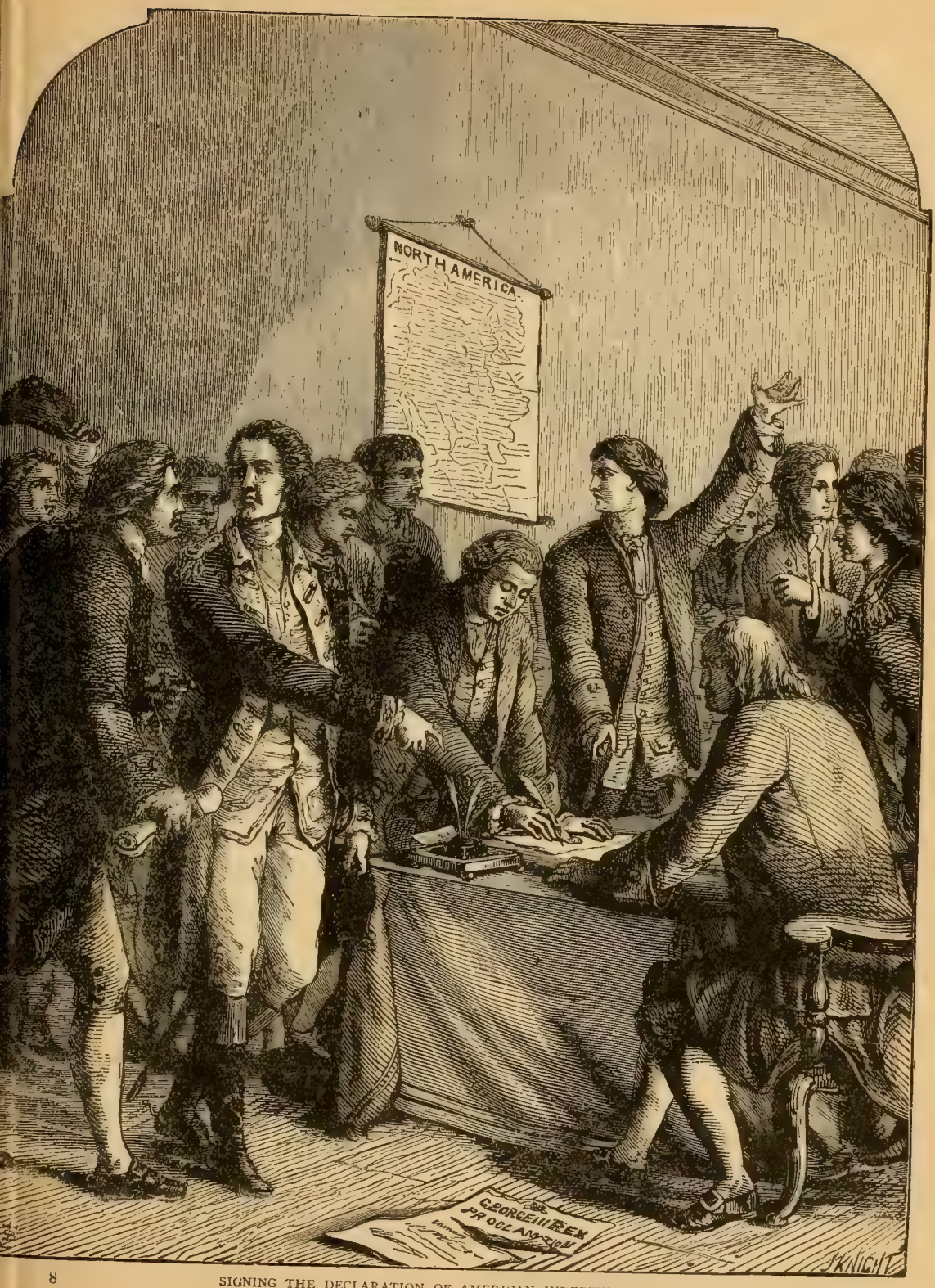
England: "I am glad of it; for I would not have my son go as far as Mr. Jay, and affirm the friendly disposition of that country to this. I know better. I know their jealousy, envy, hatred, and revenge, covered under pretended contempt." Jefferson's slumbering energies were electrified; he wrote fiery letters, and by his conversational eloquence moved all who approached him.

A new presidential election came on. John Adams was the Federal candiate; Thomas Jefferson the Republican. It does not appear that Mr. Jefferson was at all solicitous of being elected. Indeed, he wrote to Mr. Madison, "There is nothing I so anxiously hope as that my name may come out either second or third; as the last would leave me at home the whole of the year, and the other two-thirds of it." Alluding to the possibility that "the representatives may be divided," he makes the remarkable declaration, of the sincerity of which no one who knows the man can doubt, "This is a difficulty from which the Constitution has provided no issue. It is both my duty and inclination, therefore, to relieve the embarrassment, should it happen; and, in that case I pray you, and authorize you fully, to solicit on my behalf that Mr. Adams may be preferred. He has always been my senior from the commencement of our public life; and, the expression of the public will being equal, this circumstance ought to give him the preference."

As the result of the election, Mr. Adams became President, and Mr. Jefferson, Vice-President. This rendered it necessary for him to leave Monticello for a few months each year to attend the sessions of Congress. His numerous letters to his children show how weary he had become of party strife, with what reluctance he left his home, with what joy he returned to it.

In June, 1800, Congress moved from Philadelphia to Washington. The new seat of government, literally hewn out of the wilderness, was a dreary place. Though for twelve years workmen had been employed in that lonely, uninhabited, out-of-the-way spot, in putting up the public buildings, there was nothing as yet finished; and vast piles of stone and brick and mortar were scattered at great distances from each other, with swamps or sand-banks intervening.

Mrs. John Adams, who had seen the residences of royalty in Europe,—Buckingham Palace, Versailles, and the Tuileries,—gives an amusing account of their entrance upon the splendors of the "White House." In trying to find Washington from Baltimore, they got lost in the woods. After driving for some time, bewildered in forest paths, they chanced to come upon a black man, whom they hired to guide them through the forest. "The house," she writes, "is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend, and keep the apartments in proper order. The fires we are obliged to keep, to secure us from daily agues, are another very cheering comfort; but, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it?"



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The four years of Mr. Jefferson's Vice-Presidency passed joylessly away, while the storm of partisan strife between Federalist and Republican was ever growing hotter. General Hamilton, who was a great power in those days, became as much alienated from Mr. Adams as from Jefferson. There was a split in the Federal party. A new presidential election came on. Mr. Jefferson was chosen President; and Aaron Burr, Vice-President.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESIDENT.

The news of the election of Jefferson was received in most parts of the Union with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. He was the leader of the successful and rapidly increasing party. His friends were found in every city and village in our land. They had been taught to believe that the triumph of the opposite party would be the triumph of aristocratic privilege and of civil and religious despotism. On the other hand, many of the Federalists turned pale when the tidings reached them that Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States. Both the pulpit and the press had taught them that he was the incarnation of all evil,—an infidel, an atheist, a scoffer at all things sacred; a leveler, a revolutionist, an advocate of mob government.

Jefferson was exceedingly simple in his tastes, having a morbid dislike of all that court etiquette which had disgusted him so much in Europe. Washington rode to the halls of Congress in state, drawn by six cream-colored horses. Jefferson, on the morning of his inauguration, rode on horseback to the Capitol in a dress of plain cloth, without guard or servant, dismounted without assistance, and fastened the bridle of his horse to the fence. It may be that Mr. Jefferson had allowed his mind to become so thoroughly imbued with the conviction that our government was drifting towards monarchy and aristocracy, that he felt bound to set the example of extreme democratic simplicity.

The political principles of the Jeffersonian party now swept the country, and Mr. Jefferson swayed an influence which was never exceeded by Washington himself. Louisiana, under which name was then included the whole territory west of the Mississippi to the Pacific, was purchased of France, under his administration, in the year 1803, for fifteen millions of dollars.

He was now smitten by another domestic grief. In the year 1804 his beautiful daughter Maria, whom he so tenderly loved, sank into the grave, leaving her babe behind her. His eldest daughter, Martha, speaking of her father's suffering under this terrible grief, says,—

"I found him with the Bible in his hands. He who has been so often and so harshly accused of unbelief,—he, in his hour of intense affliction, sought and found consolation in the sacred volume. The comforter was there for his true heart and devout spirit, even though his faith might not be what the world calls orthodox."

Another presidential election came in 1804. Mr. Jefferson was reëlected President with wonderful unanimity; and George Clinton, Vice-President. Jefferson was sixty-two years of age, when, on the 4th of March, 1805, he entered upon his second term of office. Our relations with England were daily becoming more complicated, from the British demand of the right to stop any of our ships, whether belonging to either the commercial or naval marine, and to take from them any sailors whom they felt disposed to claim as British subjects. The course England pursued rendered it certain that war could not be avoided. Mr. Jefferson humanely did everything in his power to prevent the Indians from



FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE—A TYPICAL VIRGINIA COURT HOUSE.

taking any part in it whatever. The British, on the contrary, were endeavoring to rouse them to deluge the frontiers in blood. Strange as it may now seem, the measures of government to redress these wrongs were virulently opposed. But notwithstanding the strength and influence of the opposition to Mr. Jefferson's administration, he was sustained by the general voice of the nation.

In the year 1808 Mr. Jefferson closed his second term of office, and James Madison succeeded him as President of the United States. In the following terms the retiring President expresses to a friend his feelings upon surrendering the cares of office :—

"Within a few days I retire to my family, my books, and farms; and, having gained the harbor myself, I shall look on my friends, still buffeting the storm, with anxiety indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power. Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science by rendering them my supreme delight; but the enormities of the times in which I have lived have forced me to take a part in resisting them, and to commit myself on the boisterous ocean of political passions. I thank God for the opportunity of retiring from them without censure, and carrying with me the most consoling proofs of public approbation."

HOME LIFE AND HOSPITALITY.

Jefferson's subsequent life at Monticello was very similar to that of Washington at Mount Vernon. His mornings he devoted to his numerous correspondence; from breakfast to dinner he was in the shops and over the farms; from dinner to dark he devoted to recreation and friends; from dark to early bedtime he read. He was particularly interested in young men, advising them as to their course of reading. Several came and took up their residence in the neighboring town of Charlottesville, that they might avail themselves of his library, which was ever open for their use.

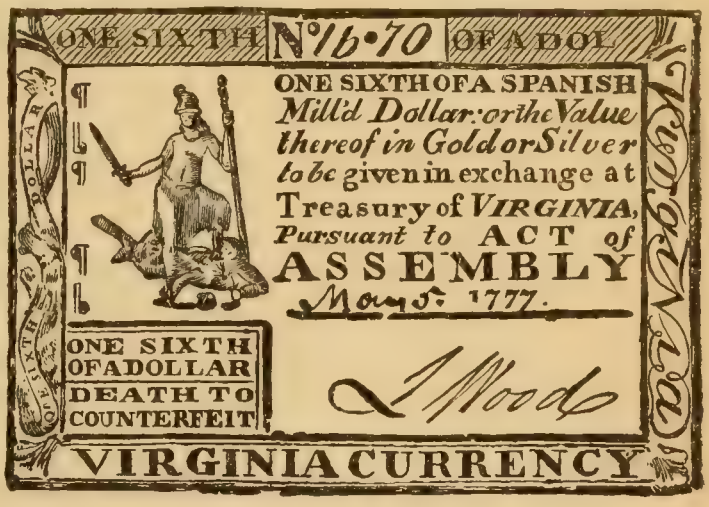
Toward the latter part of his life, from a series of misfortunes, Mr. Jefferson became deeply involved in debt, so that it was necessary for him to sell a large portion of his estate. He was always profuse in his hospitality. Whole families came in their coaches with their horses,—fathers and mothers, boys and girls, babies and nurses,—and remained three or even six months. One family of six persons came from Europe, and made a visit of ten months. After a short tour they returned, and remained six months longer. Every day brought its contingent of guests. Such hospitality would speedily consume a larger fortune than Mr. Jefferson possessed. His daughter, Mrs. Randolph, was the presiding lady of this immense establishment. The domestic service required thirty-seven house servants. Mrs. Randolph, upon being asked what was the greatest number of guests she had ever entertained any one night, replied, "she believed fifty."

In the winter Mr. Jefferson had some little repose from the crowd of visitors. He then enjoyed, in the highest possible degree, all that is endearing in domestic life. It is impossible to describe the love with which he was cherished by his grandchildren. One of them writes, in a letter overflowing with the gushing of a loving heart, "My Bible came from him, my Shakespeare, my first writing-table, my first handsome writing-desk, my first Leghorn hat, my first silk dress: what, in short, of all my treasures did *not* come from him? My sisters, according to their wants and tastes, were equally thought of, equally provided for. Our grandfather seemed to read our hearts, to see our individual

wishes, to be our good genius, to wave the fairy wand to brighten our young lives by his goodness and his gifts."

Another writes: "I cannot describe the feelings of veneration, admiration, and love that existed in my heart toward him. I looked on him as being too great and good for my comprehension; and yet I felt no fear to approach him, and be taught by him some of the childish sports I delighted in. Not one of us, in our wildest moods, ever placed a foot on one of the garden-beds, for that would violate one of his rules; and yet I never heard him utter a harsh word to one of us, or speak in a raised tone of voice, or use a threat."

In 1812 a perfect reconciliation took place between Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson; the latter very handsomely and magnanimously making the first advances. This friendship, which was kept up by a constant interchange of letters, continued unabated until their death,—on the same day, and almost at the same hour.



In a letter dated March 21, 1819, he writes to Dr. Vine Utley, "I never go to bed without an hour or half an hour's previous reading of something moral whereon to ruminate in the intervals of sleep." The book from which he oftenest read was a collection which he had made by cutting such passages from the Evangelists as came directly from the lips of the Saviour. These he arranged in a blank-book. Jefferson writes to a friend: "A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen: it is a document in proof that I am a *real Christian;* that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus." This book Mr. Jefferson prepared evidently with great care. It is a very full compend of the teachings of our Saviour. It was entitled "The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth." He also prepared a second volume, which he had bound in morocco, in a handsome octave volume, and which he labeled on the back, "Morals of Jesus." It is a little remarkable that Mr. Jefferson should have made these collections so secretly that none of the members of his family knew even of the existence of the books until after his death.

The year 1826 opened gloomily upon Mr. Jefferson. He was very infirm, and embarrassed by debts, from which he could see but little hope of extrication. The indorsement for a friend had placed upon him an additional twenty

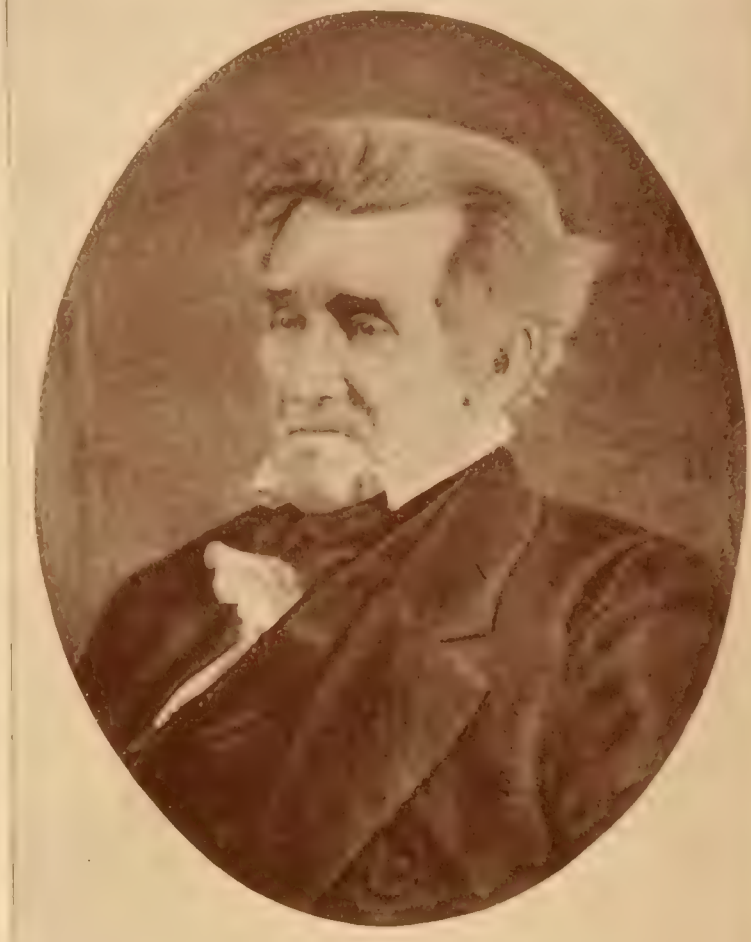
thousand dollars of debt. He applied to the Legislature for permission to dispose of a large portion of his property by lottery, hoping thus to realize a sum sufficient to pay his debts, and to leave enough to give him a competence for his few remaining days. Though opposed to all gambling, he argued, in support of his petition, that lotteries were not immoral. He wrote to a friend, that, if the Legislature would grant him the indulgence he solicited, "I can save the house of Monticello and a farm adjoining to end my days in, and bury my bones; if not, I must sell house and all here, and carry my family to Bedford, where I have not even a log hut to put my head into."

To Mr. Jefferson's great gratification, the lottery bill finally passed. But, all over the country, friends, who appreciated the priceless value of the services which he had rendered our nation, began to send to him tokens of their love. The mayor of New York, Philip Hone, sent him, collected from a few friends, eight thousand five hundred dollars; from Philadelphia, five thousand dollars were sent; from Baltimore, three thousand dollars; and one or two thousand more were sent from other sources. These testimonials, like sunshine breaking through the clouds, dispelled the gloom which had been so deeply gathering around his declining day. Very rapidly he was now sinking. His steps became so feeble that with difficulty he could totter about the house.

There was something peculiarly gentle and touching in his whole demeanor. His good-night kiss, his loving embrace, his childlike simplicity and tenderness, often brought tears to the eyes of those whose privilege it was to minister to his wants. It was evident that he was conscious that the hour of his departure was at hand. He was exceedingly careful to avoid making any trouble, and was far more watchful for the comfort of those around him than for his own. His passage was very slow down into the vale of death. To one who expressed the opinion that he seemed a little better, he replied,—

"Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude about the result. I am like an old watch, with a pinion worn out here and a wheel there, until it can go no longer."

On Monday evening, the 3d of July, he awoke about ten o'clock from troubled sleep, and, thinking it morning, remarked, "This is the 4th of July." Immediately he sank away again into slumber. As the night passed slowly away, all saw that he was sinking in death. There was silence in the death-chamber. The mysterious separation of the soul from the body was painlessly taking place. About noon, July 4th, 1826, the last breath left the body, and the great statesman and patriot was no more.



ANDREW JACKSON

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

ANDREW JACKSON,

THE HERO OF THE WAR OF 1812, AND POPULAR PRESIDENT.



SOME men are remembered for what they *do;* others for what they *are.* To the latter class belongs Andrew Jackson. No American has left a more distinct impress of himself on the popular mind; no man of his time is so well known, and so vividly remembered. He may be loved or hated, but he cannot be forgotten. And this is not because he was twice President, nor because he threatened to hang the South Carolina nullifiers, nor because he made war on the United States Bank, nor because he introduced the spoils system. It is because he was Andrew Jackson.

No greater contrast could be found than that between his administration and the preceding one of John Quincy Adams. Adams was the model official. His ambition was to make his administration a perfect machine. Under it the people prospered; the public business was admirably done; the country grew and expanded. But amid all this his personality was almost completely sunk. Few ever thought of John Quincy Adams. When Jackson became President, this was reversed. Good men were turned out and bad men were put in. The public business was sacrificed to personal and party advantage. The rights and powers of other branches of the government were usurped, and tyranny of the grossest kind came to be a matter of course. Amid all this the single figure was Andrew Jackson. He was the person whom every one saw, of whom all thought and talked; and it is safe to say that no other President, down to the time of Lincoln, is so well remembered by the common people.

Jackson was born in the northwestern corner of South Carolina, in 1767. His father, an Irishman of Scotch descent, who had only two years before come to this country, died before his birth, leaving his mother almost utterly destitute, with the care of a large family. Nothing could exceed the trials and hardships of his youth. When he was only thirteen, the British ravaged South Carolina, killed his oldest brother, Hugh, and captured Andrew and his brother Robert, carrying them off with others to Camden, forty miles distant from their home. The captives were not allowed food or even water on the way; they were thrown into a wretched prison-pen, without beds, medical attendance, or any means of dressing their wounds. They were kept on miserable food, and, to crown all, smallpox broke out among them. Dying and dead lay on the ground together.

Their mother came to the rescue of her boys; she obtained their exchange, took them home, and nursed them; but Robert died in two days, and Mrs. Jackson herself fell a victim to the disease. Thus at fourteen years of age Jackson was left alone in the world, without father, mother, or brother, and without a dollar to call his own.

Before Andrew had fully recovered his strength, he entered a shop to learn the trade of a saddler; but he became a wild, reckless, lawless boy. He drank, gambled, fought cocks, and was regarded as about the worst character that could anywhere be found. Soon he began to think of a profession, and decided to study law. With a very slender purse, and on the back of a fine horse, he set out for Salisbury, N. C., a distance of about seventy-five miles, where he entered the law office of Mr. McCay.

At the age of twenty Jackson was a tall young man, standing six feet and an inch in his stockings. He was very slender, but remarkably dignified and graceful in his manners, an exquisite horseman, and developing, amidst his profanity and numerous vices, a vein of rare magnanimity. His temper was fiery in the extreme; but it was said that no man knew better than Andrew Jackson when to get angry, and when not. He was fond of all rough adventures, wild riding, camping out; loved a horse passionately; and, though sagacious and prudent, was bold in facing danger. The experience through which he had passed in the Revolution had made him a very stanch republican.

LIFE IN THE WILDS OF TENNESSEE.

The whole of that region which we now call Tennessee was then almost an unexplored wilderness. It was ranged by bands of Indians, who had been so outraged by vagabonds among the whites that they had become bitterly hostile. There was a small settlement of pioneers, five hundred miles west of the summit of the Alleghanies, near the present site of Nashville, on the banks of the Cumberland. Andrew Jackson was appointed public prosecutor for the remote district of Nashville. It was an office of little honor, small emolument, and great

peril. Few men could be found to accept it. Early in the spring of 1788 Jackson joined a party of emigrants, who rendezvoused at Morgantown, the last frontier settlement in North Carolina. They were all mounted on horseback, with their baggage on pack-horses. In double file, the long cavalcade crossed the mountains by an Indian trail, which had widened into a road.

Late in October, 1788, this long train of emigrants reached Nashville. They took with them the exciting news that the new Constitution had been accepted by a majority of the States, and that George Washington would undoubtedly be elected the first President. It was estimated that then, in this outpost of civilization, there were scattered, in log huts clustered along the



A FAMILIAR KENTUCKY SCENE IN JACKSON'S YOUTH.

banks of the Cumberland, about five thousand souls. The Indians were so active in their hostilities that it was not safe for any one to live far from the stockade. Every man took his rifle with him to the field. Children could not go out to gather berries unless accompanied by a guard.

Nashville had its aristocracy. Mrs. Donelson belonged to one of the first families. She was the widow of Colonel John Donelson, and lived in a cabin of hewn logs, the most commodious dwelling in the place. She had a beautiful, mirth-loving daughter, who had married a very uncongenial Kentuckian, Lewis Robards, of whom but little that is good can be said. She and her husband lived with her widowed mother, and Andrew Jackson was received into the

family as a boarder. It was an attractive home for him. Of the gay and lively Mrs. Robards it is said that she was then the best story-teller, the best dancer, the sprightliest companion, the most dashing horsewoman, in the western country.

And now Andrew Jackson commenced vigorously the practice of law. It was an important part of his business to collect debts. It required nerve. Many desperate men carried pistols and knives. During the first seven years of his residence in those wilds, he traversed the almost pathless forest between Nashville and Jonesborough, a distance of two hundred miles, twenty-two times. Hostile Indians were constantly on the watch, and a man was liable at any moment to be shot down in his own field. Andrew Jackson was just the man for this service,—a wild, rough, daring backwoodsman. Daily he was making hairbreadth escapes. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Boldly, alone or with few companions, he traversed the forests, encountering all perils, and triumphing over all.

Mrs. Robards and her husband lived unhappily together. Before Jackson's arrival, he had once, from his jealous disposition, separated from her. Andrew Jackson was an exceedingly polite, gallant, fascinating man. Captain Robards became jealous of Jackson, and treated Mrs. Robards with great cruelty. Jackson decided, in consequence, to leave the house, and took board in another place. Soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Robards separated. The affair caused Andrew Jackson great uneasiness; for though he knew that the parties had separated once before, and though conscious of innocence, he found himself to be the unfortunate cause of the present scandal.

Captain Robards applied to the Legislature of Virginia for a bill of divorce. It was granted by an act of the Legislature, *provided that the Supreme Court should adjudge that there was cause for such divorce.* Robards laid aside this act and did nothing for two years. Virginia was far away. The transmission of intelligence was very slow. It was announced in Nashville that Robards had obtained a divorce. This was universally believed. Influenced by this belief, Andrew Jackson and Rachel Robards were married in the fall of 1791.

Two years after this, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson learned, to their great surprise, that Robards had then only just obtained a divorce. Thus Mr. Jackson had, in reality, been married for two years to another man's wife, though neither he nor Mrs. Jackson had been guilty of the slightest intentional wrong. To remedy the irregularity as far as possible, a new license was obtained, and the marriage ceremony was again performed.

It proved to be a marriage of rare felicity. Probably there never was a more affectionate union. However rough Mr. Jackson might have been abroad, he was always gentle and tender at home; and through all the vicissitudes of their lives, he treated Mrs. Jackson with the most chivalric attentions. He was

always very sensitive upon the question of his marriage. No one could breathe a word which reflected a suspicion upon the purity of this affair but at the risk of a bullet through his brain.

OLD-FASHIONED POLITICS.

In January, 1796, the territory of Tennessee then containing nearly eighty thousand inhabitants, the people met in convention at Knoxville to frame a constitution. Five were sent from each of the eleven counties. Andrew Jackson was one of the delegates from Davidson County. They met in a shabby building in a grove outside of the city. It was fitted up for the occasion at an expense of twelve dollars and sixty-two cents. The members were entitled to two dollars and a half a day. They voted to receive but a dollar and a half, that the other dollar might go to the payment of secretary, printer, door-keeper, etc. A constitution was formed, which was regarded as very democratic; and in June, 1796, Tennessee became the sixteenth State in the Union. The new State was entitled to but one member in the national House of Representatives. Andrew Jackson was chosen that member. Mounting his horse, he rode to Philadelphia, where Congress then held its sessions,—a distance of eight hundred miles.

A vacancy chanced soon after to occur in the Senate, and Andrew Jackson was chosen United States Senator by the State of Tennessee. John Adams was then President; Thomas Jefferson, Vice-President. Many years after, when Mr. Jefferson had retired from the presidential chair, and Andrew Jackson was candidate for the presidency, Daniel Webster spent some days at the home of the sage of Monticello. He represents Mr. Jefferson as saying:—

"I feel much alarmed at the prospect of seeing General Jackson President. He is one of the most unfit men I know of for such a place. He has very little respect for law or constitutions, and is, in fact, merely an able military chief. His passions are terrible. When I was president of the Senate he was senator; and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, and as often choke with rage. His passions are no doubt cooler now. He has been much tried since I knew him; but he is a dangerous man."

In 1798 Mr. Jackson returned to Tennessee and resigned his seat in the Senate. Soon after he was chosen judge of the Supreme Court of that State, with a salary of six hundred dollars. This office he held for six years. It is said that his decisions, though sometimes ungrammatical, were generally right.

Judge Jackson did not enjoy his seat upon the bench, and renounced the dignity in the summer of 1804. About this time he decided to try his fortune through trade. He purchased a stock of goods in Philadelphia, sent them to

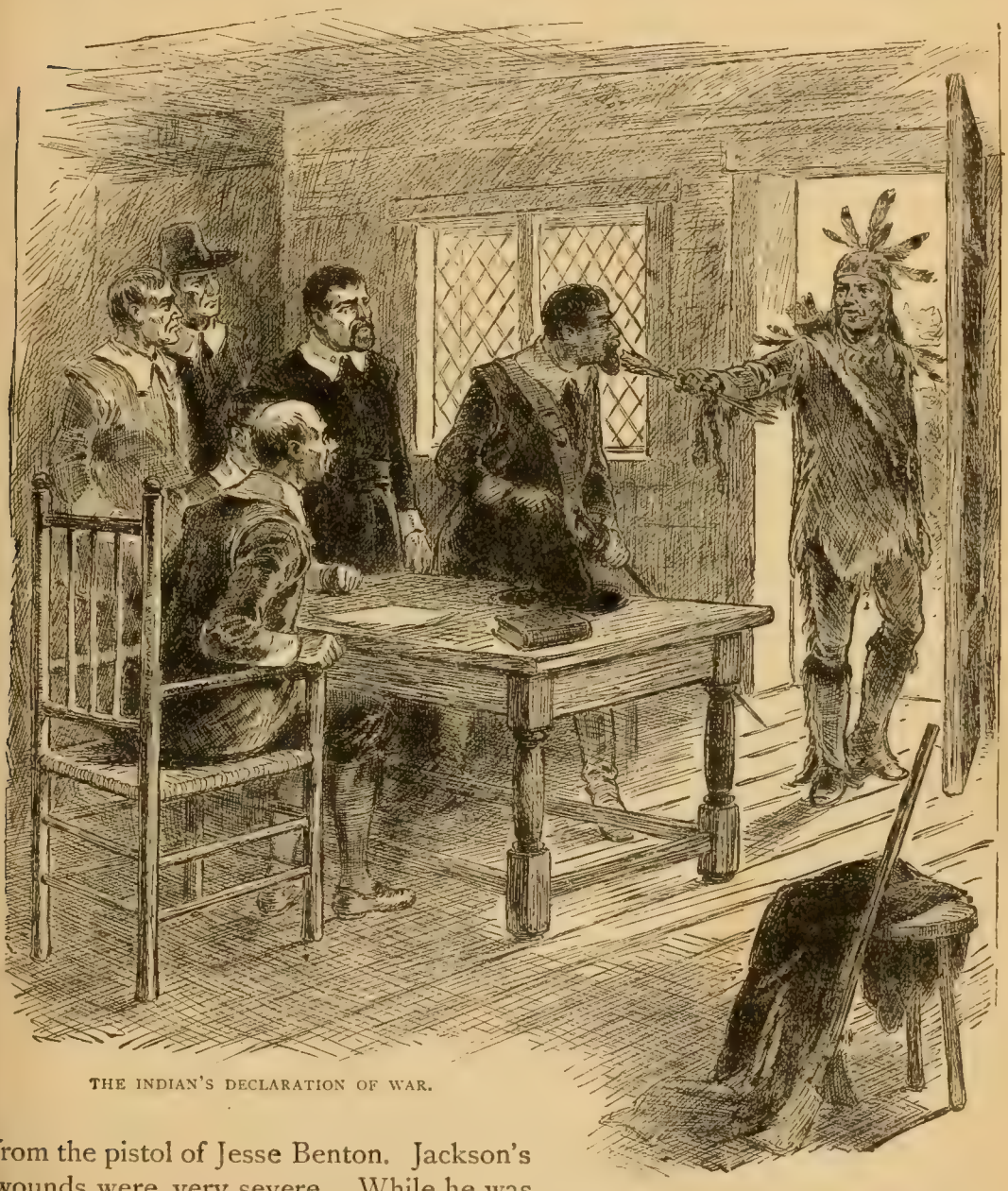
Pittsburgh by wagon, down the Ohio to Louisville in flat-boats, thence by wagons or pack-horses to Nashville, where he opened a store. He lived about thirteen miles from Nashville, on a tract of land of several thousand acres, mostly uncultivated. He used a small block-house for his store, from a narrow window of which he sold goods to the Indians.

In Jackson's early life he fought numerous duels, and took part in brawls almost without number. One of the most notorious of his duels was one with Charles Dickenson, who was also a lawyer, and a dealer in country produce. Jackson challenged him and insisted upon an immediate fight. The meeting was appointed at seven o'clock in the morning of Friday, May 30, 1806. Dickenson had a young and beautiful wife and an infant child, and was said to have been a very amiable man. They met in a grove. Dickenson got the first fire. His ball broke a rib, and glanced, leaving a bad but not dangerous wound. Jackson then took deliberate aim. Dickenson, appalled by the certain death which awaited him, recoiled a step or two. "Back to the *mark*, sir!" shouted Jackson's second. The unhappy man took his stand. Again Jackson raised his pistol with calm, determined aim, and pulled the trigger. The pistol did not go off. He examined it, and found that it had stopped at half-cock. Readjusting it, he again took cool, careful aim, and fired. Dickenson reeled and fell. The ball had passed through his body, just above the hips. Jackson and his party retired, leaving the dying man in the hands of his friends. All day long he suffered agony, and in the evening died. The next day his frantic wife, hurrying to his relief, met a wagon conveying back to Nashville his remains. Dickenson was a great favorite in Nashville, and his untimely death excited profound sympathy. For a time this affair greatly injured General Jackson's popularity. If he ever felt any remorse, he never revealed it.

General Jackson now withdrew from commercial pursuits, which he had not found very profitable, and devoted himself to the culture of his plantation. His home was a very happy one. Mrs. Jackson was an excellent manager, and one of the most cheerful and entertaining of companions. She had a strong mind, much intelligence, but very little culture. They had no children, but adopted a son of one of Mrs. Jackson's sisters. This boy became the pride, the joy, the hope of the general's life. Soon after, he received another little nephew into his family, whom he nurtured and educated. It is said that this wonderfully irascible man was never even *impatient* with wife, children, or servants.

A young friend of Jackson, by the name of William Carroll, challenged Jesse Benton, a younger brother of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, to a duel. Jackson, then forty-six years of age, somewhat reluctantly acted as second to Carroll. Both parties were wounded, young Benton quite severely. This roused the indignation of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, who had conferred some

signal favors on Jackson, and he vowed vengeance. Meeting the Benton brothers soon after at a Nashville hotel, a bloody affray followed, in which Jackson's arm and shoulder were horribly shattered by two balls and a slug



THE INDIAN'S DECLARATION OF WAR.

from the pistol of Jesse Benton. Jackson's wounds were very severe. While he was lingering, haggard and wan, upon a bed of suffering, news came that the Indians, who had combined under Tecumseh, from Florida to the Lakes, to exterminate the white settlers, were committing the most awful ravages. Decisive action

became necessary. General Jackson, with his fractured bones just beginning to heal, his arm in a sling, and unable to mount his horse without assistance, gave his amazing energies to the raising of an army to rendezvous at Fayetteville, on the borders of Alabama, on the 4th of October, 1813.

FIGHTING THE INDIANS.

The Creek Indians had established a strong fort on one of the bends of the Tallapoosa River, near the centre of Alabama, about fifty miles below Fort Strother. With an army of two thousand men, General Jackson traversed the pathless wilderness in a march of eleven days. He reached their fort, called Tohopeka, or Horseshoe, on the 27th of March, 1814. The bend of the river inclosed nearly one hundred acres of tangled forest and wild ravine. Across the narrow neck the Indians had constructed a formidable breastwork of logs and brush. Here nine hundred warriors, with an ample supply of arms and ammunition, were assembled.

The fort was stormed. The fight was utterly desperate. Not an Indian would accept of quarter. When bleeding and dying, they would fight those who endeavored to spare their lives. From ten in the morning until dark the battle raged. The carnage was awful and revolting. Some threw themselves into the river; but the unerring bullet struck their heads as they swam. Nearly every one of the nine hundred warriors was killed. A few probably, in the night, swam the river and escaped. This ended the war. The power of the Creeks was broken forever. This bold plunge into the wilderness, with its terrific slaughter, so appalled the savages, that the haggard remnants of the bands came to the camp, begging for peace.

This closing of the Creek war enabled us to concentrate our militia upon the British, who were the allies of the Indians. Immediately, on the 31st of May, Jackson was appointed major-general in the army of the United States. This gave him an income of between six and seven thousand dollars a year, and made him, for those times, a rich man. No man of less resolute will than General Jackson could have conducted this Indian campaign to so successful an issue. Through the whole Indian campaign he suffered terribly from the wounds and debility occasioned by his senseless feud with Colonel Benton. He was pale and haggard and pain-worn, often enduring the extreme of agony. Not many men, suffering as he did, would have been out of the sick chamber.

Immediately upon the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, the British Cabinet decided to strike America a crushing blow. It was their plan to take New Orleans, lay all our seaport towns in ashes, annihilate our navy, and, by holding the Atlantic, the Mississippi, and the Lakes, to imprison us in our forests. The British were at Pensacola and Appalachicola, dispensing arms to the Indians in that region, and preparing for their grand naval and land expedition to New Orleans. Most

of the hostile Indians, flying from the tremendous blows which General Jackson had dealt them, had also taken refuge in Florida. Jackson, far away in the wilderness, was left to act almost without instructions. He decided to take the responsibility, and assumed the independence of a sovereign.

The whole South and West were fully aroused to meet and repel the foe. By the 1st of November General Jackson had in Mobile an army of four thousand men. He resolved to march upon Pensacola, where the Spaniards were sheltering our foes, and, as he expressed it, "rout out the English." He advanced upon Pensacola, stormed the town, took possession of every fort, and drove the British fleet out to sea. Garrisoning Mobile, he moved his troops to New Orleans, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. General Jackson himself was so feeble that he could ride but seventeen miles a day. He reached New Orleans the 1st of December. New Orleans at that time contained about twenty thousand inhabitants. Every available man in the place and country near was brought into service.



THE OLD MARIGNY HOUSE, A RELIC OF THE WAR OF 1812.

A British fleet of sixty ships, many of them of the first class, and which had obtained renown in the naval conflicts of Trafalgar and the Nile, was assembled in a spacious bay on the western end of the Island of Jamaica. This fleet, which carried a thousand cannon, was manned by nearly nine thousand soldiers and marines, and transported a land force of ten thousand veteran soldiers, fresh from the wars of Europe, and flushed with victory over Napoleon. The fleet entered Lake Borgne, a shallow bay opening into the Gulf of Mexico near New Orleans, on the 10th of December, 1814. There were five small cutters in the lake, which were soon overpowered by the immense force of the foe. Unaware how feeble was General Jackson's force, they did not deem it prudent to move upon the city until they had greatly increased their numbers. This delay probably saved New Orleans.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d, General Jackson learned that the foe, marching from Lake Borgne, were within a few miles of the city. He immediately collected his motley force of young farmers and mechanics, about two thousand in number, and marched to meet them. He fell upon them impetuously in a night attack, checked their progress, and drove them back toward their landing-place. The British, surprised by the fury of the assault, waited for reinforcements, which came up in large numbers during the night.

THE GREAT VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

Pakenham, on the 28th, pushed his veteran battalions forward on a reconnoissance, and to sweep, if possible, over General Jackson's unfinished breastwork. It was a brilliant morning. Jackson, an old borrowed telescope in his hand, was on the watch. The solid columns of red-coats came on, in military array, as beautiful as awe-inspiring. The artillery led, heralding the advance with a shower of Congreve rockets, round shot, and shell. The muskets of the infantry flashed like mirrors in the light of the morning sun. The Britons were in high glee. It was absurd to suppose that a few thousand raw militia could resist the veterans who had conquered the armies of Napoleon.

General Jackson had not quite three thousand men behind his breastwork; but every one had imbibed the spirit of his chieftain. There were eight thousand veteran soldiers marching upon them. For a few hours there were the tumult, the horror, the carnage of a battle; and then the British host seemed to have melted away. With shattered ranks, leaving their dead behind them, a second time they retreated. A third attack, on January 1st, had the same result.

On Friday, the 6th, General Jackson became assured that the enemy was preparing to attack him on both sides of the river. At half an hour before dawn, Sunday morning, January 8, 1815, a rocket from the hostile lines gave the signal for the attack. In two solid columns, the British advanced upon our ramparts, which were bristling with infantry and artillery, and behind which General Jackson had now collected an army of about four thousand men, all inspired with the zeal of their commander.

Our men were well protected. With bare bosoms, the British marched upon the embankment, from which there was poured forth an incessant storm of bullets, balls, and shells, which no flesh and blood could stand. It was one of the most awful scenes of slaughter which was ever witnessed. Every bullet accomplished its mission, spending its force in the bodies of those who were insanely driven forward to inevitable death. Two hundred men were cut down by one discharge of a thirty-two pounder, loaded to the muzzle with musket-balls, and poured into the head of a column at the distance of but a few yards.

Regiments vanished, a British officer said, "as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up." The American line looked like a row of fiery furnaces. General Jackson walked slowly along his ranks, cheering his men, and saying:—

"Stand to your guns! Don't waste your ammunition! See that every shot tells! Let us finish the business to-day!"

Two hours passed, and the work was done,—effectually done. As the smoke lifted, the whole proud array had disappeared. The ground was so



AN INDIAN FIGHT IN FLORIDA.

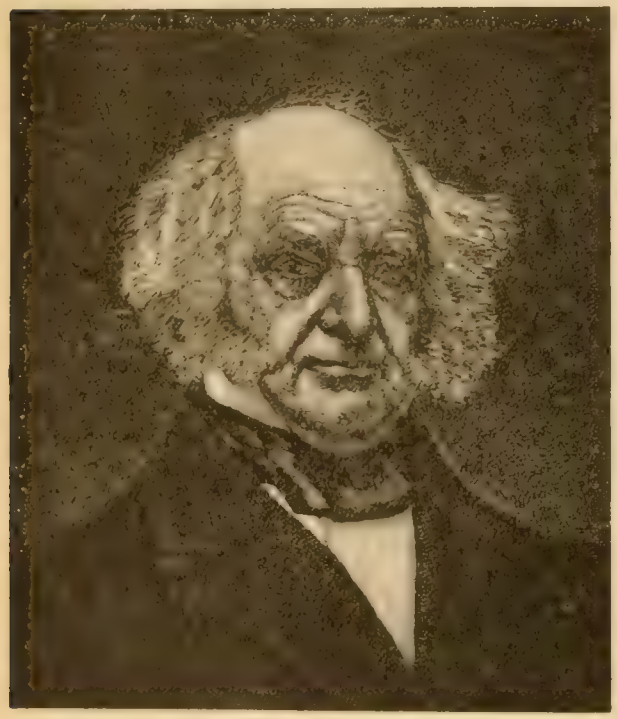
covered with the dying and the dead, that, for a quarter of a mile in front, one might walk upon their bodies; and, far away in the distance, the retreating lines of the foe were to be seen. On both sides of the river the enemy was repulsed.

The British had about nine thousand in the engagement, and we but about four thousand. Their loss in killed and wounded was two thousand six hundred, while ours was but thirteen. Thus ended the great battle of New Orleans.

In those days intelligence traveled so slowly that it was not until the 4th of

February that tidings of the victory reached Washington. The whole country blazed with illuminations, and rang with rejoicings. Ten days after this, news of the Treaty of Ghent was received, signed before the battle took place.

Jackson now returned to Nashville, and honors were poured on him without number. He still retained his command of the southern division of the army. The Seminole Indians in Florida were committing outrages upon our frontiers. General Jackson gathered an army of over two thousand men, and, regardless of treaties, marched into Florida, punished the Indians severely, attacked a Spanish post, shot by court-martial a Scotchman, and hung an Englishman accused of inciting the Indians to insurrection. His energy, and disregard of treaties and the forms of law, were denounced by one party and commended by another. He was, however, sustained by Congress and the President; and, after the purchase of Florida from Spain, General Jackson was appointed governor of the newly acquired territory.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

SENATOR AND PRESIDENT.

For some reason he soon became tired of his office, and, resigning it, again retired to his farm and his humble home in Tennessee. His name soon began to be brought forward as that of a candidate for the presidency of the United States. In the autumn of 1823 he was elected, by the Tennessee Legislature, United States Senator. In the stormy electoral canvass of 1824, which resulted in the choice of John Quincy Adams by the House of Representatives, General Jackson received a larger number of electoral votes than either of his competitors. The Democratic party now with great unanimity fixed upon him to succeed Mr. Adams. In the campaign of 1828 he was triumphantly elected President of the United States. In 1829, just before he assumed the reins of government, he met with the most terrible affliction of his life in the death of his wife, whom he had loved with devotion which has perhaps never been surpassed. From the shock of her death he never recovered.

He ever afterward appeared like a changed man. He became subdued in spirit, and, except when his terrible temper had been greatly aroused, seldom used profane language. It is said that every night afterward, until his own death, he read a prayer from his wife's prayer-book, with her miniature likeness before him.

His administration was one of the most memorable in the annals of our country; applauded by one party, condemned by the other. No man had more bitter enemies or warmer friends. It is, however, undeniable that many of the acts of his administration, which were at the time most unsparingly denounced, are now generally commended. With all his glaring faults, he was a sincere patriot, honestly seeking the good of his country. With the masses of the people, Andrew Jackson was the most popular President, with possibly the exceptions of Washington and Lincoln, who ever occupied the chair. At the expiration of his two terms of office, he retired, in 1837, to the "Hermitage," his Tennessee home, resigning his office at Washington to his friend and supporter, Martin Van Buren.

His sufferings from sickness during the last years of his life were dreadful; but he bore them with the greatest fortitude, never uttering a complaining word. On Sunday morning, June 8th, 1845, it was seen that his last hour had come. He assembled all his family around him, and, in the most affecting manner, took leave of each one. "He then," writes one who was present, "delivered one of the most impressive lectures on the subject of religion that I have ever heard. He spoke for nearly half an hour, and apparently with the power of inspiration." Soon after this he suddenly, and without a struggle, ceased to breathe. Two days after he was placed in a grave by the side of his wife. He had often said, "Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there."

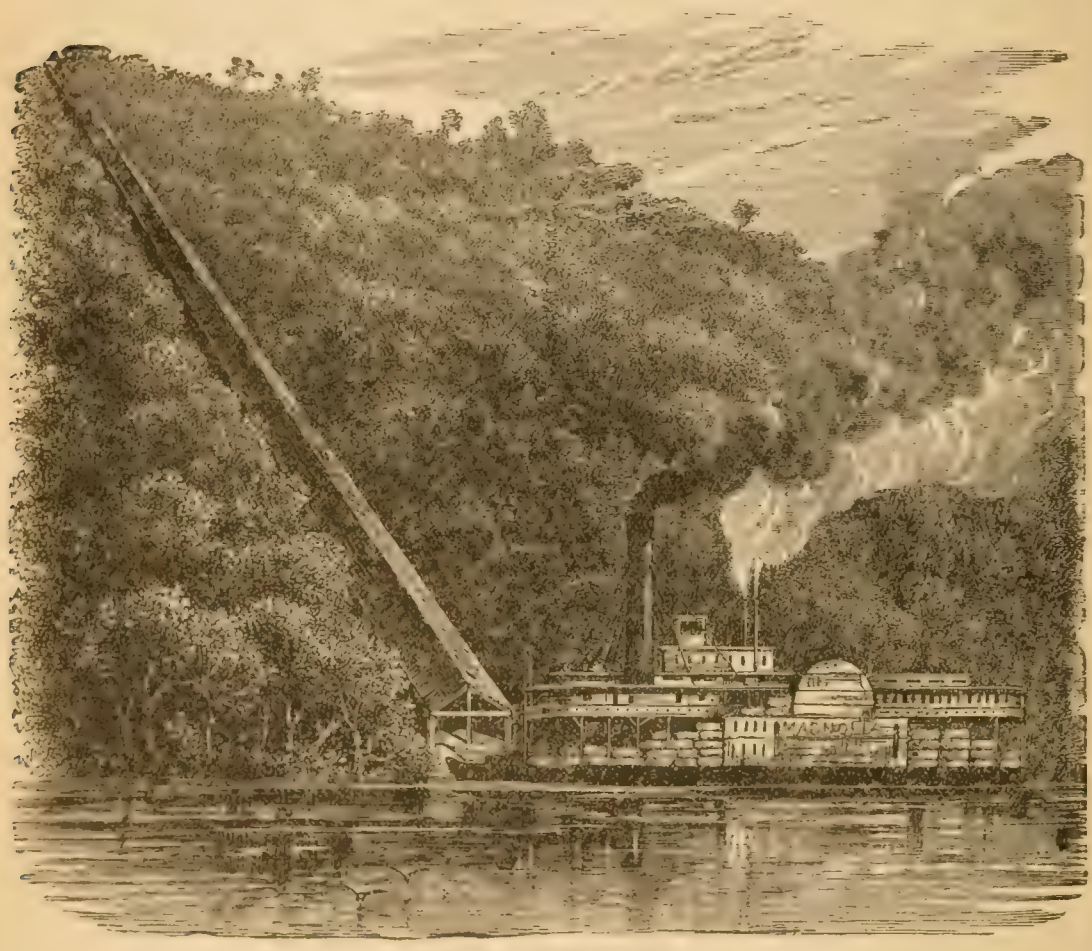
THE SECOND WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, OR THE WAR OF 1812.

BY their first war with Great Britain our forefathers asserted and maintained their right to independent national existence; by their second war with Great Britain, they claimed and obtained equal consideration in international affairs. The War of 1812 was not based on a single cause; it was rather undertaken from mixed motives,—partly political, partly commercial, partly patriotic. It was always unpopular with a great number of the American people; it was far from logical in some of its positions; it was perhaps precipitated by party clamor. But, despite all these facts, it remains true that this war established once for all the position of the United States as an equal power among the powers. Above all—clearing away the petty political and partisan aspects of the struggle—we find that in it the United States stood for a strong, sound, and universally beneficial principle—that of the rights of neutral nations in time of war. "Free ships make free goods" is a maxim of international law now universally recognized, but at the opening of the century it was a theory, supported, indeed, by good reasoning, but practically disregarded by the most powerful nations. It was almost solely to the stand taken by the United States in 1812 that the final settlement of the disputed principle was due.

The cause of the War of 1812 which appealed most strongly to the patriotic feelings of the common people, though, perhaps, not in itself so intrinsically important as that just referred to, was unquestionably the impressment by Great Britain of sailors from American ships. No doubt great numbers of English sailors did desert from their naval vessels and take refuge in the easier service and better treatment of the American merchant ships. Great Britain was straining every nerve to strengthen her already powerful navy, and the press-gang was constantly at work in English sea-ports. Once on board a British man-of-war, the impressed sailor was subject to overwork, bad rations, and the lash. That British sailors fought as gallantly as they did under this régime will always remain a wonder. But it is certain that they deserted in considerable numbers,

and that they found in the rapidly-growing commercial prosperity of our carrying trade a tempting chance of employment. Now, Great Britain, with a large contempt for the naval weakness of the United States, assumed, rather than claimed, the right to stop our merchant vessels on the high seas, to examine the crews, and to claim as her own any British sailors among them. This was bad enough in itself, but the way in which the search was carried out was worse. Every form of insolence and overbearing was exhibited. The pretense of claiming British deserters covered what was sometimes barefaced and outrageous kidnaping of Americans. The British officers went so far as to lay the burden of proof of nationality in each case upon the sailor himself; if he were without papers proving his identity he was at once assumed to be a British subject. To such an extent was this insult to our flag carried that our Government had the record of about forty-five hundred cases of impressment from our ships between the years of 1803 and 1810; and when the War of 1812 broke out the number of American sailors serving against their will in British war vessels was variously computed to be from six to fourteen thousand. It is even recorded that in some cases American ships were obliged to return home in the middle of their voyages because their crews had been so diminished in number by the seizures made by British officers that they were too short-handed to proceed. In not a few cases these depredations led to bloodshed. The greatest outrage of all, and one which stirred the blood of Americans to the fighting point, was the capture of an American war vessel, the "Chesapeake," by the British man-of-war, the "Leopard." The latter was by far the more powerful vessel, and the "Chesapeake" was quite unprepared for action; nevertheless, her commander refused to accede to a demand that his crew be overhauled in search for British deserters. Thereupon the "Leopard" poured broadside after broadside into her until the flag was struck. Three Americans were killed and eighteen wounded; four were taken away as alleged deserters; of these, three were afterwards returned, while in one case the charge was satisfactorily proved and the man was hanged. The whole affair was without the slightest justification under the law of nations and was in itself ample ground for war. Great Britain, however, in a quite ungraceful and tardy way, apologized and offered reparation. This incident took place six years before the actual declaration of war. But the outrage rankled all that time, and nothing did more to fan the anti-British feeling which was already so strong in the rank and file, especially in the Democratic (or, as it was often called then, Republican) party. It was such deeds as this that led Henry Clay to exclaim, "Not content with seizing upon all our property which falls within her rapacious grasp, the personal rights of our countrymen—rights which must forever be sacred—are trampled on and violated by the impressment of our seamen. What are we to gain by war? What are we not to lose by peace? Commerce, character, a nation's best treasure, honor!"

The attack on American commerce was also a serious danger to peace. In the early years of the century Great Britain was at war not only with France, but with other European countries. Both Great Britain and France adopted in practice the most extreme theories of non-intercourse between neutral and hostile nations. It was the era of "paper blockades." In 1806 England, for instance, declared that eight hundred miles of the European coast were to be



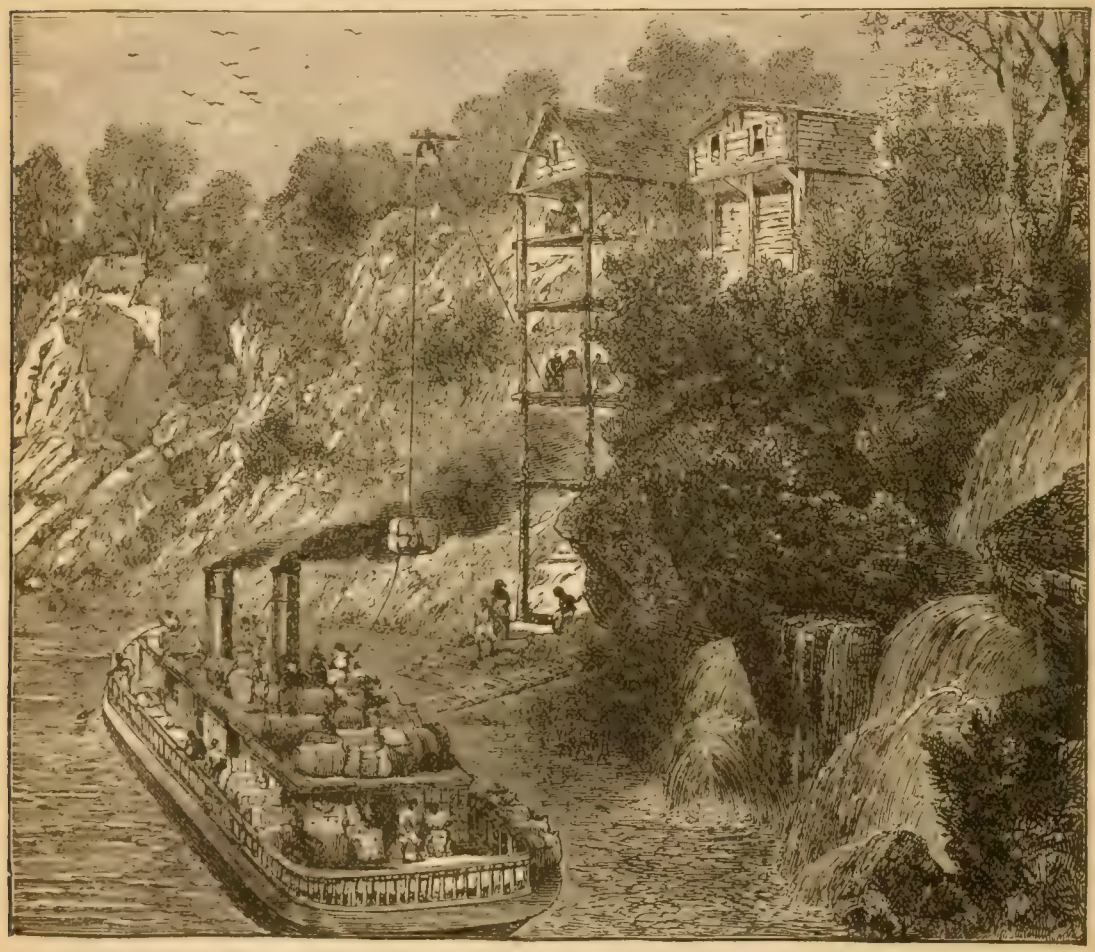
VIEW OF A COTTON-CHUTE.

considered blockaded, whereupon Napoleon, not to be outdone, declared the entire Islands of Great Britain to be under blockade. Up to a certain point the interruption of the neutral trade relations between the countries of Europe was to the commercial advantage of America. Our carrying trade grew and prospered wonderfully. Much of this trade consisted in taking goods from the colonies of European nations, bringing them to the United States, then trans-shipping them and conveying them to the parent nation. This was allowable under

the international law of the time, although the direct carrying of goods by the neutral ship from the colony to the parent nation (the latter, of course, being at war) was forbidden. But by her famous "Orders in Council" Great Britain absolutely forbade this system of trans-shipment as to nations with whom she was at war. American vessels engaged in this form of trade were seized and condemned by English prize courts. Naturally, France followed Great Britain's example and even went further. Our merchants, who had actually been earning double freights under the old system, now found that their commerce was wofully restricted. At first it was thought that the unfair restriction might be punished by retaliatory measures, and a quite illogical analogy was drawn from the effect produced on Great Britain before the Revolution by the refusal of the colonies to receive goods on which a tax had been imposed. So President Jefferson's Administration resorted to the most unwise measure that could be thought of—an absolute embargo on our own ships. This measure was passed in 1807, and its immediate result was to reduce the exports of the country from nearly fifty million dollars' worth to nine million dollars' worth in a single year. This was evidently anything but profitable, and the act was changed so as to forbid only commercial intercourse with Great Britain and France and their colonies, with a proviso that the law should be abandoned as regards either of these countries which should repeal its objectionable decrees. The French Government moved in the matter first, but only conditionally. Our non-intercourse act, however, was after 1810 in force only against Great Britain. That our claims of wrong were equally or nearly equally as great against France in this matter cannot be doubted. But the popular feeling was stronger against Great Britain; a war with England was popular with the mass of the Democrats; and it was the refusal of England to finally accept our conditions which led to the declaration of war. By a curious chain of circumstances it happened, however, that between the time when Congress declared war (June 18, 1812) and the date when the news of this declaration was received in England, the latter country had already revoked her famous "orders in council." In point of fact, President Madison was very reluctant to declare war, though the Federalists always took great pleasure in speaking of this as "Mr. Madison's war." The Federalists throughout considered the war unnecessary and the result of partisan feeling and unreasonable prejudice.

It is peculiarly grateful to American pride that this war, undertaken in defense of our maritime interests and to uphold the honor of our flag upon the high seas, resulted in a series of naval victories brilliant in the extreme. It was not, indeed, at first thought that this would be chiefly a naval war. President Madison was at one time greatly inclined to keep strictly in port our war vessels; but, happily, other counsels prevailed. The disparity between the American and British navies was certainly disheartening. The United States had

seven or eight frigates and a few sloops, brigs, and gunboats, while the sails of England's navy whitened every sea, and her ships certainly outnumbered ours by fifty to one. On the other hand, her hands were tied to a great extent by the European wars of magnitude in which she was involved. She had to defend her commerce from formidable enemies in many seas, and could give but a small part of her naval strength to the new foe. That this new foe was despised by



LOADING A COTTON STEAMER.

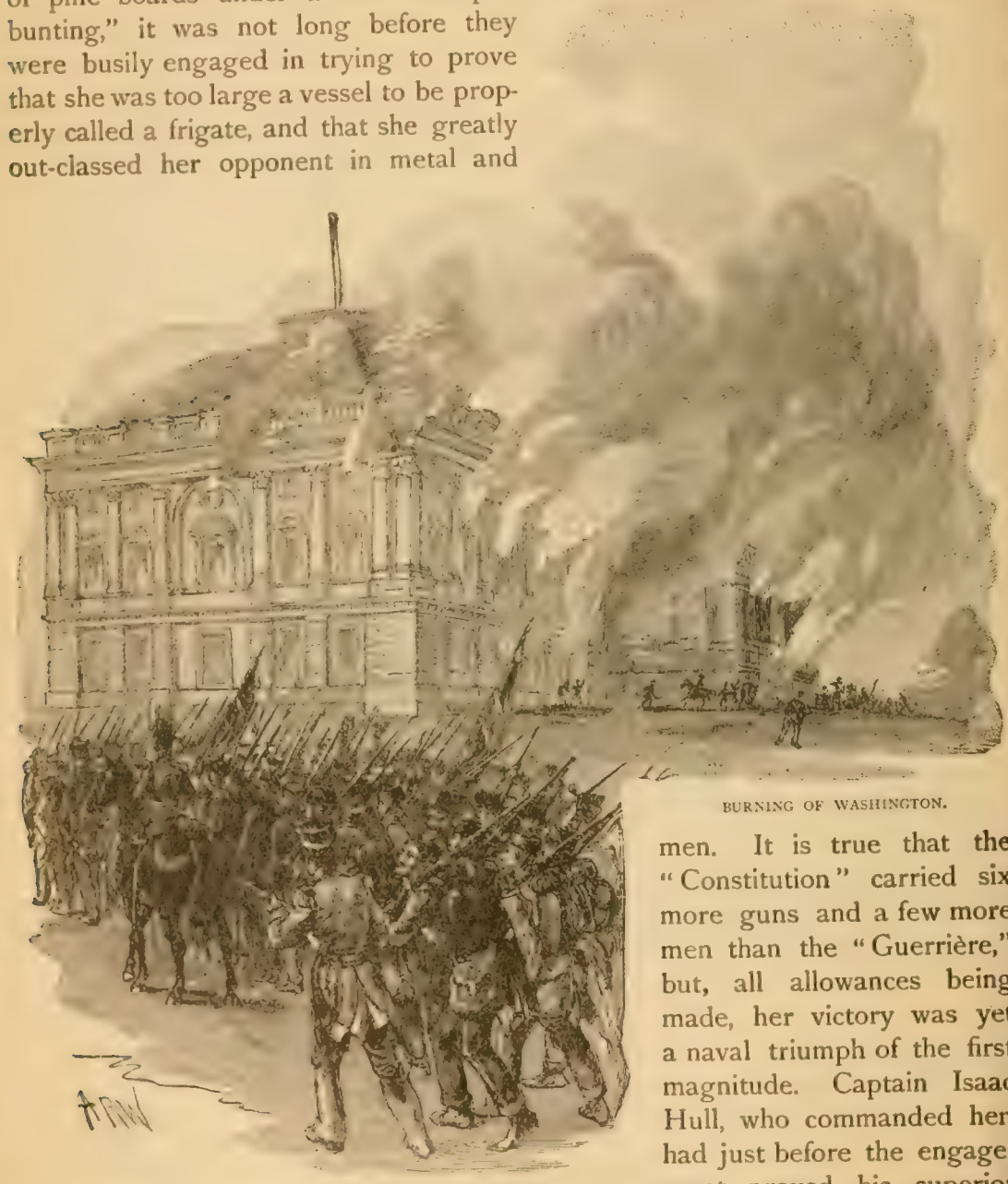
the great power which claimed, not without reason, to be the mistress of the seas was not unnatural. But soon we find a lament raised in Parliament about the reverses, "which English officers and English sailors had not before been used to, and that from such a contemptible navy as that of America had always been held." The fact is that the restriction of our commerce had made it possible for our navy officers to take their pick of a remarkably fine body of native American seamen, naturally brave and intelligent, and thoroughly well trained in all sea-

manlike experiences. These men were in many instances filled with a spirit of resentment at British insolence, having either themselves been the victims of the aggressions which we have described, or having seen their friends compelled to submit to these insolent acts. The very smallness of our navy, too, was in a measure its strength; the competition for active service among those bearing commissions was great, and there was never any trouble in finding officers of proved sagacity and courage.

At the outset, however, the policy determined on by the Administration was not one of naval aggression. It was decided to attack England from her Canadian colonies. This plan of campaign, however reasonable it might seem to a strategist, failed wretchedly in execution. The first year of the war, so far as regards the land campaigns, showed nothing but reverses and fiascoes. There was a long and thinly settled border country, in which our slender forces struggled to hold their own against the barbarous Indian onslaughts, making futile expeditions across the border into Canada and resisting with some success the similar expeditions by the Canadian troops. It was one of the complaints which led to the war that the Indian tribes had been incited against our settlers by the Canadian authorities and had been promised aid from Canada. It is certain that after war was declared English officers not only employed Indians as their allies, but in some instances, at least, paid bounties for the scalps of American settlers. The Indian war planned by Tecumseh had just been put down by General, afterward President, Harrison. No doubt Tecumseh was a man of more elevated ambition and more humane instincts than one often finds in an Indian chief. His hope to unite the tribes and to drive the whites out of his country has a certain nobility of purpose and breadth of view. But this scheme had failed, and the Indian warriors, still inflamed for war, were only too eager to assist the Canadian forces in a desultory but bloody border war. The strength of our campaign against Canada was dissipated in an attempt to hold Fort Wayne, Fort Harrison, and other garrisons against Indian attacks. Still more disappointing was the complete failure of the attempt, under the command of General Hull, to advance from Detroit as an outpost, into Canada. He was easily driven back to Detroit, and when the nation was confidently waiting to hear of a bold defense of that place it was startled by the news of Hull's surrender without firing a gun, and under circumstances which seemed to indicate either cowardice or treachery. Hull was, in fact, court-martialed, condemned to death, and only pardoned on account of his services in the war of 1776.

The mortification that followed the land campaign of 1812 was forgotten in joy at the splendid naval victories of that year. Pre-eminent among these was the famous sea-duel between the frigates "Constitution" and "Guerrière." Every one knows of the glory of "Old Ironsides," and this, though the greatest, was only one of many victories by which the name of the "Constitution"

became the most famed and beloved of all that have been associated with American ships. She was a fine frigate, carrying forty-four guns, and though English journals had ridiculed her as "a bunch of pine boards under a bit of striped bunting," it was not long before they were busily engaged in trying to prove that she was too large a vessel to be properly called a frigate, and that she greatly out-classed her opponent in metal and



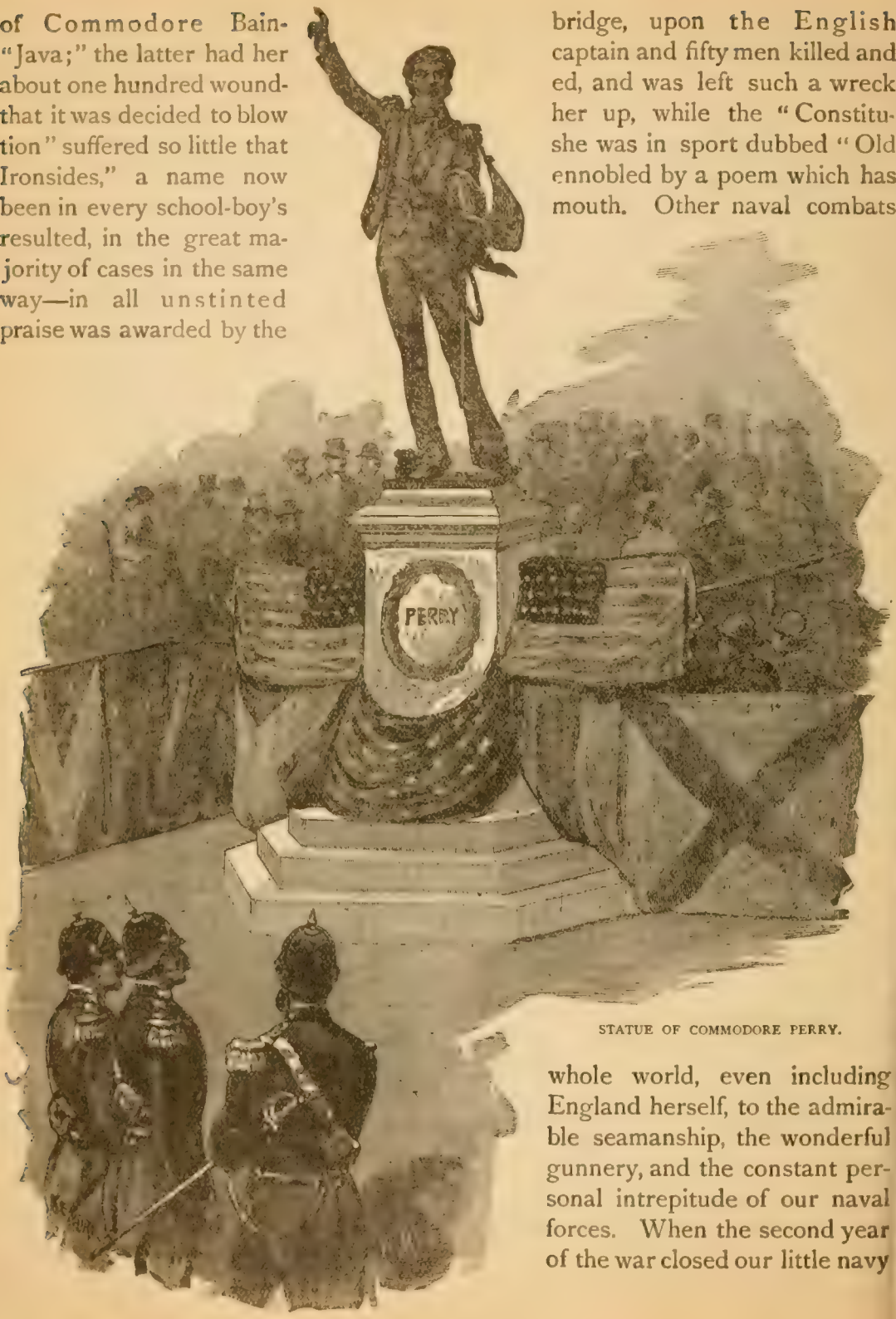
BURNING OF WASHINGTON.

men. It is true that the "Constitution" carried six more guns and a few more men than the "Guerrière," but, all allowances being made, her victory was yet a naval triumph of the first magnitude. Captain Isaac Hull, who commanded her, had just before the engagement proved his superior seamanship by escaping from a whole squadron of British vessels, out-sailing and out-manœuvring them at every point. It was on August 19 when he

descried the "Guerrière." Both vessels at once cleared for action and came together with the greatest eagerness on both sides for the engagement. Though the battle lasted but half an hour, it was one of the hottest in naval annals. At one time the "Constitution" was on fire, and both ships were soon seriously crippled by injury to their spars. Attempts to board each other were thwarted on both sides by the close fire of small arms. Here, as in later sea-fights of this war, the accuracy and skill of the American gunners were something marvelous. At the end of half an hour the "Guerrière" had lost both mainmast and foremast and floated helplessly in the open sea. Her surrender was no discredit to her officers, as she was almost in a sinking condition. It was hopeless to attempt to tow her into port, and Captain Hull transferred his prisoners to his own vessel and set fire to his prize. In the fight the American frigate had only seven men killed and an equal number wounded, while the British vessel had as many as seventy-nine men killed or wounded. The conduct of the American seamen was throughout gallant in the highest degree. Captain Hull put it on record that "From the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seaman not a look of fear was seen. They all went into action giving three cheers and requesting to be laid close alongside the enemy." The effect of this victory in both America and England was extraordinary. English papers long refused to believe in the possibility of the well-proved facts, while in America the whole country joined in a triumphal shout of joy, and loaded well-deserved honors on vessel, captain, officers, and men.

The chagrin of the English public at the unexpected result of this sea battle was changed to amazement when one after another there followed no less than six combats of the same duel-like character, in which the American vessels were invariably victorious. The first was between our sloop, the "Wasp," and the English brig, the "Frolic," which was convoying a fleet of merchantmen. The fight was one of the most desperate in the war; the two ships were brought so close together that their gunners could touch the sides of the opposing vessels with their rammers. Broadside after broadside was poured into the "Frolic" by the "Wasp," which obtained the superior position, but her sailors, unable to await the victory which was sure to come from the continued raking of the enemy's vessel, rushed upon her decks without orders and soon overpowered her. Again the British loss in killed and wounded was large; that of the Americans very small. It in no wise detracted from the glory of this victory that both victor and prize were soon captured by a British man-of-war of immensely superior strength. Following this action, Commodore Stephen Decatur, in our frigate, the "United States," attacked the "Macedonian," a British vessel of the same kind, and easily defeated her, bringing her into New York harbor on New Year's Day, 1813, where he received an ovation equal to that offered Captain Hull. The same result followed the attack of the "Constitution," now under the command

of Commodore Bain-bridge, upon the English "Java;" the latter had her captain and fifty men killed and about one hundred wound- ed, and was left such a wreck that it was decided to blow her up, while the "Constitu- tion" suffered so little that she was in sport dubbed "Old Ironsides," a name now ennobled by a poem which has been in every school-boy's mouth. Other naval combats resulted, in the great ma- jority of cases in the same way—in all unstinted praise was awarded by the



STATUE OF COMMODORE PERRY.

whole world, even including England herself, to the admira- ble seamanship, the wonderful gunnery, and the constant per- sonal intrepitude of our naval forces. When the second year of the war closed our little navy

had captured twenty-six war-ships, armed with 560 guns, while it had lost only seven ships, carrying 119 guns.

But, if the highest honors of the war were thus won by our navy, the most serious injury materially to Great Britain was in the devastation of her commerce by American privateers. No less than two hundred and fifty of these sea guerrillas were afloat, and in the first year of the war they captured over three hundred merchant vessels, sometimes even attacking and overcoming the smaller class of war-ships. The privateers were usually schooners armed with a few small guns, but carrying one long cannon mounted on a swivel so that it could be turned to any point of the horizon, and familiarly known as Long Tom. Of course, the crews were influenced by greed as well as by patriotism. Privateering is a somewhat doubtful mode of warfare at the best; but international law permits it; and though it is hard to dissociate from it a certain odor, as of legalized piracy, it is legitimate to this day. And surely if it were ever justifiable it was at that time. As Jefferson said, there were then tens of thousands of seamen forced by war from their natural means of support and useless to their country in any other way, while by "licensing private armed vessels the whole naval force of the nation was truly brought to bear on the foe." The havoc wrought on British trade was widespread indeed; altogether between fifteen hundred and two thousand prizes were taken by the privateers. To compute the value of these prizes is impossible, but some idea may be gained from the single fact that one privateer, the "Yankee," in a cruise of less than two months captured five brigs and four schooners with cargoes valued at over half a million dollars. The men engaged in this form of warfare were bold to recklessness, and their exploits have furnished many a tale to American writers of romance.

The naval combats thus far mentioned were almost always of single vessels. For battles of fleets we must turn from the salt water to the fresh, from the ocean to the great lakes. The control of the waters of Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, and Lake Champlain was obviously of vast importance, in view of the continued land-fighting in the West and of the attempted invasion of Canada and the threatened counter-invasions. The British had the great advantage of being able to reach the lakes by the St. Lawrence, while our lake navies had to be constructed after the war began. One such little navy had been built at Presque Isle, now Erie, on Lake Erie. It comprised two brigs of twenty guns and several schooners and gunboats. It must be remembered that everything but the lumber needed for the vessels had to be brought through the forests by land from the eastern seaports, and the mere problem of transportation was a serious one. When finished, the fleet was put in command of Oliver Hazard Perry. Watching his time (and, it is said, taking advantage of the carelessness of the

British commander in going on shore to dinner one Sunday, when he should have been watching Perry's movements), the American commander drew his fleet over the bar which had protected it while in harbor from the onslaughts of the British fleet. To get the brigs over this bar was a work of time and great difficulty; an attack at that hour by the British would certainly have ended in the total destruction of the fleet. Once accomplished, Perry, in his flagship, the "Lawrence," headed a fleet of ten vessels, fifty-five guns, and four hundred men. Opposed to him was Captain Barclay with six ships, sixty-five guns, and also



VIEW ON LAKE ONTARIO.

about four hundred men. The British for several weeks avoided the conflict, but in the end were cornered and forced to fight. It was at the beginning of this battle that Perry displayed the flag bearing Lawrence's famous dying words, "Don't give up the ship!" No less famous is his dispatch announcing the result in the words, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The victory was indeed a complete and decisive one; all six of the enemy's ships were captured, and their loss was nearly double that of Perry's forces. The complete control of Lake Erie was assured; that of Lake Ontario had already been gained by Commodore Chauncey.

Perry's memorable victory opened the way for important land operations by General Harrison, who now marched from Detroit with the design of invading Canada. He engaged with Proctor's mingled body of British troops and Indians, and by the Battle of the Thames drove back the British from that part of Canada and restored matters to the position in which they stood before Hull's deplorable surrender of Detroit—and, indeed, of all Michigan—to the British. In this battle of the Thames the Indian chief, Tecumseh, fell, and about three hundred of the British and Indians were killed on the field. The hold of our enemies on the Indian tribes was greatly broken by this defeat. Previous to this the land campaigns had been marked by a succession of minor victories and defeats. In the West a force of Americans under General Winchester had been captured at the River Raisin; and there took place an atrocious massacre of large numbers of prisoners by the Indians, who were quite beyond restraint from their white allies. On the other hand, the Americans had captured the city of York, now Toronto, though at the cost of their leader, General Pike, who, with two hundred of his men, was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine. Fort George had also been captured by the Americans and an attack on Sackett's Harbor had been gallantly repulsed. Following the battle of the Thames, extensive operations of an aggressive kind had been planned looking toward the capture of Montreal and the invasion of Canada by way of Lakes Ontario and Champlain. Unhappily, jealousy between the American Generals Wilkinson and Hampton resulted in a lack of concert in their military operations, and the expedition was a complete fiasco.

One turns for consolation from the mortifying record of Wilkinson's expedition to the story of the continuous successes which had accompanied the naval operations of 1813. Captain Lawrence, in the "Hornet," won a complete victory over the English brig "Peacock;" our brig, the "Enterprise," captured the "Boxer," and other equally welcome victories were reported. One distinct defeat had marred the record—that of our fine brig, the "Chesapeake," commanded by Captain Lawrence, which had been captured after one of the most hard-fought contests of the war by the British brig, the "Shannon." Lawrence himself fell mortally wounded, exclaiming as he was carried away, "Tell the men not to give up the ship but fight her till she sinks." It was a paraphrase of this exclamation which Perry used as a rallying signal in the battle on Lake Erie. Despite his one defeat, Captain Lawrence's fame as a gallant seaman and high-minded patriot was untarnished, and his death was more deplored throughout the country than was the loss of his ship.

In the latter part of the war England was enabled to send large reinforcements both to her army and navy engaged in the American campaigns. Events in Europe seemed in 1814 to insure peace for at least a time. Napoleon's power was broken; the Emperor himself was exiled at Elba; and Great Britain at last

had her hands free. But before the reinforcements reached this country, our army had won greater credit and had shown more military skill by far than were evinced in its earlier operations. Along the line of the Niagara River active



WEATHERSFORD AND GENERAL JACKSON.

fighting had been going on. In the battle of Chippewa, the capture of Fort Erie, the engagement at Lundy's Lane, and the defense of Fort Erie the troops, under the command of Winfield Scott and General Brown, had held their own, and more, against superior forces, and had won from British officers the admission that they

fought as well under fire as regular troops. More encouraging still was the total defeat of the plan of invasion from Canada undertaken by the now greatly strengthened British forces. These numbered twelve thousand men and were supported by a fleet on Lake Champlain. · Their operations were directed against Plattsburg, and in the battle on the lake, usually called by the name of that town, the American flotilla under the command of Commodore Macdonough completely routed the British fleet. As a result the English army also beat a rapid and undignified retreat to Canada. This was the last important engagement to take place in the North.

Meanwhile expeditions of considerable size were directed by the British against our principal Southern cities. One of these brought General Ross with five thousand men, chiefly the pick of the Duke of Wellington's army, into the Bay of Chesapeake. Nothing was more discreditable in the military strategy of our Administration than the fact that at this time Washington was left unprotected, though in evident danger. General Ross marched straight upon the Capital, easily defeated at Bladensburg an inferior force of raw militia—who yet fought with intrepidity for the most part—seized the city, and carried out his intention of destroying the public buildings and a great part of the town. Most of the public archives had been removed. Ross' conduct in the burning of Washington was probably within the limits of legitimate warfare but has been condemned as semi-barbarous by many writers. The achievement gave great joy to the English papers, but was really of less importance than was supposed. Washington at that time was a straggling town of only eight thousand inhabitants; its public buildings were not at all adequate to the demands of the future; and an optimist might even consider the destruction of the old city as a public benefit, for it enabled Congress to adopt the plans which have since led to the making of perhaps the most beautiful city of the country.

A similar attempt upon Baltimore was less successful. The people of that city made a brave defense and hastily threw up extensive fortifications. In the end the British fleet, after a severe bombardment of Fort McHenry, were driven off. The British Admiral had boasted that Fort McHenry would yield in a few hours; and two days after, when its flag was still flying, Francis S. Key was inspired by its sight to compose the "Star Spangled Banner."

A still larger expedition of British troops landed on the Louisiana coast and marched to the attack of New Orleans. Here General Andrew Jackson was in command. He had already distinguished himself in this war by putting down with a strong hand the hostile Creek Indians of the then Spanish territory of Florida, who had been incited by English envoys to warfare against our Southern settlers; and in April, 1814, William Weathersford, the half-breed chief, had surrendered in person to Jackson (see illustration). General Packenham, who commanded the five thousand British soldiers sent against

New Orleans, expected as easy a victory as that of General Ross at Washington. But Jackson had summoned to his aid the stalwart frontiersmen of Kentucky and Tennessee—men used from boyhood to the rifle, and who made up what was in effect a splendid force of sharp-shooters. Both armies threw up rough fortifications; General Jackson made great use for that purpose of cotton bales, Packenham employing the still less solid material of sugar barrels. Oddly enough, the final battle, and really the most important of the war, took place after the treaty of peace between the two countries had already been signed. The British were repulsed again and again in persistent and gallant attacks on our fortifications. General Packenham himself was killed, together with many officers and seven hundred of his men. One British officer pushed to the top of our earthworks and demanded their surrender, whereupon he was smilingly asked to look behind him, and turning saw, as he afterward said, that the men he supposed to be supporting him "had vanished as if the earth had swallowed them up." The American losses were inconsiderable.

The treaty of peace, signed at Ghent, December 24, 1814, has been ridiculed because it contained no positive agreement as to many of the questions in dispute. Not a word did it say about the impressment of American sailors or the rights of neutral ships. Its chief stipulations were the mutual restoration of territory and the appointing of a commission to determine our northern boundary line. The truth is that both nations were tired of the war; the circumstances that had led to England's aggressions no longer existed; both countries were suffering enormous commercial loss to no avail; and, above all, the United States had emphatically justified by its deeds its claim to an equal place in the council of nations. Politically and materially, further warfare was illogical. If the two nations had understood each other better in the first place; if Great Britain had treated our demands with courtesy and justice instead of insolence; if, in short, international comity had taken the place of international ill-temper, the war might have been avoided altogether. Its undoubted benefits to us were incidental rather than direct. But though not formally recognized by treaty, the rights of American seamen and of American ships were in fact no longer infringed upon by Great Britain.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

THE ACCOMPLISHED PRESIDENT, AND GREAT DEFENDER OF THE RIGHT OF PETITION.

AMERICA is the land of self-made men. Many of the greatest statesmen of this republic have been men who, from the deepest poverty and obscurity, rose step by step to the highest eminence. To such lives the career of John Quincy Adams forms a curious contrast. He was the son of a great statesman, and trained in politics and diplomacy from earliest youth. He was educated in the best schools of America and Europe. So early were his abilities developed, that when he was a mere boy they attracted the attention of Washington; and from that time until the day when, half a century later, death found him at his post, he was equal to every duty, prepared for every station. He went steadily on, up to the highest office in the nation's gift; but his unique fame was won, not in his presidency, but in the humbler post which he afterward took in the House of Representatives. There, for seventeen years, through evil and good report, he stood, always at his post, maintaining the sacred right of petition, and pleading the cause of the poor and oppressed.

Almost the whole life of John Quincy Adams was passed amid the "storms

of state." When but eight years of age he stood with his mother upon an eminence, listening to the booming of the great battle on Bunker's Hill, and gazing upon the smoke and flame billowing up from the conflagration of Charlestown. Often, during the siege of Boston, he watched the shells thrown day and night by the combatants. When but eleven years old he took a tearful adieu of his mother and was rowed out in a small boat to a ship anchored in the bay, to sail with his father for Europe through a fleet of hostile British cruisers. His father, John Adams, was associated with Franklin and Lee as minister plenipotentiary at Paris. The boy's intelligence attracted the notice of these distinguished men, and he received from them flattering marks of attention.

John Adams had scarcely returned to this country in 1779 ere he was again sent abroad, empowered to negotiate a treaty of peace with England whenever England should be disposed to end the war. Again John Quincy Adams accompanied his father. On this voyage he commenced a diary, noting down the remarkable events of each day; which practice he continued, with but few interruptions, until his death. At Paris he applied himself with great diligence, for six months, to study; then accompanied his father to Holland, where he entered, first a school in Amsterdam, and then the University of Leyden. In 1781, when but fourteen years of age, he was selected by Mr. Dana, our minister to the Russian court, as his private secretary.

In this school of incessant labor and culture he spent fourteen months, and then returned to Holland through Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg, and Bremen. This long journey he took alone, in the winter, when in his sixteenth year. Again he resumed his studies, under a private tutor, at the Hague. Thence, in the spring of 1782, he accompanied his father to Paris, traveling leisurely, and forming acquaintances with the most distinguished men on the continent. At Paris he again became the associate of the most illustrious men of all lands. After a short visit to England, he returned to Paris, and consecrated all his energies to study until May, 1785, when he returned to America, leaving his father our ambassador at the court of St. James.

The advancement which he had already made in education was such that in 1786 he entered the junior class in Harvard University. His character, attainments, and devotion to study secured alike the respect of his classmates and the faculty, and he graduated with the second honor of his class. Upon leaving college, at the age of twenty, he studied law, and in 1790 opened an office in Boston.

When Great Britain commenced war against France, in 1793, to arrest the progress of the French Revolution, Mr. Adams wrote some articles urging entire neutrality on the part of the United States. The view was not a popular one. Many felt that as France had helped us, we were bound to help France. But President Washington coincided with Mr. Adams, and issued a proclamation

of neutrality. His writings at this time in the Boston journals attracted national attention, and gave him so high a reputation for talent and familiarity with our diplomatic relations, that in June, 1794, he, being then but twenty-seven years of age, was appointed by Washington resident minister at the Netherlands.

In the agitated state of Europe, swept by great armies struggling for and against "equal rights for all men," there was but little that a peaceful ambassador could then accomplish; but being one of the most methodical and laborious of men, he devoted himself to official duties, the claims of society, reading the ancient classics, and familiarizing himself with the languages of modern Europe. Every hour had its assigned duty. Every night he reviewed what he had done for the day; and at the close of every month and every year he subjected his conduct to rigorous retrospection.

In July, 1797, he left the Hague to go to Portugal as minister plenipotentiary. Washington at this time wrote to his father, John Adams :—

"Without intending to compliment the father or the mother, or to censure any others, I give it as my decided opinion, that Mr. Adams is the most valuable character which we have abroad; and there remains no doubt in my mind that he will prove himself the ablest of all our diplomatic corps."

On his way to Portugal, upon his arrival in London, he met with despatches directing him to the court of Berlin, but requesting him to remain in London until he should receive his instructions. While waiting he was married to an American lady to whom he had been previously engaged,—Miss Louisa Catharine Johnson, daughter of the American consul in London; a lady endowed with beauty and accomplishments which made her a worthy companion.

He reached Berlin with his wife in November, 1797, where he remained until July, 1799, when, having fulfilled all the purposes of his mission, he solicited his recall. As soon as permission came for his return, he embarked, and reached the United States in September, 1801.

SENATOR AND PROFESSOR.

Soon after his return, in 1802, he was chosen to the Senate of Massachusetts from Boston, and then was elected senator of the United States for six years from the 4th of March, 1804. His reputation, ability, and experience placed him immediately among the most prominent and influential members of that body. In every measure which his judgment approved, he cordially supported Mr. Jefferson's administration. Especially did he sustain the government in its measures of resistance to the encroachments of England, destroying our commerce and insulting our flag. There was no man in America more familiar with the arrogance of the British court upon these points, and no one more resolved to present a firm resistance.

In 1805 he was chosen professor of rhetoric in Harvard College; and this

indefatigable man, in addition to his senatorial duties, entered vigorously upon a course of preparatory studies, reviewing his classics, and searching the literature of Europe for materials for his lectures. The lectures he thus prepared were subsequently published, and constitute enduring memorials of his genius and his industry.

In 1809 Madison succeeded Jefferson in the presidential chair; and he immediately nominated John Quincy Adams minister to St. Petersburg. Resigning his professorship, he embarked at Boston with Mrs. Adams and their youngest son in August, 1809, and, after a stormy passage, reached St. Petersburg on the 23d of October. Twice their ship, which was a merchantman, was stopped and searched by British cruisers; and, but for Mr. Adams' firmness and thorough acquaintance with the laws of nations, the ship would not have been permitted to continue to its port of destination.

He was received by the Emperor Alexander alone in his cabinet, and a warm attachment immediately sprang up between those illustrious men; and thus was laid the foundations of that friendship which binds the two nations together to the present day.

The foreign ministers at the Russian court were generally living in the greatest magnificence; but Mr. Adams received so small a salary that he was compelled to practice the most rigid economy. He was expected to attend the splendid entertainments of others, but could give none in return. One morning, as he was out walking, he met the emperor, who came cordially up to him, and, clasping his hand, said:—

"Why, Mr. Adams, it is a hundred years since I have seen you!" After some common observations, he inquired, "Do you intend to take a house in the country this summer?"

"No," Mr. Adams replied: "I had that intention for some time, but have given it up."

"And why?" inquired the emperor. Then, observing a little hesitation in Mr. Adams' manner, he relieved him from his embarrassment by saying in perfect good humor, and with a smile, "Perhaps it is from considerations of finance."

"Those considerations are often very important," Mr. Adams replied.

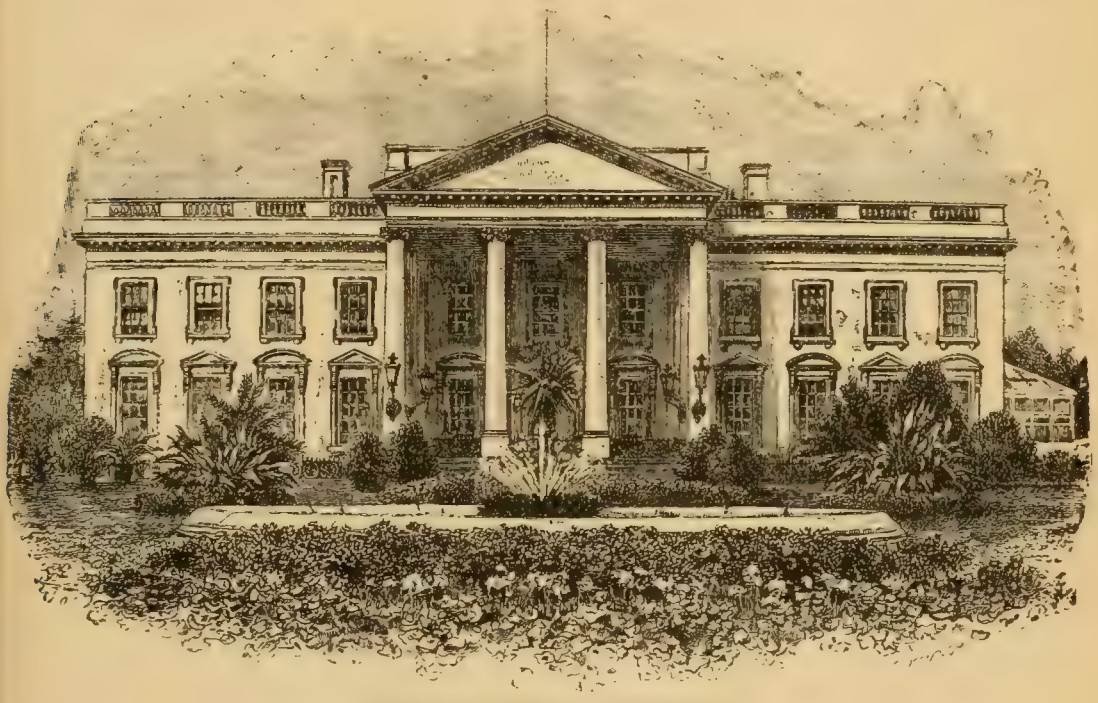
"You are right," rejoined the emperor: "it is always necessary to proportion one's expenses to one's receipts."

While in Russia Mr. Adams was an intense student. He devoted his attention to the language and history of Russia; to the Chinese trade; to the European system of weights, measures, and coins; to the climate, and astronomical observations; while he kept up a familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics. In all the universities of Europe a more accomplished scholar could scarcely be found. All through life the Bible constituted an

important part of his studies. It was his rule every day to read five chapters. He also read with great attention the works of the most eminent theologians. With this eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge, it is not surprising that he should write to a friend :—

"I feel nothing like the tediousness of time. I suffer nothing like *ennui*. Time is too short for me rather than too long. If the day was forty-eight hours, instead of twenty-four, I could employ them all, if I had but eyes and hands to read and write."

As England had consented to treat for peace, Mr. Adams was appointed, with Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Bayard, to conduct the negotiations. The commis-



THE WHITE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.

sioners met at Ghent, in 1815. Mr. Adams took the leading part. The Marquis of Wellesley, in commenting upon the treaty which was then entered into, said in the British House of Lords,—

"In my opinion, the American commissioners have shown the most astonishing superiority over the English during the whole of the correspondence."

From Ghent Mr. Adams went to Paris, where he chanced to be when the Emperor Napoleon returned from Elba. Mrs. Adams joined him here ; and they proceeded together to London, he having been appointed minister to the British court.

On the 4th of March, 1817, Mr. Monroe took the presidential chair, and

immediately appointed Mr. Adams Secretary of State. Taking leave of his numerous friends in public and private life in Europe, he sailed, in June, 1817, for the United States. After a short visit home, he repaired to Washington, and entered upon his new duties, as thoroughly prepared for them, in ability, education, and experience, as one could be. During the eight years of Mr. Monroe's administration, Mr. Adams continued Secretary of State. Few will now contradict the assertion, that the duties of that office were never more ably discharged. Probably the most important measure which Mr. Adams conducted was the purchase of Florida from Spain, for five million dollars.

Some time before the close of Mr. Monroe's second term of office, new candidates began to be presented for the presidency. The friends of Mr. Adams brought forward his name. It was an exciting campaign. Party spirit was never more bitter. Two hundred and sixty-one electoral votes were cast. Andrew Jackson received ninety-nine; John Quincy Adams, eighty-four; William H. Crawford, forty-one; Henry Clay, thirty-seven. As there was no choice by the people, the question went to the House of Representatives. Mr. Clay gave the vote of Kentucky to Mr. Adams, and he was elected.

The friends of the disappointed candidates now combined in a venomous and persistent assault upon Mr. Adams. There are few things more disgraceful in the history of our country than the abuse which was poured upon this high-minded, upright, patriotic man. There never was an administration more pure in principles, more conscientiously devoted to the best interests of the country, than that of John Quincy Adams; and never, perhaps, was there an administration more unscrupulously and outrageously assailed. It may, however, help us to understand what would otherwise be unaccountable, if we remember what an immense influence is exerted by personal manners, and how deficient Adams was in this respect.

ADAMS AND JACKSON IN CONTRAST.

Mr. Adams, in his public manners, was cold and repulsive; though it is said that with his personal friends he was at times very genial. In his public receptions and official intercourse he often appeared "with a formal coldness, that froze like the approach to an iceberg." The evening after the election Mr. Monroe held a presidential levee. All Washington crowded to the White House, eager to pay homage to the rising sun. Mr. S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") happened to be present, and has described the scene:—

"I shall pass over," he writes, "other individuals present, only noting an incident which respects the two persons in the assembly who, most of all others, engrossed the thoughts of the visitors,—Mr. Adams the elect, General Jackson the defeated. It chanced in the course of the evening that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions,

yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around, seeing what was to happen, by a sort of instinct stepped aside, and left



OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL, IN 1825.

them face to face. Mr. Adams was by himself: General Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment; and then General Jackson moved forward, and, reaching out his long arm, said, 'How do you do, Mr.

Adams? I give you my left hand; for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair. I hope you are very well, sir.' All this was gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the general's hand, and said, with chilling coldness, 'Very well, sir; I hope General Jackson is well.'

"It was curious to see the Western planter, the Indian fighter, the stern soldier, who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans, genial and gracious in the midst of a court; while the old courtier and diplomat was stiff, rigid, cold as a statue. It was all the more remarkable from the fact, that, four hours before, the former had been defeated, and the latter was the victor, in a struggle for one of the highest objects of human ambition. The personal character of these two individuals was, in fact, well expressed in that chance meeting,—the gallantry, the frankness, the heartiness, of the one, which captivated all; the coldness, the distance, the self-concentration, of the other, which repelled all."

Mr. Adams was, to a very remarkable degree, abstemious and temperate in his habits; always rising early, and taking much exercise. When at his home in Quincy, he has been known to walk seven miles to Boston before breakfast. In Washington, it was said that he was the first man up in the city, lighting his own fire, and applying himself to work in his library often long before the dawn. He was an expert swimmer, and was exceedingly fond of bathing; and was in the habit in the summer, every morning, of plunging into the Potomac with all the sportiveness of a boy. He sometimes made the journey from Quincy to Washington on horseback, accompanied by a single attendant.

The administration of Mr. Adams was one of the ablest and best which the country has ever seen; although, perhaps for that very reason, it was uneventful. It was notable for being the last one under which partisanship was not allowed to affect the public service. To Jackson's administration, which followed, belongs the distinction of introducing the "Spoils System," under which the government offices are used as a reward for political service in the election. Adams' administration was pure, because he himself was pure. Upright, able, energetic, industrious, and thoroughly trained, he was probably better equipped for the presidency than any other man who has ever filled the chair.

In 1829 he was succeeded by General Jackson, and retired to his Massachusetts home. Not long, however, was he left in retirement. In 1830 he was nominated and elected to the House of Representatives. It was supposed by many that, having held the office of president, he would refuse to accept the humbler post. There was no precedent where a chief magistrate had afterward sat in the House. All doubts, however, were soon set at rest by his prompt acceptance. Little did any one then realize how greatly his service in the lower house of Congress would outweigh all that he had hitherto done for his country, or how far its history would eclipse the fame of his earlier career.

Upon taking his seat in the house, he announced that he should hold himself bound to no party. Probably there was never a member of the house more devoted to his duties. He was usually the first in his place in the morning, and the last to leave his seat in the evening. Not a measure could be brought forward, and escape his scrutiny. The battle which Mr. Adams fought, almost singly, against the pro-slavery party in the government, was sublime in its moral daring and heroism. For persisting in presenting petitions for the abolition of slavery, he was threatened with indictment by the grand jury, with expulsion from the house, with assassination; but no threats could intimidate him, and his final triumph was complete. Congress, yielding to the pro-slavery spirit of the South, passed a resolve in January, 1837, "that all petitions relating to slavery, without being printed or referred, shall be laid on the table, and no action shall be had thereon." Some of the pro-slavery party forged a petition, as if from slaves, to see if Mr. Adams would dare to present it.

THE FORGED PETITION.

On the 6th of February, 1837, Mr. Adams rose with this forged petition in his hand, and said: "I hold a paper purporting to come from slaves. I wish to know if such a paper comes within the order of the house respecting petitions."

The sensitiveness of the house upon this subject may be inferred from the fact that a storm of indignation was instantly roused. Waddy Thompson of South Carolina, Charles E. Haynes of Georgia, Dixon H. Lewis of Alabama, sprang to the floor, presenting resolutions, "that John Quincy Adams, by attempting to present a petition purporting to be from slaves, has been guilty of gross disrespect to the house, and that he be instantly brought to the bar to receive the severe censure of the speaker."

Never were assailants more thoroughly discomfited. "Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Adams, "to prevent the consumption of time, I ask the gentlemen to modify their resolution a little, so that, when I come to the bar of the house, I may not, by a word, put an end to it. *I did not present the petition.* I said that I had a paper purporting to be a petition from slaves; and I asked the speaker whether he considered such a paper as included in the general order of the house, that all petitions relating to slavery should be laid upon the table. I intended to take the decision of the speaker before I went one step toward presenting that petition. This is the *fact.*

"I adhere to the right of petition. Where is your law which says the mean, the low, the degraded, shall be deprived of the right of petition? Petition is supplication, entreaty, prayer. Where is the degree of vice or immorality which shall deprive the citizen of the right to supplicate for a boon, or to pray for mercy? Where is such a law to be found? It does not belong to the most abject despotism. There is no absolute monarch on earth who is not compelled, by

the constitution of his country, to receive the petitions of his people, whosoever they may be. The Sultan of Constantinople cannot walk the streets, and refuse to receive petitions from the meanest and vilest in the land. The right of petition belongs to all; and, so far from refusing to present a petition because it might come from those low in the estimation of the world, it would be an additional incentive, if such an incentive were wanting."

After a debate of extreme bitterness, running through four days, only twenty votes could be found to cast any censure upon Mr. Adams. There was perhaps never a fiercer battle fought in legislative halls than Mr. Adams waged, for nearly a score of years, with the partisans of slavery in Congress. In every encounter he came off victor. At the age of seventy-four he appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States, after an absence from that court of thirty years, to plead the cause of a few friendless negroes, the Amistad captives, who, with their own strong arms, had freed themselves from the man-stealers. His effort was crowned with complete success; and the poor Africans, abundantly furnished with the implements of civilized life, were returned to the homes from which they had been so ruthlessly torn.

"I WILL PUT THE QUESTION MYSELF!"

In 1839 Congress was for a time seriously disorganized in consequence of two delegations appearing from New Jersey, each claiming the election. By usage, the clerk of the preceding Congress, on the first assembling, acts as chairman until a speaker is chosen. When, in calling the roll, the clerk came to New Jersey, he stated that, as the five seats of the members from that State were contested, he should pass over those names. A violent debate ensued. For four days there was anarchy, and it was found impossible to organize the house. Mr. Adams, during all this scene of confusion, sat quietly engaged in writing, apparently taking no interest in the debate, but watching intently for the moment when he could effectually make a movement.

On the morning of the fourth day, the clerk again commenced calling the roll. When he reached New Jersey, he again repeated, "as these seats are contested," when Mr. Adams sprang to the floor, and in clear, shrill tones, which penetrated every portion of the house, cried out,—

"I rise to interrupt the clerk."

A multitude of voices shouted, "Hear him! hear him!—hear John Quincy Adams!"

In an instant, there was profound silence. Every eye was riveted upon that venerable old man, whose years and honors, and purity of character, commanded the respect of the bitterest of his foes. For a moment he paused: and there was such stillness that the fall of a pin might have been heard. Then, in those tones of intensity which ever arrested the attention of the house, he said,—

"It was not my intention to take any part in these extraordinary proceedings. I had hoped that this house would succeed in organizing itself. This is not the time nor place to discuss the merits of conflicting claimants: that subject belongs to the House of Representatives. What a spectacle we here present! We do not and cannot organize; and why? Because the clerk of this house—the mere clerk, whom we create, whom we employ—usurps the *throne*, and sets us, the vicegerents of the whole American people, at defiance. And what is this clerk of yours? Is he to suspend, by his mere negative, the functions of government, and put an end to this Congress. He refuses to call the roll. It is in your power to compel him to call it, if he will not do it voluntarily."

Here he was interrupted by a member, who stated that the clerk could not be compelled to call the roll, as he would resign rather than do so.

"Well, sir, let him resign," continued Mr. Adams, "and we may possibly discover some way by which we can get along without the aid of his all-powerful talent, learning, and genius. If we cannot organize in any other way, if this clerk of yours will not consent to our discharging the trust confided to us by our constituents, then let us imitate the example of the Virginia House of Burgesses, which, when the colonial Governor Dinwiddie ordered it to disperse, refused to obey the imperious and insulting mandate, and like *men*——"

Here there was such a burst of applause from the whole house, that, for a moment, his voice was drowned. Cheer upon cheer rose, shaking the walls of the Capitol. As soon as he could again be heard he submitted a motion, requiring the clerk to call the roll. "How shall the question be put?" The voice of Mr. Adams was heard rising above the tumult, as he cried out, "I intend to put the question myself!"

Another burst of applause followed; when Mr. Barnwell Rhett of South Carolina leaped upon one of the desks, and shouted, "I move that the Hon. John Quincy Adams take the chair of the speaker of the house, and officiate as presiding officer till the house be organized by the election of its constitutional officers. As many as are agreed to this will say 'Aye!'"

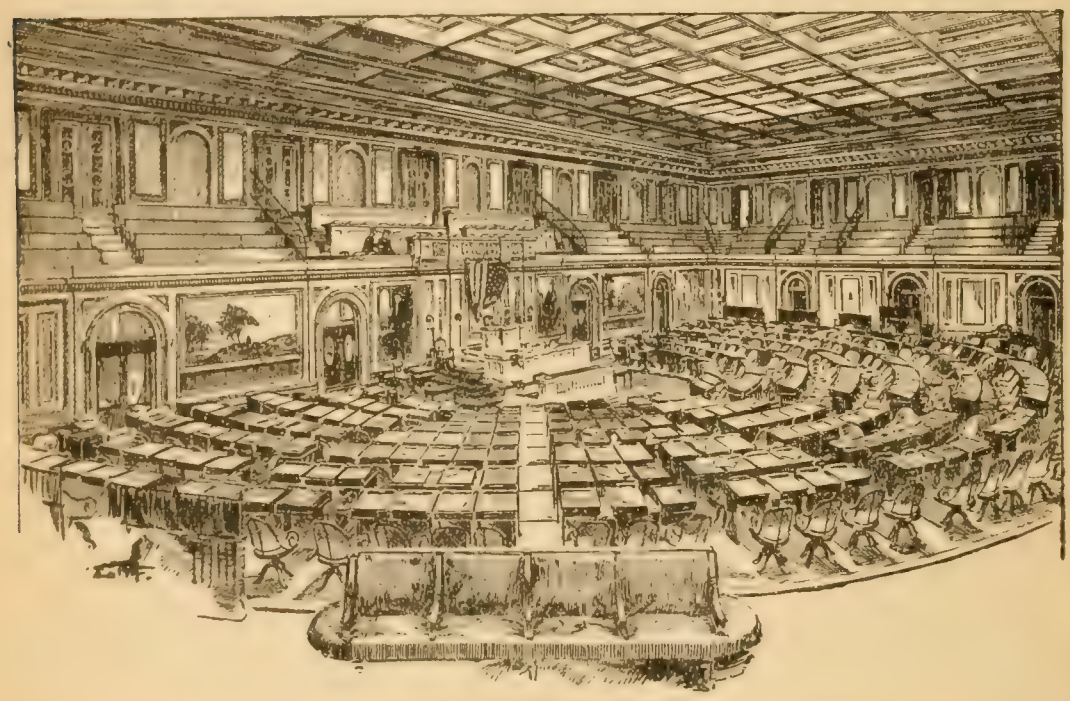
One universal, thundering "Aye!" came back in response. Mr. Adams was conducted to the chair, and the house was organized. Mr. Wise of Virginia, soon after, addressing him, said,—

"Sir, I regard it as the proudest hour of your life; and if, when you shall be gathered to your fathers, I were asked to select the words which, in my judgment, are best calculated to give at once the character of the man, I would inscribe upon your tomb this sentence, 'I will put the question myself.'"

In January, 1842, Mr. Adams presented a petition from forty-five citizens of Haverhill, Mass., praying for the peaceable dissolution of the Union. The pro-slavery party in Congress, who where then plotting the destruction of the government, were roused to a degree of commotion such as even our stormy

hall of legislation has rarely witnessed. They met in caucus, and, finding that they probably would not be able to *expel* Mr. Adams from the house, drew up a series of resolutions, which, if adopted, would inflict upon him disgrace equivalent to expulsion. Mr. Adams had presented the petition, which was most respectfully worded, and had moved that it be referred to a committee instructed to report an answer, showing the reasons why the prayer ought not to be granted.

It was the 25th of January. The whole body of the pro-slavery party came crowding together into the house, prepared to crush Mr. Adams forever. One



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

of their number, Thomas F. Marshall of Kentucky, was appointed to read the resolutions, which accused Mr. Adams of high treason, of having insulted the government, and of meriting expulsion; but for which deserved punishment, the house, in its great mercy, would substitute its severest censure. With the assumption of a very solemn and magisterial air, there being breathless silence in the imposing audience, Mr. Marshall hurled the carefully prepared anathemas at his victim. Mr. Adams stood alone, the whole pro-slavery party madly against him.

As soon as the resolutions were read, every eye being fixed upon him, up rose that bold old man, whose scattered locks were whitened by seventy-five

years; and casting a withering glance in the direction of his assailants, in a clear, shrill tone, tremulous with suppressed emotion, he said,—

"In reply to this audacious, atrocious charge of high treason, I call for the reading of the first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence. *Read it,* READ IT! and see what that says of the right of a people to reform, to change, and to dissolve their government."

The attitude, the manner, the tone, the words; the venerable old man, with flashing eye and flushed cheek, and whose very form seemed to expand under the inspiration of the occasion,—all presented a scene overawing in its sublimity. There was breathless silence as that paragraph was read, in defense of whose principles our fathers had pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." It was a proud hour to Mr. Adams, as they were all compelled to listen to the words,—

"That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

That one sentence baffled and routed the foe. The heroic old man looked around upon the audience, and thundered out, "Read that again!" It was again read. Then, in a few fiery, logical words, he stated his defense in terms which even prejudiced minds could not resist. His discomfited assailants made sundry attempts to rally. After a conflict of eleven days they gave up vanquished, and their resolution was ignominiously laid upon the table.

HONORS FROM THE PEOPLE.

In the summer of 1843 Mr. Adams took a tour through western New York. His journey was a perfect ovation. In all the leading cities he was received with the highest marks of consideration. The whole mass of the people rose to confer honor upon the man who had battled so nobly for human rights, and whose public and private character was without a stain. The greeting which he received at Buffalo was such as that city had never before conferred upon any man. The national flag was floating from every masthead. The streets were thronged with the multitude, who greeted with bursts of applause the renowned patriot and statesman as soon as he appeared. The Hon. Millard Fillmore, subsequently President of the United States, welcomed him in the following words:—

"You see here assembled the people of our infant city, without distinction of party, sex, age, or condition,—all, all, anxiously vying with each other to show their respect and esteem for your public and private worth. Here are

gathered, in this vast multitude of what must appear to you strange faces, thousands whose hearts have vibrated to the chord of sympathy which your speeches have touched. Here is reflecting age, and ardent youth, and lisping childhood, to all of whom your venerated name is as dear as household words,—all anxious to feast their eyes by a sight of that extraordinary and venerable man, that *old man eloquent*, upon whose lips Wisdom has distilled her choicest nectar. Here you see them all, and read in their eager and joy-gladdened countenances and brightly beaming eyes, a welcome, a thrice-told, heartfelt, soul-stirring welcome, to the man whom they delight to honor."

In January, 1846, when seventy-eight years of age, he took part in the great debate on the Oregon question, displaying intellectual vigor, and an extent and accuracy of acquaintance with the subject, which excited great admiration. At the close of the session, on the 17th of November, he had an attack of paralysis while walking in the streets of Boston. He, however, so far recovered, that he soon resumed his official duties in Washington. As he entered the house on the 16th of February, 1847, for the first time since his illness, every member instinctively rose in token of respect; and by two members he was formally conducted to his seat. After this, though constantly present, he took little part in the debates.

It has been said of Mr. Adams, that when his body was bent and his hair silvered by the lapse of fourscore years, he was accustomed to repeat every night, before he slept, the prayer which his mother taught him in his infant years. There is great moral beauty in the aspect of the venerable, world-worn statesman, folding his hands and repeating, in the simplicity and sincerity of childhood, the words :—

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

On the 21st of February, 1848, he rose on the floor of Congress, with a paper in his hand, to address the speaker. Suddenly he fell, again stricken by paralysis, and was caught in the arms of those around him. For a time he was senseless, as he was conveyed to a sofa in the rotunda. With reviving consciousness he opened his eyes, looked calmly around, and said, "*This is the last of earth;*" then after a moment's pause, he added, "*I am content.*" These were his last words. His family were summoned to his side; and in the apartment of the speaker of the house, beneath the dome of the Capitol,—the theatre of his labors and his triumphs,—he soon breathed his last.

The voices of denunciation were now hushed, and all parties united in tributes of honor to one of the purest patriots, and one of the most distinguished statesmen, America has produced.



HENRY CLAY

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

HENRY CLAY,

POPULAR HERO, PATRIOT, AND STATESMAN.



WITH the close of the great civil war in 1865 disappeared from our politics the great problem which for half a century had absorbed the attention and tasked the abilities of American statesmen. Throughout that period there was always one overshadowing subject. Whatever other questions of domestic policy came up,—tariff, currency, internal improvements, State rights,—they were always subordinate to the main question, how to preserve the Union and slavery together. Some, like Calhoun, were ready to abandon the Union to save slavery; others, like Garrison, were ready to abandon the Union to destroy slavery; but between these extremes stood a great body of able and patriotic statesmen, who loved and prized the Union above all else, and who, to save it, would make any sacrifice, would join in any compromise. At the head of these, for more than fifty years, towered the great figure of Henry Clay.

Not often does a man whose life is spent in purely civil affairs become such a popular hero and idol as did Clay—especially when it is his fate never to reach the highest place in the people's gift. "Was there ever," says Parton, "a public man, not at the head of a state, so beloved as he? Who ever heard such cheers, so hearty, distinct and ringing, as those which his name evoked? Men shed tears at his defeat, and women went to bed sick from pure sympathy with his disappointment. He could not travel during the last thirty years of his life, but only make *progresses*. When he left home the public seized him and bore him along over the land, the committee of one State passing him on to the committee of another, and the hurrahs of one town dying away as those of the next caught his ear." One evidence of his popularity is the great number of children named in his honor. An English woman traveling in America during the Presidential canvass of 1844 writes that at least three-fourths of all the boy babies born in that year must have been named for Henry Clay. "Even now, more than thirty years after his death," says Carl Schurz, writing in 1886, "we may hear old men, who knew him in the days of his strength, speak of him

with an enthusiasm and affection so warm and fresh as to convince us that the recollection of having followed his leadership is among the dearest treasures of their memory."

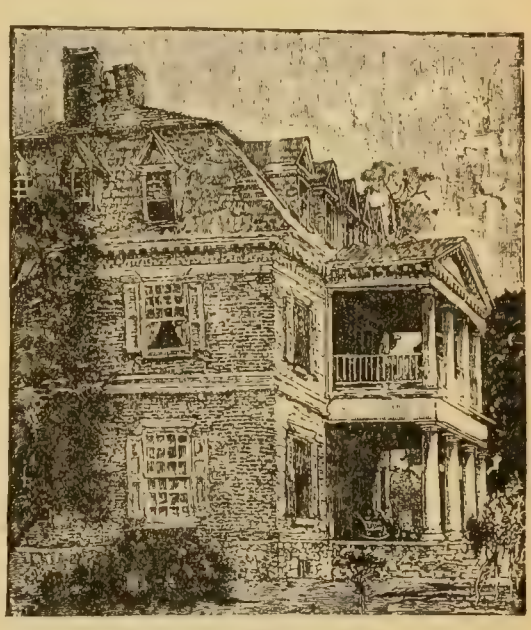
Henry Clay was born in Hanover county, near Richmond, Virginia, in one of the darkest days of the Revolution,—the year of 1777 ; the year of the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, before yet the glad news of Burgoyne's surrender had come to cheer the hearts of the struggling colonists. His father, a poor Baptist preacher, died when Henry was four years old, leaving a wife and seven children. There is a story that while his body was lying in the house, a party of British cavalry made a raid through the neighborhood, and left on Mrs. Clay's table a handful of silver to pay for some property they had taken ; but that as soon as they were gone, even in her poverty and grief the spirited woman swept the money from the table and threw it in the fireplace.

Clay's boyhood was that of the typical "self-made man,"—a time of hard labor, poverty, and small opportunities. "We catch our first glimpse of the boy when he sat in a little log school-house, without windows or floor, one of a humming score of shoeless boys, where a good-natured, irritable, drinking English schoolmaster taught him to read, write, and cipher as far as Practice. This was the only school he ever attended, and that was all he learned at it. His widowed mother with her seven young children, her little farm, and two or three slaves, could do no more for him. Next, we see him a tall, awkward, slender stripling of thirteen, still barefoot, clad in homespun butternut of his mother's making, tilling her fields, and going to mill with his bag of corn strapped upon the family pony." At fourteen, in the year 1791, a place was found for him in a Richmond drug store, where he served as errand boy and youngest clerk for one year.

At this time occurred an event which decided his future. His mother having married again, her husband had influence enough to obtain for the youth a clerkship in the office of the Court of Chancery. The young gentlemen employed in that office long remembered the entrance among them of their new comrade. He was fifteen at the time, but very tall for his age, very slender, very awkward, and far from handsome. His good mother had arrayed him in a full suit of pepper-and-salt "figinny," an old Virginia fabric of silk and cotton. His shirt and shirt-collar were stiffly starched, and his coat-tail stood out boldly behind him. The dandy clerks of Richmond exchanged glances as this gawky figure entered and took his place at a desk to begin work.

As he grew older, the raw and awkward stripling became a young man whose every movement had a winning or commanding grace. Handsome he never was ; but his ruddy face and abundant light hair, the grandeur of his forehead, and the speaking intelligence of his countenance, more than atoned for the irregularity of his features. But of all the physical gifts bestowed by nature

upon this favored child, the most unique and admirable was his voice. There was a depth of tone in it, a volume, a compass, a rich and tender harmony, which invested all he said with majesty. Parton writes that he heard it last when Clay was an old man, past seventy; and all he said was a few words of acknowledgment to a group of ladies in the largest hall in Philadelphia. "He spoke only in the ordinary tone of conversation; but his voice filled the room as the organ fills a great cathedral, and the ladies stood spellbound as the swelling cadences rolled about the vast apartment. We have heard much of Whitefield's piercing voice and Patrick Henry's silvery tones, but we cannot believe that either of those natural orators possessed an organ superior to Clay's majestic bass. No one who ever heard him speak will find it difficult to believe what tradition reports, that he was the peerless star of the Richmond Debating Society in 1795."



AN OLD VIRGINIA MANSION.

But he soon discovered that these gifts would not get him a paying practice as an attorney in Richmond so quickly as he desired; and as his mother and step-father had removed to Kentucky in 1792, he resolved to follow them to the western wilds, and there "grow up with the country." He was in his twenty-first year when he left Richmond, with his license to practice as an attorney, but with little else, in his pocket.

A tall, plain, poor, friendless youth was young Henry Clay, when he set up in Lexington, and announced himself a candidate for practice as an attorney. He had not even the means of paying his board. "I remember," he said, in a speech in 1842, "how comfortable I thought I should be if I could make £100, Virginia money, per year; and with what delight I received my first fifteen-shilling fee. My hopes were more than realized. I immediately rushed into a lucrative practice."

Less than two years after his arrival at Lexington, in April, 1799, Clay had achieved a position sufficiently secure to ask for and to obtain the hand of Lucretia Hart, the daughter of a man of high character and prominent standing in the State. She was a very estimable woman, and a most devoted wife to him. His prosperity increased rapidly; so that soon he was able to purchase Ashland, an estate of some six hundred acres, near Lexington, which afterward became famous as Henry Clay's home.

During the first thirteen years of Henry Clay's active life as a politician, he appears only as the eloquent champion of the policy of Mr. Jefferson, whom he esteemed the first and best of living men. After defending him on the stump and aiding him in the Kentucky Legislature, he was sent in 1806, when scarcely thirty, to fill for one term a seat in the Senate of the United States, made vacant by the resignation of one of the Kentucky Senators. Returning home at the end of the session, he re-entered the Kentucky Legislature. In support of President Jefferson's policy of non-intercourse with the warring nations of Europe, who were preying upon American commerce, Mr. Clay proposed that members of the Legislature should bind themselves to wear nothing that was not of American manufacture. A Federalist member, ignorant of the fact that the refusal of the people to use foreign imports had caused the repeal of the Stamp Act, and would have postponed the Revolution but for the accident at Lexington, denounced Mr. Clay's proposition as the act of a demagogue. Clay challenged this ill-informed gentleman, and a duel resulted, in which two shots were exchanged, and both antagonists were slightly wounded. Elected again to the Senate for an unexpired term, he re-appeared in that body in 1809, and sat during two sessions.



AN OLD VIRGINIA MANSION—INTERIOR.

Mr. Clay's public life proper began in November, 1811, as a member of the House of Representatives. He was immediately elected speaker by the war party, by the decisive majority of thirty-one. He was then thirty-four years of age.

It is agreed that to Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, more than to any other individual, we owe the war of 1812. When the House hesitated, it was he who, descending from the chair, spoke so as to re-assure it. When President Madison faltered, it was the stimulus of Clay's resistless presence that put heart into him again. Clay it was whose clarion notes rang out over departing regiments, and kindled within them the martial fire; and it was Clay's speeches which the soldiers loved to read by the camp-fire. When the war was going all wrong in the first year, President Madison wished to appoint Clay commander-in-chief of the land forces; but, said Gallatin, "What shall we do without him in the House of Representatives?"

In 1814, Clay was sent with four other commissioners to Ghent, in Belgium, to arrange the terms of a peace with England. A single anecdote will illustrate the impression he everywhere produced. An octogenarian British earl, who had retired from public life because of his years, but who still cherished a natural interest in public men and measures, being struck by the impression made in the aristocratic circles of London by the American commissioners, then on their way home from Ghent, requested a friend to bring them to see him at his house, to which his growing infirmities confined him. The visit was promptly and cheerfully paid, and the obliging friend afterwards inquired of the old lord as to the impression the Americans had made upon him. "Ah!" said the veteran, with the "light of other days" gleaming from his eyes, "I liked them all, but I liked the Kentucky man best." It was so everywhere.

From 1815, when he returned from Europe, until 1825, when he became Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams, Clay was Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was confessedly the best presiding officer that any deliberative body in America has ever known, and none was ever more severely tried. The intensity and bitterness of party feeling during the earlier portion of his speakership cannot now be realized except by the few who remember those days. On the floor of the house, Mr. Clay was often impetuous in discussion, and delighted to relieve the tedium of debate, and modify the bitterness of antagonism, by a sportive jest or lively repartee. On one occasion, General Smythe of Virginia, who often afflicted the house by the dryness and verbosity of his harangues, had paused in the middle of a speech, which seemed likely to endure forever, to send to the library for a book from which he wished to note a passage. Fixing his eye on Mr. Clay, he observed the Kentuckian writhing in his seat, as if his patience had already been exhausted. "You, sir," remarked Smythe, addressing him, "speak for the present generation; but I speak for posterity." "Yes," said Clay, "and you seem resolved to speak until the arrival of your audience."

Only once in the course of his long representative career was Clay obliged to canvass for his election, and he was never defeated, nor ever could be, before

a public that he could personally meet and address. The one searching ordeal to which he was subjected, followed the passage of the "Compensation Act" of 1816, whereby Congress substituted for its per diem rate a fixed salary of $1500 to each member. This act excited great hostility especially in the West, then very poor.

While canvassing the district, Mr. Clay encountered an old hunter, who had always before been his warm friend, but was now opposed to his re-election on account of the Compensation Bill. "Have you a good rifle, my friend?" asked Mr. Clay. "Yes." "Did it ever flash?" "Once only," he replied. "What did you do with it,—throw it away?" "No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down the game." "Have I ever flashed, but upon the Compensation Bill?" "No!" "Will you throw me away?" "No, no!" exclaimed the hunter with enthusiasm, nearly overpowered by his feelings; "I will pick the flint, and try you again!" He was ever afterward a warm supporter of Mr. Clay.

THE FAMOUS "MISSOURI COMPROMISE."

In March, 1818, a petition for the admission of Missouri into the Union was presented in Congress; and then began that long and bitter struggle over slavery, which, after convulsing the country for nearly half a century, was finally ended on the banks of the Appomattox, in 1865. "No sooner had the debate begun," says Schurz, "than it became clear that the philosophical anti-slavery sentiment of the revolutionary period had entirely ceased to have any influence upon current thought in the South. The abolition of the foreign slave trade had not, as had been hoped, prepared the way for the abolition of slavery or weakened the slave interest in any sense. On the contrary, slavery had been immensely strengthened by an economic development making it more profitable than it ever had been before. The invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, in 1793, had made the culture of cotton a very productive source of wealth. In 1800 the exportation of cotton from the United States was 19,000,000 pounds, valued at $5,700,000. In 1820 the value of the cotton export was nearly $20,000,000, almost all of it the product of slave labor. The value of slaves may be said to have at least trebled in twenty years. The breeding of slaves became a profitable industry. Under such circumstances the slaveholders arrived at the conclusion that slavery was by no means so wicked and hurtful an institution as their revolutionary fathers had thought it to be. The anti-slavery professions of the revolutionary time became to them an awkward reminiscence, which they would have been glad to wipe from their own and other people's memories. On the other hand, in the Northern States there was no such change of feeling. Slavery was still, in the nature of things, believed to be a wrong and a sore. The change of sentiment in the South had not yet produced its reflex in the North. The slavery question had not become a subject of difference of opinion

and of controversy among the Northern people. As they had abolished slavery in their States, so they took it for granted that it ought to disappear, and would disappear in time, everywhere else. Slavery had indeed, now and then, asserted itself in the discussions of Congress as a distinct interest, but not in such a way as to arouse much alarm in the free States. The amendment to the Missouri Bill, providing for a restriction with regard to slavery, came therefore in a perfectly natural way from that Northern sentiment which remained still faithful to the traditions of the revolutionary period. And it was a great surprise to most Northern people that so natural a proposition should be so fiercely resisted on



TURNPIKE IN THE BLUE GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY.

the part of the South. It was the sudden revelation of a change of feeling in the South which the North had not observed in its progress. 'The discussion of this Missouri question has betrayed the secret of their souls,' wrote John Quincy Adams. The slaveholders watched with apprehension the steady growth of the free States in population, wealth, and power. In 1790 the population of the two sections had been nearly even. In 1820 there was a difference of over 600,000 in favor of the North in a total of less than ten millions. In 1790 the representation of the two sections in Congress had been about evenly balanced. In 1820 the census promised to give the North a preponderance of

more than thirty votes in the House of Representatives. As the slaveholders had no longer the ultimate extinction, but now the perpetuation, of slavery in view, the question of sectional power became one of first importance to them, and with it the necessity of having more slave States for the purpose of maintaining the political equilibrium, at least in the Senate. A struggle for more slave States was to them a struggle for life. This was the true significance of the Missouri question."

The famous "Missouri Compromise," by which the ominous dispute of 1820 was at last settled, included the admission of one free State (Maine) and one slave State (Missouri) at the same time;—a precedent which it was understood would be thereafter followed; and it was enacted that no other slave State should be formed out of any of the Louisiana or "Northwest territory" north of latitude 36° 30′, which was the southern boundary line of Missouri. The assent of opposing parties to this arrangement was secured largely by the patriotic efforts of Clay, who, says Schurz, "did not confine himself to speeches, . . . but went from man to man, expostulating, beseeching, persuading, in his most winning way. . . . His success added greatly to his reputation and gave new strength to his influence." The result, says John Quincy Adams, was "to bring into full display the talents and resources and influence of Mr. Clay." He was praised as "the great pacificator,"—a character which was confirmed by the deeds of his later life.

During his long term in the House of Representatives, Clay had the misfortune to incur the hatred of General Jackson,—a hatred which, once roused, was implacable. The only ground for Jackson's ill-will was found in proper criticisms by Clay of his public acts; but to Jackson no criticism was proper; and from that time forward hatred of Clay became one of Jackson's leading motives, actually determining his course in many of the most important acts of his public life. In 1825 it led to an attack which profoundly affected the political history of the time, as well as the career of Henry Clay.

The presidential election of 1824 gave no one of the candidates a majority of the electoral votes. Jackson had 99 votes, Adams 84, Crawford 41, and Clay 37. Under the Constitution this result made it necessary for the House of Representatives to choose the President from among the three candidates having the largest number of votes. Clay was Speaker of the House; and as his influence at this time was very great, it was at once perceived that he had it practically within his power to decide the choice; and the friends of both Jackson and Crawford began to pay assiduous court to him. He however promptly declared his intention of using his influence to secure the choice of Adams; whereupon the Jackson party, a few days before the election, publicly accused him of having sold his influence to Adams under a "corrupt bargain," by which Clay was to be given the Secretaryship of State in payment for making Adams

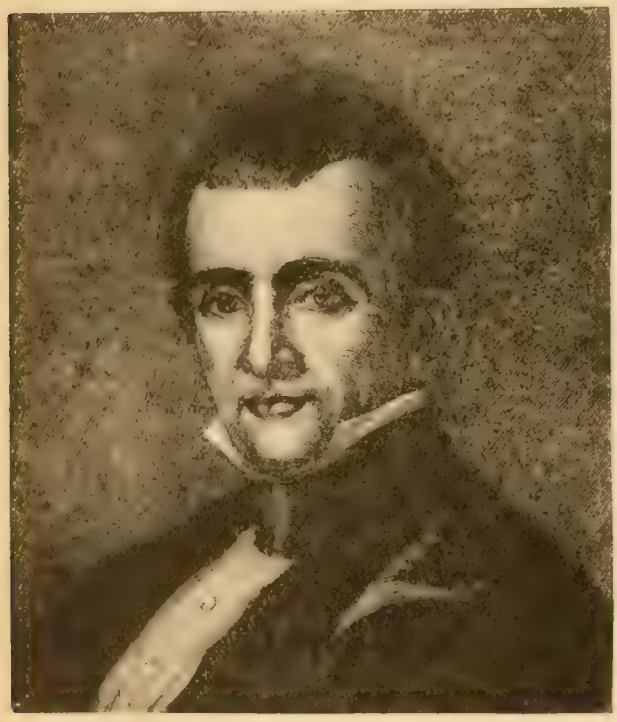
President. Adams was Clay's natural choice, and it was altogether fitting and proper that Clay should take the first place in the cabinet; but the charge, with ingenious malice, was made *before* the election; and when the event proved as predicted, the confirmation of what seemed a prophecy was almost irresistible, and it had a tremendous and most damaging effect. For years the cry of "bargain and sale" was never allowed to drop. History has shown that no charge was ever more completely unfounded. It appears to have been a deliberately concocted slander; yet, in spite of every defense, the injury to Clay's reputation and subsequent career was very great.

In 1829, Jackson succeeded to the Presidency, and for a short season Clay returned to private life in his beautiful Kentucky home; but he was not long to remain there; in 1831 he was again elected to the Senate, where he remained until 1842. They were stormy years. In South Carolina the opposition to the protective tariff had led to the promulgation of the famous "nullification" theory,—the doctrine that any State had the power to declare a law of the United States null and void. Jackson, whose anger was thoroughly aroused, dealt with the revolt in summary fashion; threatening that if any resistance to the government was attempted, he would instantly have the leaders arrested and brought to trial for treason. Nevertheless, to allay the discontent of the South, Clay devised his Compromise Tariff of 1833, under which the duties were gradually reduced, until they reached a minimum of twenty per cent. In 1832 he allowed himself, very unwisely, to be a candidate for the presidency, Jackson's re-election being a foregone conclusion. In 1836 he declined a nomination, and Van Buren was elected. Then followed the panic of 1837, which insured the defeat of the party in power, and the election of the Whig candidate at the following presidential election; but the popularity of General Jackson had convinced the party managers that success demanded a military hero as a candidate; and accordingly General Harrison, "the hero of Tippecanoe," was elected, after the famous "Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign" of 1840. This slight was deeply mortifying to Clay, who had counted with confidence upon being the candidate of the party. "I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties," he truly remarked: "always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I, or any one else, would be sure of an election."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1844.

In 1844, however, Clay's opportunity came at last. He was so obviously the Whig candidate that there was no opposition. The convention met at Baltimore in May, and he was nominated by acclamation, with a shout that shook the building. Everything appeared to indicate success, and his supporters regarded his triumphant election as certain.

But into the politics of the time had come a new factor—the "Liberty party." This had been hitherto considered unimportant; but the proposed annexation of Texas, which had become a prominent question, was opposed by many in the North who had hitherto voted with the Whig party. Clay was a slaveholder; and though he had opposed the extension of slavery, his record was not satisfactory to those who disapproved of the annexation of Texas. By letters and speeches he endeavored to conciliate them; but he was between two fires; he did not succeed in securing their adherence, while his efforts to do so lost him the support of many with whom annexation was popular. Then, too, his old enemy, Jackson, from his seclusion at the "Hermitage," wrote letters reviving the old "bargain and corruption" story of 1825. By an audacious fraud, his opponents posed in Pennsylvania as the friends of protection, and the cry of "Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of 1842!" was made to do duty against him. As the campaign progressed, the more clear-sighted among his friends, in spite of his immense popularity, began to feel somewhat less certain of the result. But while the managers noticed the adverse current, the masses of the Whig party firmly expected success to the very last. It seemed impossible to them that Henry Clay could be defeated by James K. Polk. Everything depended on New York. The returns from the interior of the State came in slowly. There seemed to be still a possibility that heavy Whig majorities in the western counties might overcome the large Democratic vote in the eastern. The suspense was painful. People did not go to bed, watching for the mails. When at last the decisive news went forth which left no doubt of the result, the Whigs broke out in a wail of agony all over the land. "It was," says Nathan Sargent, "as if the first-born of every family had been stricken down." The descriptions we have of the grief manifested are almost incredible. Tears flowed in abundance from the eyes of men and women. In the cities and villages the business places were almost deserted for a day or two, people gathering together in



JAMES K. POLK.

groups to discuss in low tones what had happened. Neither did the victorious Democrats indulge in the usual demonstrations of triumph. There was a feeling as if a great wrong had been done. The Whigs were fairly stunned by their defeat. Many despaired of the republic, sincerely believing that the experiment of popular government had failed forever. Almost all agreed that the great statesmen of the country would thenceforth always remain excluded from the presidency, and that the highest office would be the prize only of second-rate politicians.

During the autumn and early part of the winter of 1844–5 Clay remained at Ashland, receiving and answering a flood of letters from all parts of the United States, and even from Europe, which conveyed to him expressions of condolence and sympathy. Private cares had meanwhile gathered, in addition to his public disappointments. He had for some time been laboring under great pecuniary embarrassment, owing partly to the drafts which are always made upon the purse of a prominent public man, partly to the business failure of one of his sons. Aside from other pressing debts, there was a heavy mortgage resting on Ashland, and, as an old man of sixty-seven, Clay found himself forced to consider whether, in order to satisfy his creditors, it would not be necessary to part with his beloved home. Relief came to him suddenly, and in an unexpected form. When offering a payment to the bank at Lexington, the president informed him that sums of money had arrived from different parts of the country to pay off Henry Clay's debts, and that all the notes and the mortgage were canceled. Clay was deeply moved. "Who did this?" he asked the banker. All the answer he received was that the givers were unknown, but they were presumably "not his enemies." Clay doubted whether he should accept the gift, and consulted some of his friends. They reminded him of the many persons of historic renown who had not refused tokens of admiration and gratitude from their countrymen; and added that, as he could not discover the unknown givers, he could not return the gift; and, as the gift appeared in the shape of a discharged obligation, he could not force the renewal of the debt. At last he consented to accept, and thus was Ashland saved to him.

THE COMPROMISE OF 1850.

The last and greatest public work of Clay's life was the famous Compromise of 1850, which, as has often been said, postponed for ten years the great Civil War. In 1849 he was unanimously elected United States Senator by the Kentucky Legislature, in spite of the well-known fact that his views on the slavery question were distasteful to a large number of his constituents. The truth is that they saw that a storm was gathering, and relied on Clay's wisdom and patriotism to meet the emergency. The sentiment against slavery was increasing. The free States were outstripping the slave States in wealth and popula-

tion. It was evident that slavery must have more territory or die. Shut out of the Northwest by the Missouri Compromise, it was supposed that a great field for its extension had been gained in Texas and the territory acquired from Mexico. But now California, a part of this territory which had been counted upon for slavery, was populated by a sudden rush of Northern immigration, attracted by the discovery of gold; and a State government was organized, with a constitution excluding slavery. Thus, instead of adding to the area of slavery, the Mexican territory seemed likely to increase the strength of freedom. The South was both alarmed and exasperated. Threats of disunion were freely made. It was evident that prompt measures must be taken to allay the prevail-



RESIDENCE OF A SOUTHERN PLANTER.

ing excitement, if disruption were to be avoided. In such an emergency it was natural that all eyes should turn to the "great pacificator," Henry Clay.

When, at the session of 1849–'50, he appeared in the Senate, to assist, if possible, in removing the slavery question from politics, Clay was an infirm and serious, but not sad, old man of seventy-two. He never lost his cheerfulness or faith, but he felt deeply for his distracted country. During that memorable session of Congress he spoke seventy times. Often extremely sick and feeble, scarcely able, with the assistance of a friend's arm, to climb the steps of the Capitol, he was never absent on the days when the Compromise was to be debated. On the morning on which he began his great speech, he was accom-

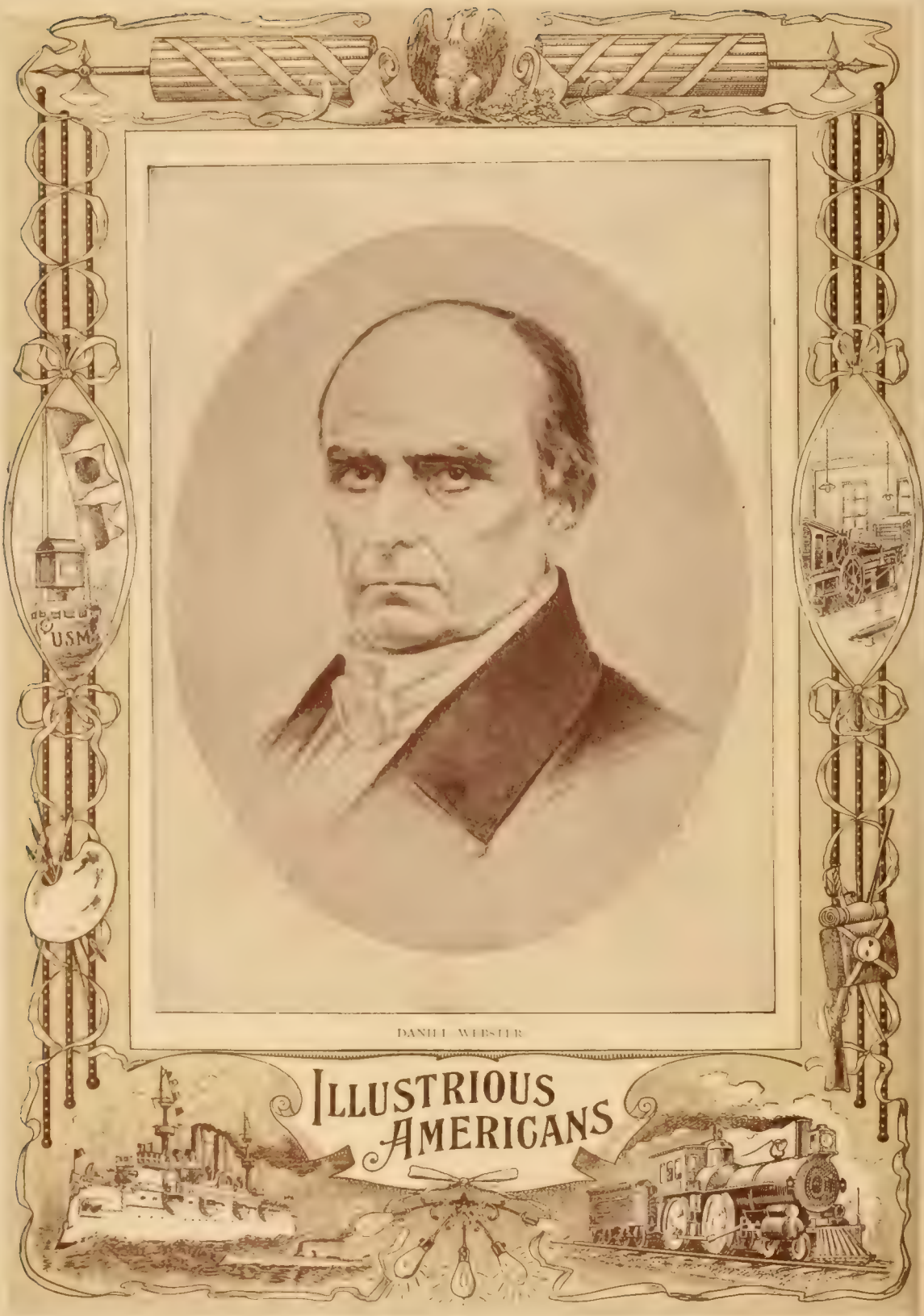
panied by a clerical friend, to whom he said, on reaching the long flight of steps leading to the Capitol, "Will you lend me your arm, my friend? for I find myself quite weak and exhausted this morning." Every few steps he was obliged to stop and take breath. "Had you not better defer your speech?" asked the clergyman. "My dear friend," said the dying orator, "I consider our country in danger; and if I can be the means, in any measure, of averting that danger, my health or life is of little consequence." When he rose to speak, it was but too evident that he was unfit for the task he had undertaken. But as he kindled with his subject, his cough left him, and his bent form resumed all its wonted erectness and majesty. He may, in the prime of his strength, have spoken with more energy, but never with so much pathos or grandeur. His speech lasted two days; and though he lived two years longer, he never recovered from the effects of the effort. The thermometer in the Senate chamber marked nearly 100°. Toward the close of the second day, his friends repeatedly proposed an adjournment; but he would not desist until he had given complete utterance to his feelings. He said afterward that he was not sure, if he gave way to an adjournment, that he should ever be able to resume.

Never was Clay's devotion to the Union displayed in such thrilling and pathetic forms as in the course of this long debate. On one occasion allusion was made to a South Carolina hot-head, who had publicly proposed to raise the flag of disunion. When Clay retorted by saying, that, if Mr. Rhett had really meant that proposition, and should follow it up by corresponding acts, he would be a *traitor*, and added, "and I hope he will meet a traitor's fate," thunders of applause broke from the crowded galleries. When the chairman succeeded in restoring silence, Mr. Clay made that celebrated declaration which was so frequently quoted in 1861: "If Kentucky to-morrow shall unfurl the banner of resistance unjustly, I will never fight under that banner. I owe paramount allegiance to the whole Union, a subordinate one to my own State." Again: "The Senator speaks of Virginia being my country. This Union, sir, is my country; the thirty States are my country; Kentucky is my country, and Virginia, no more than any State in the Union." And yet again: "There are those who think that the Union must be preserved by an exclusive reliance upon love and reason. That is not my opinion. I have some confidence in this instrumentality; but, depend upon it, no human government can exist without the power of applying force, and the actual application of it in extreme cases."

"Who can estimate," says Parton, "the influence of these clear and emphatic utterances ten years after? The crowded galleries, the numberless newspaper reports, the quickly succeeding death of the great orator, all aided to give them currency and effect. We shall never know how many wavering minds they aided to decide in 1861. Not that Mr. Clay really believed the conflict would occur: he was mercifully permitted to die in the conviction that the

Compromise of 1850 had removed all immediate danger, and greatly lessened that of the future. Far indeed was he from foreseeing that the ambition of Stephen A. Douglas, a man born in New England, calling himself a disciple of Andrew Jackson, would within five years destroy all compromises, and render all future compromise impossible, by procuring the repeal of the first,—the Missouri Compromise of 1821?"

"Whatever Clay's weaknesses of character and errors in statesmanship may have been," says Schurz, "almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South American sister republics, or attacked the high-handed conduct of the military chieftain in the Florida war, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or assailed the one-man power and spoils politics in the person of Andrew Jackson, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff or slavery; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong,—there was always ringing through his words a fervid plea for his country, a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the Republic, or an anxious warning lest the Union, and with it the greatness and glory of the American people, be put in jeopardy. It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote: "If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of the Union will furnish him the key."



DANIEL WEBSTER

DANIEL WEBSTER,

THE DEFENDER OF NATIONAL UNION.



IN THE hall of the United States Senate, on January 26, 1830, occurred one of the most memorable scenes in the annals of Congress. It was then that Daniel Webster made his famous "Reply to Hayne,"—that renowned speech which has been declared the greatest oration ever made in Congress, and which, in its far-reaching effect upon the public mind, did so much to shape the future destiny of the American Union. That speech was Webster's crowning work, and the event of his life by which he will be best known to posterity.

Nothing in our history is more striking than the contrast between the Union of the time of Washington and the Union of the time of Lincoln. It was not merely that in the intervening seventy-two years the republic had grown great and powerful; it was that the popular sentiment toward the Union was transformed. The old feeling of distrust and jealousy had given place to a passionate attachment. It was as though a puny, sickly, feeble child, not expected by its parents even to live, had come to be their strong defense and support, their joy and pride. A weak league of States had become a strong nation; and when in 1861 it was attacked, millions of men were ready to fight for its defense. What brought about this great change? What was it that stirred this larger patriotism, that gave shape and purpose to the growing feeling of national pride and unity? It was in a great degree the work of Daniel Webster. It was he who maintained and advocated the theory that the Federal Constitution created, not a league, but a nation,—that it welded the people into organic union, supreme and perpetual; who set forth in splendid completeness the picture of a great nation, inseparably united, commanding the first allegiance and loyalty of every citizen; and who so fostered and strengthened the sentiment of union that when the great struggle came, it had grown too strong to be overthrown.

Daniel Webster was born in the year 1782,—soon after the surrender of Cornwallis, but before the treaty of peace had formally ended the War of the

Revolution. His father was one of the brave men who fought at Lexington; and like most of the patriots of that day, had a large family to support and educate on his rocky New Hampshire farm. Daniel was the youngest of ten children, and, like the rest, was early put to work. He was intensely fond of books. When at work in his father's saw-mill, he would set a log, and while the saw was going through it, would devour a book. There was a small circulating library in the village, and Daniel read everything it contained, committing most of the contents to memory. His talents as a reader were known in the neighborhood, and the passing teamsters, while they watered their horses, delighted to get "Webster's boy," with his delicate look and great dark eyes, to come out beneath the shade of the trees and read the Bible to them with all the force of his childish eloquence.

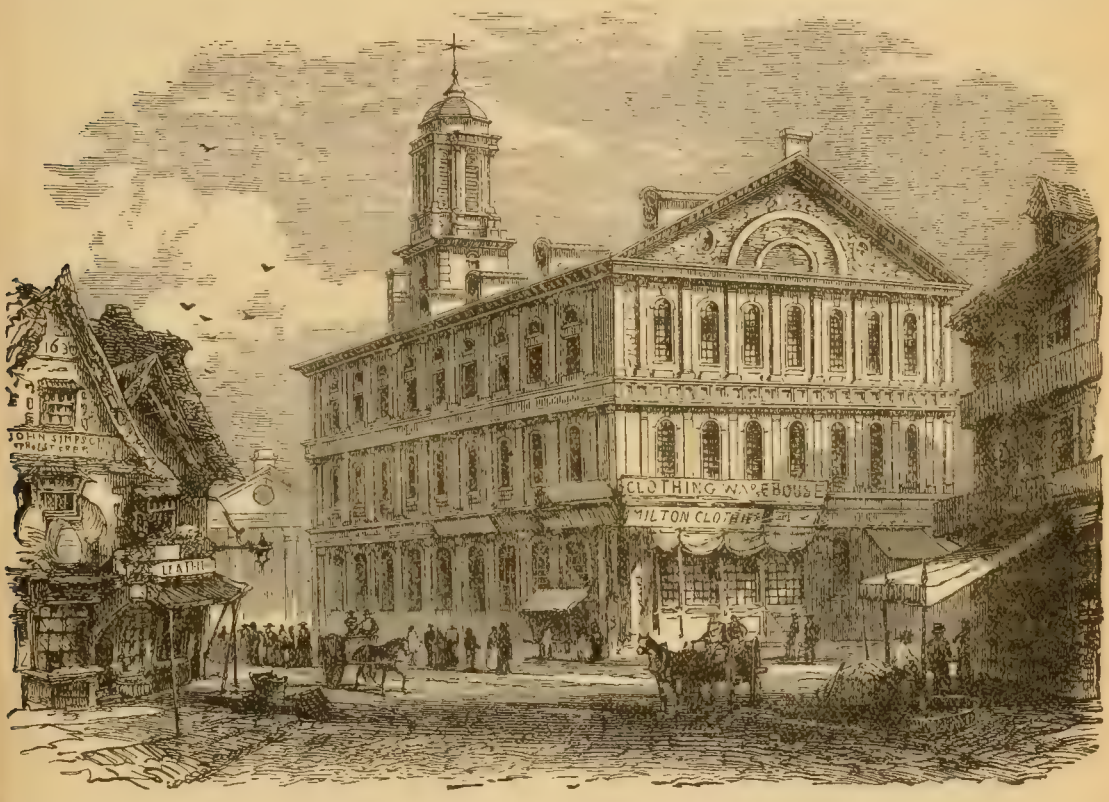
Daniel's abilities as a boy in many ways gave promise of his future greatness. His powers of memory were, all through life, most extraordinary. His teacher used to tell of one of the facts of his schoolboy days. "On a Saturday, I remember," says the ancient pedagogue, "I held up a handsome new jack-knife to the scholars, and said that the boy who would commit to memory the greatest number of verses in the Bible by Monday morning should have it. Many of the boys did well; but when it came to Daniel's turn to recite, I found that he had committed so much, that, after hearing him repeat some sixty or seventy verses, I was obliged to give up,—he telling me that there were *several chapters* yet to recite, that he had learned. Daniel got that jack-knife."

The story of the sacrifices made by the whole family in order that the boys might be educated, bears touching witness to the family affection and unity. When fourteen, Daniel was sent to Phillips Exeter Academy, and in the following year he entered Dartmouth College. By teaching school in vacation he made his way through college, and also managed to aid his brother Ezekiel. He was the foremost man in his class, maintaining this position throughout the whole course. In 1801 he began to study law in Salisbury, New Hampshire. In 1804, to perfect his legal knowledge, he went to Boston, and was admitted to the bar in 1805.

WEBSTER'S MAGNIFICENT APPEARANCE.

No sketch of Daniel Webster is complete or adequate which omits to describe his extraordinary personal appearance and presence. "We can but half understand his eloquence and its influence," says Mr. Lodge, "if we do not carefully study his physical attributes, his temperament and disposition. In face, form, and voice, nature did her utmost for Daniel Webster. He seemed to every one to be a giant; that, at least, is the word we most commonly find applied to him; and there is no better proof of his wonderful impressiveness than this fact, for he was not a man of extraordinary stature. He was five feet ten inches in height, and, in health, weighed a little less than two hundred pounds. These

are the proportions of a large man, but there is nothing remarkable about them. We must look elsewhere than to mere size to discover why men spoke of Webster as a giant. He had a swarthy complexion and straight black hair. His head was very large; at the same time it was of noble shape, with a broad and lofty brow, and his features were finely cut and full of massive strength. His eyes were extraordinary. They were very large and deep-set, and, when he began to rouse himself to action, shone with the deep light of a forge-fire, getting ever more glowing as excitement rose. His voice was in harmony with



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, WHICH WEBSTER CALLED "THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY."

his appearance. It was low and musical in conversation; in debate it was high but full, ringing out in moments of excitement like a clarion, and then sinking to deep notes with the solemn richness of organ-tones, while the words were accompanied by a manner in which grace and dignity mingled in complete accord."

That indefinable quality which we call personal magnetism, the power of impressing by one's personality every human being who comes near, was at its height in Mr. Webster. He never, for instance, punished his children, but when they did wrong he would send for them and look at them silently. The look,

whether of sorrow or anger, was punishment and rebuke enough. It was the same with other children.

Daniel Webster had surpassing abilities in three great spheres,—those of the lawyer, the orator, and the statesman. As a lawyer his most famous arguments are those in the Dartmouth College case, the White murder case, and the "steamboat case," as it was called. A part of his speech in the murder case is still printed in school readers, and declaimed on examination days. The Dartmouth College case is one of the most famous in American litigation. While very intricate, it may be generally described as a suit to annul the charter of the college on the ground that it had failed to carry out the purposes expressed in the will of its founder. After trial in the State courts, it was appealed to the United States Supreme Court, before which Mr. Webster made his great argument in 1818. Mr. C. A. Goodrich, who was present, has given the following description of the scene:—

The Supreme Court of the United States held its session, that winter, in a mean apartment of moderate size—the Capitol not having been built after its destruction in 1814. The audience, when the case came on, was therefore small, consisting chiefly of legal men, the *élite* of the profession throughout the country. Mr. Webster entered upon his argument in the calm tone of easy and dignified conversation. His matter was so completely at his command that he scarcely looked at his brief, but went on for more than four hours with a statement so luminous and a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood, and yet approaching so nearly to absolute demonstration, that he seemed to carry with him every man in his audience, without the slightest effort or weariness on either side. It was hardly eloquence, in the strict sense of the term; it was pure reason. Now and then, for a sentence or two, his eye flashed and his voice swelled into a bolder note, as he uttered some emphatic thought; but he instantly fell back into the tone of earnest conversation, which ran throughout the great body of his speech.

A single circumstance will show the clearness and absorbing power of his argument. I had observed that Judge Story, at the opening of the case, had prepared himself, pen in hand, as if to take copious minutes. Hour after hour I saw him fixed in the same attitude, but, so far as I could perceive, with not a note on his paper. The argument closed, and I could not discover that he had taken a single note. Others around me remarked the same thing; and it was among the *on dits* of Washington, that a friend spoke to him of the fact with surprise, when the judge remarked: "Everything was so clear, and so easy to remember, that not a note seemed necessary, and, in fact, I thought little or nothing about my notes."

The argument ended. Mr. Webster stood for some moments silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Chief Justice, Marshall, he proceeded thus:

"This, sir, is my case! It is the case, not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in our land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout our country; of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors to alleviate human misery, and scatter blessings along the pathway of life. It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped; for the question is simply this: Shall our State Legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends and purposes as they, in their discretion, shall see fit.

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do

so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land.

"It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet, there are those who love it——"

Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears; his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. I will not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the trials and privations through which he had made his way into life. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart which sought relief in words and tears.

The court-room, during these two or three minutes, presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall, gaunt figure bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheeks expanded with emotion, and eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington at his side, with his small and emaciated frame, and countenance more like marble than I ever saw on any human being, leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the court, at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, toward a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench to catch each look, and every movement of the speaker's face. If a painter could give us the scene on canvas—those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster as he then stood in the midst, it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. One thing it taught me, that the pathetic depends not merely on the words uttered, but still more on the estimate we put upon him who utters them. There was not one among the strong-minded men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep, when he saw standing before him the man who had made such an argument, melted into the tenderness of a child.

Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and fixing his eye on the Chief Justice, said, in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience:—

"Sir, I know not how others may feel" (glancing at the opponents of the college before him), "but, for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the Senate-house, by those who are reiterating stab upon stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me and say, '*Et tu quoque, mi fili!* And thou too, my son!'"

He sat down. There was a death-like stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself, and coming gradually back to his ordinary range of thought and feeling.

As an orator, Mr. Webster's most famous speeches are the Plymouth Rock address, in 1820, on the two hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims; the Bunker Hill Monument address, in 1825; and his speeches in the Senate on January 30th, 1830, in reply to Hayne, and March 7th, 1850, on Clay's Compromise Bill.

Of the Plymouth Rock oration a glimpse is given in a letter written at the time to a friend by Mr. George Ticknor. He writes:—

"*Friday Evening.* I have run away from a great levee there is down-stairs, thronging in admiration round Mr. Webster, to tell you a little word about his oration. Yet I do not dare to trust myself about it, and I warn you beforehand that I have not the least confidence in my own opinion. His manner carried me away completely; not, I think, that I could have been so carried away if it had been a poor oration, for of that, I apprehend, there can be no fear. It *must* have

been a great, a very great performance; but whether it was so absolutely unrivaled as I imagined when I was under the immediate influence of his presence, of his tones, of his looks, I cannot be sure till I have read it, for it seems to me incredible.

"I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood; for, after all, you must know that I am aware it is no connected and compacted whole, but a collection of wonderful fragments of burning eloquence, to which his whole manner gave tenfold force. When I came out I was almost afraid to come near to him. It seemed to me that he was like the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire. I was beside myself, and am so still.

"The passage at the end, where, spreading his arms as if to embrace them, he welcomed future generations to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed, was spoken with the most attractive sweetness, and that peculiar smile which in him was always so charming. The effect of the whole was very great. As soon as he got home to our lodgings, all the principal people then in Plymouth crowded about him. He was full of animation, and radiant with happiness. But there was something about him very grand and imposing at the same time. I never saw him at any time when he seemed to me to be more conscious of his own powers, or to have a more true and natural enjoyment from their possession."

THE MEMORABLE "REPLY TO HAYNE."

Beyond all doubt, Mr. Webster's greatest and most renowned oratorical effort was his speech in reply to Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina, delivered in the Senate on the 26th of January, 1830. "There was," says Edward Everett, "a very great excitement in Washington, growing out of the controversies of the day, and the action of the South; and party spirit ran uncommonly high. There seemed to be a preconcerted action on the part of the Southern members to break down the Northern men, and to destroy their force and influence by a premeditated onslaught.

"Mr. Hayne's speech was an eloquent one, as all know who ever read it. He was considered the foremost Southerner in debate, except Calhoun, who was Vice-President and could not enter the arena. Mr. Hayne was the champion of the Southern side. Those who heard his speech felt much alarm, for two reasons; first on account of its eloquence and power, and second, because of its many personalities. It was thought by many who heard it, and by some of Mr. Webster's personal friends, that it was impossible for him to answer the speech.

"I shared a little myself in that fear and apprehension," said Mr. Everett. "I knew from what I heard concerning General Hayne's speech that it was a very masterly effort, and delivered with a great deal of power and with an air of triumph. I was engaged on that day in a committee of which I was chairman, and could not be present in the Senate. But immediately after the adjournment, I hastened to Mr. Webster's house, with, I admit, some little trepidation, not knowing how I should find him. But I was quite re-assured in a moment after seeing Mr. Webster, and observing his entire calmness. He seemed to be as much at his ease and as unmoved as I ever saw him. Indeed,

at first I was a little afraid from this that he was not quite aware of the magnitude of the contest. I said at once :—

"'Mr. Hayne has made a speech?'

"'Yes, he has made a speech.'

"'You reply in the morning?'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Webster, 'I do not propose to let the case go by default, and without saying a word.'

"'Did you take notes, Mr. Webster, of Mr. Hayne's speech.'

"Mr. Webster took from his vest pocket a piece of paper about as big as the palm of his hand, and replied, 'I have it all: that is his speech.'

"I immediately arose," said Mr. Everett, "and remarked to him that I would not disturb him longer; Mr. Webster desired me not to hasten, as he had no desire to be alone; but I left."

"On the morning of the memorable day," writes Mr. Lodge, "the Senate chamber was packed by an eager and excited crowd. Every seat on the floor and in the galleries was occupied, and all the available standing-room was filled. The protracted debate, conducted with so much ability on both sides, had excited the attention of the whole country, and had given time for the arrival of hundreds, of interested spectators from all parts of the Union, and especially from New England.

"In the midst of the hush of expectation, in that dead silence which is so peculiarly oppressive because it is possible only when many human beings are gathered together, Mr. Webster arose. His personal grandeur and his majestic calm thrilled all who looked upon him. With perfect quietness, unaffected apparently by the atmosphere of intense feeling about him, he said, in a low, even tone :—

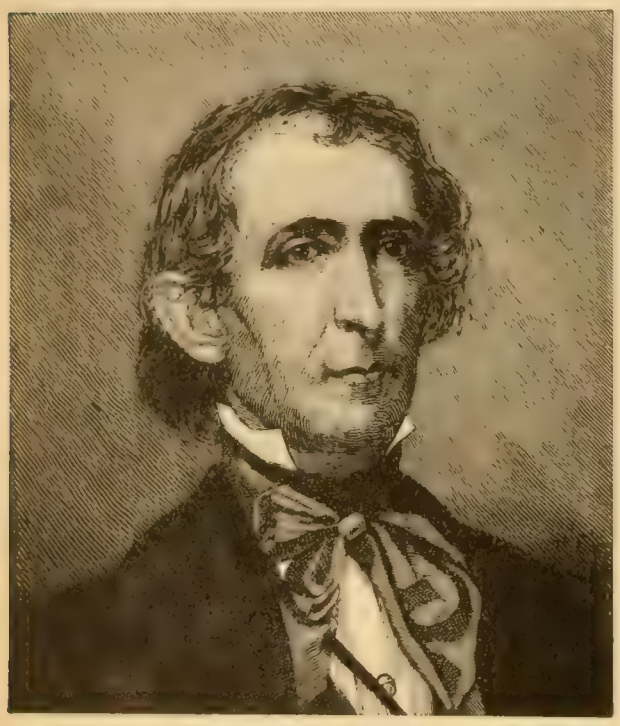
"'Mr. President: When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence; and, before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may, at least, be able to conjecture where we are now. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate.'

"This opening sentence was a piece of consummate art. The simple and appropriate image, the low voice, the calm manner, relieved the strained excitement of the audience, which might have ended by disconcerting the speaker if it had been maintained. Every one was now at his ease; and when the monotonous reading of the resolution ceased, Mr. Webster was master of the situation, and had his listeners in complete control."

With breathless attention they followed him as he proceeded. The strong, masculine sentences, the sarcasm, the pathos, the reasoning, the burning appeals to love of State and country, flowed on unbroken. As his feelings warmed the

fire came into his eyes; there was a glow in his swarthy cheek; his strong right arm seemed to sweep away resistlessly the whole phalanx of his opponents, and the deep and melodious cadences of his voice sounded like harmonious organ tones as they filled the chamber with their music. Who that ever read or heard it can forget the closing passage of that glorious speech?

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance behold rather the glorious ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* or those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards;* but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!"



JOHN TYLER.

As the last words died away into silence, those who had listened looked wonderingly at each other, dimly conscious that they had heard one of the grand speeches which are landmarks in the history of eloquence; and the men of the North and of New England went forth full of the pride of victory, for their champion had triumphed, and no assurance was needed to prove to the world that this time no answer could be made.

During all the years of Jackson's and Van Buren's administrations, Mr. Webster continued in the United States Senate. He opposed the innovations and usurpations of Jackson's reign; he was dignified, prudent, conservative. "Amid the flighty politics of the time," says Parton, "there seemed one solid thing in America as long as he sat in the arm-chair of the Senate Chamber."

Upon Harrison's inauguration in 1841, Mr. Webster became Secretary of State, which office he held under President Tyler until 1843. During this time

he negotiated the famous treaty with Lord Ashburton, which settled a dispute of long standing with England over the Maine boundary. In 1843 he resigned this position. He supported Clay for the Presidency in 1844, opposing the annexation of Texas, because it would involve the extension of slavery. In 1845 he was again elected to the Senate, and opposed the prosecution of the Mexican war, the real purpose of which was the increase of slave territory.

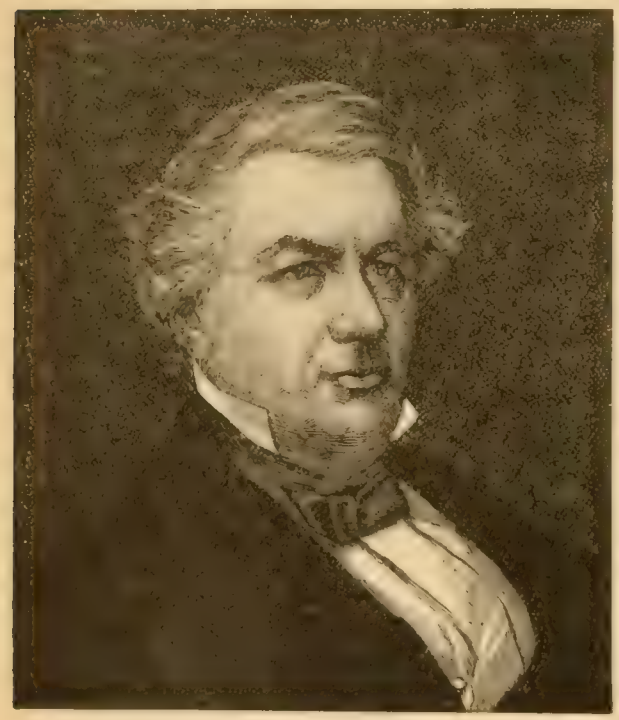
THE CRISIS OF 1850.

In 1850 the contest over slavery had become so fierce that it threatened to break up the Union. The advocates of slavery were bent upon its extension, while its opponents wished to restrict it to the States where it already existed. Webster was always opposed to slavery; but in the crisis of 1850, he thought that all other measures should be subordinate to the preservation of the Union. No one had done more than he to strengthen and perpetuate the Union; but it was his conviction that it would be destroyed if the struggle over slavery came to an issue at that time. Every year the attachment of the people to the Union was growing stronger. Every year the free States were gaining upon the slave States in strength, population, and power. If the contest over slavery could be averted, or even postponed, slavery would decline and ultimately die out, and the Union be preserved; while if the conflict were precipitated, the Union would be destroyed, and slavery perpetuated. Accordingly, he gave his support to the Compromise measures; and on the 7th of March, 1850, he made in advocacy of them the most famous speech of his life, before a great audience, hushed to death-like stillness, in the Senate chamber.

"Mr. President," Mr. Webster began, "I wish to speak to-day, not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States,—a body to which the country looks, with confidence, for wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing counsels. It is not to be denied that we live in the midst of strong agitations, and are surrounded by very considerable dangers to our institutions of government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. The East, the West, the North, and the stormy South, all combine to throw the whole ocean into commotion, to toss its billows to the skies, and disclose its profoundest depths. . . . I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety, for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of the whole; and there is that which will keep me to my duty during this struggle, whether the sun and the stars shall appear, or shall not appear, for many days. I speak to-day for the preservation of the Union. 'Hear me for my cause.' I speak to-day out of a solicitous and anxious heart, for the restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to us all."

The Compromise measures before the Senate included two provisions which were particularly odious to the North,—one for the extension of slavery to the territory purchased from Mexico; the other for a more stringent law for the capture and return of fugitive slaves. Webster in his speech advocated the

acceptance of these provisions as part of the Compromise, and in doing so gave great offence to many supporters in the North, who had looked upon him as a steady opponent of slavery, who would never yield an inch to its exactions. In his speech Webster maintained that the constitution recognized the right of the master to the return of his escaped slave, and that its obligations could not be evaded without a violation of good faith. As to the territories, he argued that slavery was already by nature excluded from New Mexico, which was not adapted to the products of slave labor, and that to "re-enact a law of God," by formally excluding it, was a needless irritation to the South. Although he supported his position with great force, his speech was nevertheless regarded by anti-slavery men in the North as a surrender to the slave power, made with a view to securing support in the South as a candidate for the Presidency. He was denounced as recreant to the cause of freedom, and accused of having sold himself to the South. These charges did much to embitter the last years of his life; but he firmly adhered to his course, supported the Compromise measure in Congress, and made a number of speeches in its favor throughout the North. After his death there was a gradual reaction, and many who had condemned him came to admit that his course, whether wise or not, was at least guided by pure and patriotic motives.



MILLARD FILLMORE.

In July, 1850, while the great Compromise was still before Congress, Webster was appointed by President Fillmore Secretary of State, which office he held until his death. His summer home was an immense farm at Marshfield, near Plymouth, Massachusetts, and for many years he had taken the keenest interest in all the operations of the farm. A friend who was often with him tells how he enjoyed his cattle, and how, on one occasion, after each animal was secured in his place, Mr. Webster amused himself by feeding them with ears of corn from an unhusked pile lying on the barn floor. As his son was trying to keep warm by playing with the dog, he said:—

"You do not seem, my son, to take much interest in this; but, for my part" (and here he broke an ear and fed the pieces to the oxen on his right and left, and watched them as they crunched it), "I like it. I would rather be here than in the Senate," adding, with a smile which showed all his white teeth, "I think it better company."

In May, 1852, while driving near his Marshfield home, Mr. Webster was thrown from the carriage and seriously injured. Although he recovered sufficiently to visit Washington afterward, he never regained his health, and a few months later, in the autumn of 1852, he died at Marshfield. His death and burial were scenes of sublime pathos. In his last hours he manifested a strong desire to be conscious of the actual approach of death, and his last words were, "*I still live.*" An immense concourse gathered at his funeral. It was a clear, beautiful autumn day, and his body was brought from the house and placed on the lawn, under the blue sky, where for several hours a stream of people of every class moved past, to gaze for the last time upon his majestic features. One, a plain farmer, was heard to say in a low voice, as he turned away, "Daniel Webster, without you the world will seem lonesome."

The spot where Webster reposes is upon elevated land, and overlooks the sea, his mammoth farm, the First Parish Church, and most of the town of Marshfield, wide spreading marshes, forests remote and near, the tranquil river, and glistening brooks. On a pleasant day the sands of Cape Cod can be descried from it, thirty miles directly to the east, where the Pilgrims first moored their ship. The spot is perfectly retired and quiet, nothing being usually heard but the solemn dirge of the ocean and the answering sighs of the winds. It is the spot of all others for his resting-place.

All in a temperate air, a golden light,
 Rich with October, sad with afternoon,
Fitly his frame was laid, with rustic rite,
 To rest amid the ripened harvest boon.
He loved the ocean's mighty murmur deep,
And this shall lull him through his dreamless sleep.



THE ELMS, YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN.



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS



OLD GATES AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

THE GREAT ADVOCATE OF STATES RIGHTS.

A FEW years ago an elderly man, who had fought in the Union army through the great civil war of 1861, was listening to some schoolboys rehearsing their history lesson.

"When was the first blow struck at the Union?" asked one.

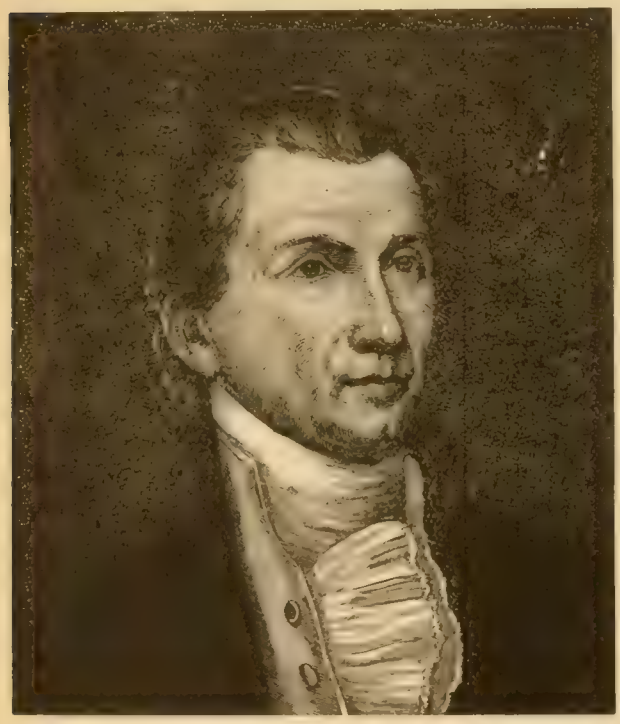
"On April 13th, 1861, when Fort Sumter was fired upon by batteries in Charleston harbor," was the answer.

"No!" thundered the old soldier, breaking in; "the first blow at the Union was struck in 1832, by John C. Calhoun; and if Andrew Jackson had been President in 1860, instead of James Buchanan, there would have been no gun fired on Fort Sumter, I can tell you! Don't forget *that* bit of history, boys!"

John Caldwell Calhoun is an absolutely unique figure in American history. His political life was devoted to the establishment and perpetuation of slavery. He believed that institution beneficial alike to white and black, to North and South,—in a word, that slavery was morally and politically *right*, and that the welfare of the country was bound up with its continuance. That he was sincere in this conviction cannot be doubted. He was one of the most honest and upright of men; there was no concealment or pretence in him. As a consequence of his purity and ability, his influence was immense. His own State accepted

his doctrines and followed his lead with unquestioning faith; and it is not too much to say that the great conflict over slavery and disunion was in great measure due to the doctrines which for a quarter of a century he unceasingly advocated.

Calhoun was born in Abbeville, South Carolina, in 1782,—the same year as his great adversary, Daniel Webster. It was just at the close of the Revolution. The South, which had borne the brunt of the war in its last years, was worn out and impoverished. Calhoun's father, Patrick Calhoun, who had immigrated from the north of Ireland, died when his son was thirteen. Nevertheless, Calhoun managed to work his way through Yale College, where he won distinguished honors. He used to relate that in his senior year, when he was one of the very few in his class who maintained democratic opinions, President Dwight asked him, "What is the legitimate source of power?" "The people," answered Calhoun. Dr. Dwight combated this opinion; Calhoun replied; and the whole hour of recitation was consumed in the debate. Dr. Dwight was so much struck with the ability displayed by the student that he remarked to a friend that Calhoun had talent enough to be a President of the United States. He did not foresee that Calhoun would imbibe ideas which, logically carried out, would leave no United States in existence to require a President.



JAMES MONROE.

After two years in the South Carolina Legislature, Calhoun was elected to Congress in 1810, where he served until 1817, when he became Secretary of War under President Monroe. In 1824 he was elected Vice-President, under John Quincy Adams, and again in 1828, when Andrew Jackson was elected President. In 1832 he resigned the Vice-Presidency to become Senator from South Carolina, and remained in the Senate during nearly all the remainder of his life.

In 1828 Congress passed a tariff bill by which the protective duties were

considerably increased. This bill was bitterly opposed in the South, where it was styled the "Tariff of Abominations;" and on its passage Calhoun prepared a most remarkable paper, called the "South Carolina Exposition," in which he maintained that the Constitution authorized Congress to levy tariff taxes only for revenue; that protective taxes were therefore unconstitutional; and that a State had the right and power to declare an unconstitutional law null and void, and to forbid its execution in that State. It was the purpose of the people of South Carolina to agitate for the repeal of the obnoxious law; and, in case their efforts should fail, to resort to the remedy of "nullification." "This Exposition," says Parton, "was the beginning of our woe,—the baleful egg from which were hatched nullification, treason, civil war, and the desolation of the Southern States." It was issued in December, 1828. In March, 1829, the new government, Jackson at its head, came into power. Calhoun, being re-elected Vice-President, still held his chair as President of the Senate.

In 1829 the long debate over the question, Does the Constitution make us one sovereign nation, or only a league of sovereign States? was at its height. That debate had begun as soon as the Constitution was ratified, in 1788, and it continued until the outbreak of the war in 1861. For many years the theory of a "compact," from which a State might withdraw at will, was maintained by various advocates, of whom Calhoun was the foremost. He supported his view with great ability and ingenuity, and with industry and devotion which never flagged or wavered. In his own State his doctrines were accepted with almost complete unanimity; and the Senators and Representatives in Congress from South Carolina were all disciples of the Calhoun school. In the Senate, as he was the presiding officer, he could not take an active part in debate; but he had an able supporter in General Robert Y. Hayne, who was a strong and eloquent speaker. In January, 1830, the agitation in Congress culminated in the famous encounter of Hayne with Daniel Webster, who in his great speech on Foot's Resolution utterly demolished the theory of nullification as a constitutional right, and made his never-to-be-forgotten plea for indissoluble union. Hayne had maintained that nullification was a constitutional remedy,—a "reserved right." Webster tore this theory into shreds and scattered it to the winds. With a power of satire under which Hayne writhed in his seat, he drew a picture of practical nullification; he showed that an attempt to nullify the laws of the nation was treason,—that it led directly and necessarily to armed force, and was nothing else than revolution.

And to revolution South Carolina now proceeded. The tariff of 1828 was not repealed; and after the presidential election of 1832, under the direction of Calhoun, who had resigned the Vice-Presidency, a convention of the people of the State was called, which passed the famous Ordinance of Nullification, declaring the tariff law of 1828 null and void in South Carolina. General

Hayne, who had been United States Senator, was made Governor of South Carolina; and Calhoun was elected to the Senate of the United States. On the passage of the famous Ordinance of Nullification by the people of South Carolina, the excitement throughout the Union became intense. The apprehension of civil war, and of the dissolution of the Union, prevailed everywhere.

On the 10th of December, 1832, General Jackson issued his memorable proclamation against nullification. This was followed by Governor Hayne's counter-proclamation, defending the position assumed by the State, and calling out twelve thousand volunteers. The crisis evidently approached. The United States troops were concentrated, in some force, at Augusta and Charleston, seemingly for the purpose of repressing any insurrectionary or rebellious movement in the State; while on the other side equal preparation was made. The militia in certain sections of the State were called out and drilled, muskets were put in order, swords cleaned and sharpened, and depots of provisions and supplies established. Officers, natives of the State, in the United States army and navy, contemplated resigning their commissions, and taking up arms in defense of the State; and some foreign officers, then in the country, actually tendered their services to the governor, against the forces of the general government.



ENTRANCE TO A COTTON YARD, NEW ORLEANS.

On the 4th of January, 1833, Mr. Calhoun took his seat in the Senate of the Union, as the great champion of nullification. This was the most important period in his political life—a period when the whole resources of his intellect were put forth in defense of his favorite doctrine. His most powerful oratorical effort was made on the 15th and 16th of February, 1832, against a bill "further

to provide for the collection of duties on imports." This was the celebrated "Force Bill," the object of which was to enable the Federal executive to enforce the collection of the revenue in South Carolina.

On the 15th of February, Mr. Calhoun addressed the Senate, beginning as follows: "Mr. President, I know not which is most objectionable, the provisions of the bill, or the temper in which its adoption has been urged. If the extraordinary powers with which the bill proposes to clothe the Executive, to the utter prostration of the Constitution and the rights of the States, be calculated to impress our minds with alarm at the rapid progress of despotism in our country, the zeal with which every circumstance calculated to misrepresent or exaggerate the conduct of Carolina in the controversy is seized on, with a view to excite hostility against her, but too plainly indicates the deep decay of that brotherly feeling which once existed between these States, and to which we are indebted for our beautiful Federal system. . . .

"It has been said by the senator from Tennessee (Mr. Grundy) to be a measure of peace! Yes, such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb—the kite to the dove. Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace, by extinguishing the political existence of the State, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community. It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it, that should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted at every hazard—even that of death itself. Death is not the greatest calamity: there are others still more terrible to the free and brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defense of the State, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become necessary! It never can be, unless this government is resolved to bring the question to extremity, when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty—to die nobly.

"In the same spirit, we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force! Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure—this harmonious aggregate of States, produced by the joint consent of all—can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be the certain destruction of this Federal Union. No, no. You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and Federal bonds by force. Force may, indeed, hold the parts together, but such union would be the bond between master and slave: a union of exaction on one side, and of unqualified obedience on the other."

In spite of Mr. Calhoun's efforts, the "Force Bill" was passed; and it is said that President Jackson privately warned him that the moment news was

received of resistance to the Government in South Carolina, he (Calhoun) would be arrested on a charge of treason. At the same time, however, important concessions were made to South Carolina, by which the threatened conflict was avoided. In February, Henry Clay introduced in Congress a compromise tariff bill, by which the existing duties were to be decreased each year until they reached a minimum of twenty per cent. in 1842. Accordingly, each party in



A "CORN SHUCKING" IN SLAVERY TIMES.

the controversy claimed to have triumphed; and the crisis passed, without finally and formally settling the question of nullification.

THE SLAVERY AGITATION.

During Jackson's administration slavery became the chief question of politics. Texas achieved her independence, and the question of her annexation to the United States as a slave State caused an exciting and angry contest. In the House of Representatives, John Quincy Adams began his famous crusade for the right of petition, and the contest over petitions for the abolition of slavery convulsed the House. In all these years of stormy debate, Calhoun was always the defender of slavery. He made no apologies, but proclaimed it a righteous, just, and beneficial institution; and he regarded all efforts to abolish or restrict it, or to prevent the catching and return of fugitives, as an interference with the rights of the slave States which would justify their secession from the Union.

Miss Harriet Martineau, who visited the United States at this time, has recorded in her "Retrospect of Western Travel" her impressions of Mr. Calhoun. She writes:—

"Mr. Calhoun followed, and impressed me very strongly. While he kept to the question, what he said was close, good, and moderate, though delivered in rapid speech, and with a voice not sufficiently modulated. But when he began to reply to a taunt of Colonel Benton's, that he wanted to be President, the force of his speaking became painful. He made protestations which it seemed to strangers had better have been spared, 'that he would not turn on his heel to be President,' and that 'he had given up all for his own brave, magnanimous little State of South Carolina.' While thus protesting, his eyes flashed, his brow seemed charged with thunder, his voice became almost a bark, and his sentences were abrupt, intense, producing in the auditory a sort of laugh which is squeezed out of people by an application of a very sudden mental force.

"Mr. Calhoun's countenance first fixed my attention; the splendid eye, the straight forehead, surmounted by a load of stiff, upright, dark hair, the stern brow, the inflexible mouth,—it is one of the most remarkable heads in the country."

Miss Martineau's sketch of the three great statesmen of the time is especially interesting:—

"Mr. Clay sitting upright on the sofa, with his snuff-box ever in his hand, would discourse for many an hour in his even, soft, deliberate tone, on any one of the great subjects of American policy which we might happen to start, always amazing us with the moderation of estimate and speech which so impetuous a nature has been able to attain. Mr. Webster, leaning back at his ease, telling stories, cracking jokes, shaking the sofa with burst after burst of laughter, or smoothly discoursing to the perfect felicity of the logical part of one's constitution, would illuminate an evening now and then. Mr. Calhoun, the cast-iron man, who looks as if he had never been born and could never be extinguished, would come in sometimes to keep our understanding on a painful stretch for a short while, and leave us to take to pieces his close, rapid, theoretical, illustrated talk, and see what we could make of it. We found it usually more worth retaining as a curiosity, than as either very just or useful.

"I know of no man who lives in such utter intellectual solitude. He meets men and harangues by the fireside as in the Senate; he is wrought like a piece of machinery, set going vehemently by a weight, and stops while you answer; he either passes by what you say, or twists it into a suitability with what is in his head, and begins to lecture again."

Miss Martineau also saw Calhoun in South Carolina, where he was the political teacher and guide, and the acknowledged chief:—

"During my stay in Charleston, Mr. Calhoun and his family arrived from Congress, and there was something very striking in the welcome he received, like that of a chief returned to the bosom of his clan. He stalked about like a monarch of the little domain, and there was certainly an air of mysterious understanding between him and his followers."

The agitation of the slavery question, from 1835 to 1850, was chiefly the work of this one man. "The labors of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Wendell Phillips," says Parton, "might have borne no fruit during their lifetime, if Calhoun had not made it his business to supply them with material. 'I mean to force the issue upon the North,' he once wrote; and he did force it. The denial of the right

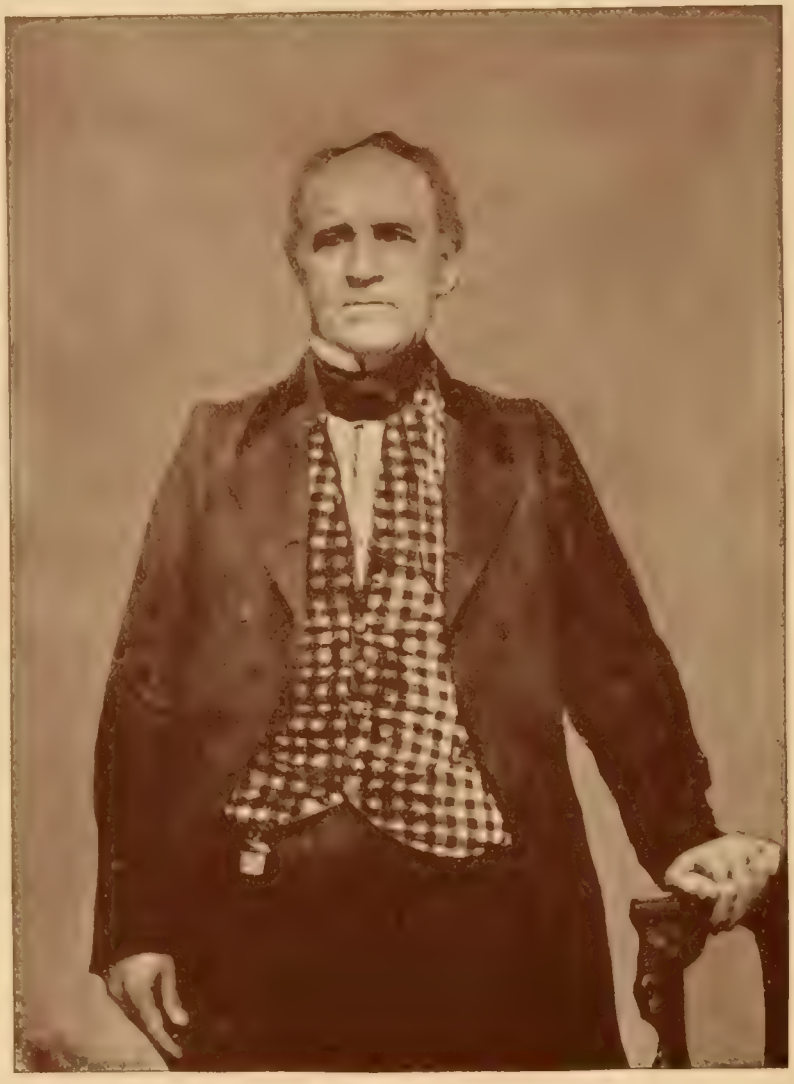
of petition, the annexation of Texas, the forcing of slavery into the Territories, —these were among the issues upon which he hoped to unite the South in his favor, while retaining enough strength at the North to secure his election to the Presidency. Failing in all his schemes of personal advancement, he died in 1850, still protesting that slavery is divine, and that it must rule this country or ruin it."

Calhoun's life came to an end in March, 1850, before the Compromise Bill of that year had once more postponed the "irrepressible conflict." On the 4th



COLONIAL MANSION. RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WILLIAM BULL PRINGLE, ESQ., CHARLESTON, S. C.

of March his last speech was read in the Senate by a friend, he then being too weak to deliver it. Three days afterward, when Webster delivered his famous "7th of March speech," Calhoun literally rose from his dying bed that he might be present, and sat for the last time in his accustomed seat, his rigid face and intense gaze giving him a weird and unearthly aspect. On the 24th of the same month he died; and his ashes were taken to Charleston, there to mingle with the soil of the State to which he had given a life's devotion, and which had rewarded him with unfailing love and honor.



SAMUEL HOUSTON.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

SAMUEL HOUSTON,

AND THE STORY OF TEXAN INDEPENDENCE.



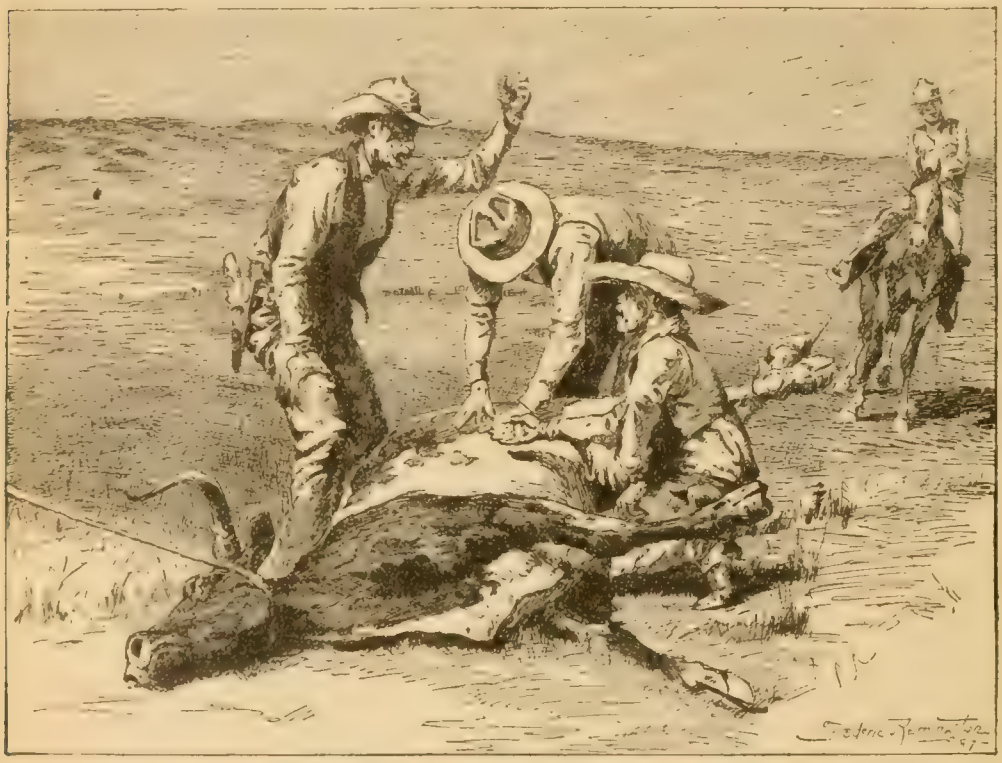
OF THE thirty-one States of the Union which have been added to the original thirteen, Texas is distinguished as the only one which previously had a separate and independent national existence; and no more picturesque or unique character is found among American public men than he whose name is inseparably associated with that of Texas,—her leader, her defender, her President, her Governor,—Samuel Houston.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the rich but wild regions of Kentucky and Tennessee were the paradise of hunters and pioneers; and here grew up a race of statesmen of a new and distinct type,—men like Jackson, Clay, and Benton,—strong, brave, and hardy, original and ready of resource, but with little education, and having, as the French say, "the defects of their qualities." Houston was of this class. He was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, in 1793. When only thirteen, his father died; and with his mother and eight other children he crossed the mountains into Tennessee, where they settled on the banks of the Tennessee River, at what was then the limit of emigration. Beyond the river lay the country of the Cherokees; and during a large part of Houston's boyhood he actually lived among the Indians, learning their ways and acquiring their language. He always was looked up to by the Indians as a leader. A story is told that in 1846, when he was in Congress, a party of forty wild Indians was brought to Washington from Texas by General Moorhead; and when they met Houston, they one and all ran to him, greeted him with delight, hugged him like bears in their brawny arms, and called him "father."

Houston fought under Jackson in the war of 1812, and was desperately wounded in battle with the Creek Indians. When the famous battle of New Orleans put an end to the war, he studied law, and soon began to practice. He rose rapidly in his profession, was chosen district attorney, elected to Congress in 1823 and 1825, and in 1827, when thirty-four years old, was elected Governor

of Tennessee. His progress had been wonderfully rapid; he was one of the most popular men of his State; he might aspire to the highest positions, with every prospect of success. But in 1829 an event occurred which completely changed the course of his life.

In January, 1829, he married Miss Eliza Allen, a young lady of excellent family, and of the highest character. The union seems to have been as unhappy as it was short. In less than three months a separation took place, which filled society with excitement. Various reports flew through the State, which divided the people into two hostile parties, and inflamed popular feeling to the last point



A SCENE ON TEXAS PLAINS—DISPUTE OVER A BRAND.

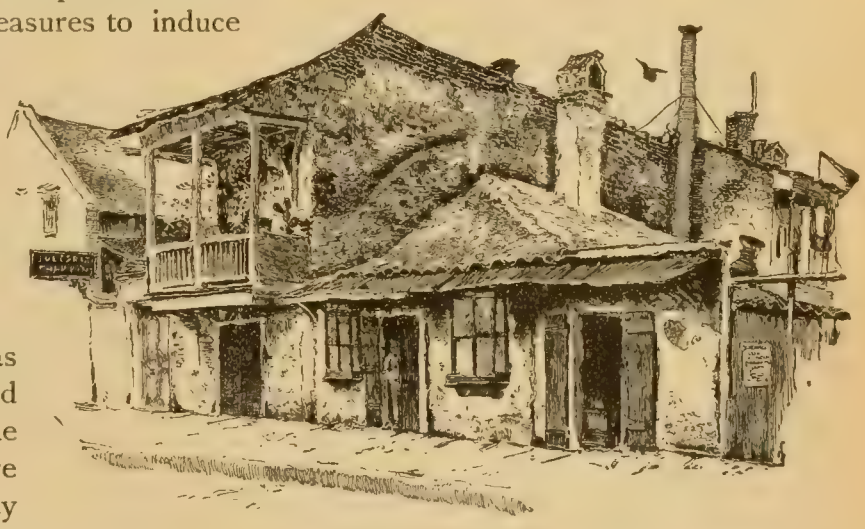
of excitement. The friends of the lady loaded the name of Governor Houston with odium. He was charged with every degree of crime. The very ignorance of the community about the affair, by increasing the mystery which hung over it, only made it seem the more terrible.

In the meantime, Houston did not offer a single denial of a single calumny —would neither vindicate himself before the public, nor allow his friends to do it for him. Not a word ever fell from his lips that cast a shade upon her character, nor did he ever allow an unkind breath against her in his presence.

In consequence of this unhappy affair, Houston determined to forsake

civilized life. He resigned the office of governor, turned his back upon the haunts of white men, and took refuge in the forests among his old friends, the Indians. While roving in his youth among the Cherokees, he had found a friend in their chief, Oolooteka, who adopted him as his son, and gave him a corner in his wigwam. The chief with his tribe afterward removed to Arkansas. During their separation of more than ten years, he and Houston had continually interchanged tokens of their kind feeling; and Houston now turned his face to his Indian home, knowing that he would be greeted there with the old chief's blessing. For three years he lived among the Indians, and as one of them; and from his retreat in the southwest he watched with keen interest the progress of events in the fertile country across the Mexican frontier.

In the year 1821, Mexico, which had up to that time belonged to Spain, declared herself independent, and took vigorous measures to induce the settlement and cultivation of her unoccupied territory. Texas soon began to be populated by immigration, a large part of which was from the United States. By the year 1830 there were about twenty thousand American settlers there, who were unanimous in their detestation of Mexican government, and in a state of chronic revolt. In 1832 they rose against the Mexicans, and, after several battles, drove all the troops out of the country. Houston saw what was going on, and determined to cast in his lot with the Texans.



AN OLD SPANISH HOUSE.

There can be little doubt that there was an understanding between Houston and President Jackson, and that the former had the aid and countenance of the President in his effort to help achieve Texan independence. More territory was needed in the United States for the extension of slavery. It must be sought on the South; for slavery was shut out of the northern territory by the Missouri Compromise. (*See* HENRY CLAY.) The inhabitants of Texas were mainly immigrants from the United States. If the country were detached from Mexico, the people would undoubtedly seek to be annexed to the Union. They wanted

a leader. Houston resolved to be their leader; and with this view he left the wigwam of the Cherokee chief, and set out for Texas in December, 1832.

For two years after Houston joined fortunes with Texas there was comparative quiet; but immigration went on in a steadily increasing stream, and the sentiment for independence grew stronger every day. The Mexican government, in fear of the growing strength of Texas, ordered that the people should be disarmed,—a decree which aroused instant rebellion. A company of Mexican soldiers sent to the little town of Gonzales, on the Guadalupe, to remove a small brass six-pounder, was met a few miles from the town by one hundred and eighty Texans, who fell upon them with such vigor that they turned and fled, losing several men. No Texan was killed. This battle was called "the Lexington of Texas."

Then war broke out again more furiously than ever. The Mexican soldiers, who were under weak and incompetent commanders, were again dispersed and driven out of the country. But now Santa Anna himself, the Mexican Dictator, an able general, but false and cruel, took the field. With an army of several thousand men, he crossed the Rio Grande, and marched against the Texans.

The town of Bexar, on the San Antonio River, was defended by a garrison of about one hundred and seventy-five men. Among them were two whose names are still famous,—David Crockett, the renowned pioneer, and Colonel James Bowie, noted for his murderous "bowie-knife," his duels, and his deeds of valor and shame. The company was commanded by Colonel W. Barrett Travis, a brave young Texan. On the approach of Santa Anna, they took refuge in the Alamo, about half a mile to the north of the town.

The Alamo was an ancient Franciscan mission of the eighteenth century. It covered an area of about three acres, surrounded by walls three feet thick and eight feet high. Within the walls were a stone church and several other buildings. For two weeks it withstood Santa Anna's assaults. A shower of bombs and cannon-balls fell incessantly within the walls. At last, after a brave defense by the little garrison, the fortress was captured, in the early morning of Sunday, March 6th, 1836. After the surrender, Travis, Bowie, and Crockett, with all their companions, were by Santa Anna's especial command massacred in cold blood.

But this was not the worst; a few days afterward a company of over four hundred Texans, under Colonel Fannin, besieged at Goliad, were induced to surrender, under Santa Anna's solemn promises of protection. After the surrender they were divided into several companies, marched in different directions a short distance out of the town, and shot down like dogs by the Mexican soldiers. Not a man escaped.

While these horrible events were taking place, Houston was at Gonzales, with a force of less than four hundred men. Meetings were held in the differ-



FALL OF THE ALAMO.

ent settlements to raise an army to resist the Mexican invasion; and a convention of the people issued a proclamation declaring Texas a free and independent republic. It was two weeks before General Houston received intelligence of the atrocious massacres at Bexar and Goliad, and of Santa Anna's advance. The country was in a state of panic. Settlers were everywhere abandoning



THE GOLIAD MASSACRE.

their homes, and fleeing in terror at the approach of the Mexican soldiers. Houston's force of a few hundred men was the only defense of Texas; and even this was diminished by frequent desertion from the ranks. The cause of Texan freedom seemed utterly hopeless.

In order to gain time, while watching his opportunity for attack, Houston

slowly retreated before the Mexican army. After waiting two weeks for reinforcements, he moved toward Buffalo Bayou, a deep, narrow stream connecting with the San Jacinto River, about twenty miles southeast of the present city of Houston. Here he expected to meet the Mexican army. The lines being formed, General Houston made one of his most impassioned and eloquent appeals to his troops, firing every breast by giving as a watchword, "REMEMBER THE ALAMO."

Soon the Mexican bugles rang out over the prairie, announcing the advance guard of the enemy, almost eighteen hundred strong. The rank and file of the patriots was less than seven hundred and fifty men. Their disadvantages but served to increase the enthusiasm of the soldiers; and when their general said, "Men, there is the enemy; do you wish to fight?" the universal shout was, "We do!" "Well, then," he said, "remember it is for liberty or death; *remember the Alamo!*"

At the moment of attack, a lieutenant came galloping up, his horse covered with foam, and shouted along the lines, "I've cut down Vince's bridge." Each army had used this bridge in coming to the battle-field, and General Houston had ordered its destruction, thus preventing all hope of escape to the vanquished.

Santa Anna's forces were in perfect order, awaiting the attack, and reserved their fire until the patriots were within sixty paces of their works. Then they poured forth a volley, which went over the heads of the attackers, though a ball struck General Houston's ankle, inflicting a very painful wound. Though suffering and bleeding, General Houston kept his saddle during the entire action. The patriots held their fire until it was given to the enemy almost in their very bosoms, and then, having no time to reload, made a general rush upon the foe, who were altogether unprepared for the furious charge. The patriots not having bayonets, clubbed their rifles. About half-past four the Mexican rout began, and closed only with the night. Seven of the patriots were killed and twenty-three were wounded, while the Mexicans had six hundred and thirty-two killed and wounded; and seven hundred and thirty, among whom was Santa Anna, were made prisoners.

The victory of San Jacinto struck the fetters forever off the hands of Texas, and drove back the standard of Mexico beyond the Rio Grande, never to return except in predatory and transient incursions. General Houston became at once the leading man in Texas, almost universal applause following him. As soon as quiet and order were restored, he was made the first President of the new republic, under the Constitution adopted November, 1835.

General Houston's first term as President of Texas closed in December, 1838. During the term of his successor, General Houston served two years in the Congress of the young republic. He did much good to the country, on one

occasion preventing an actual dissolution of the Texan government by the magic of his great speech in Congress, when that body was just on the point of adjourning *sine die*.

On May 9, 1840, he married his second wife, Miss Margaret M. Lea, of Alabama, a most worthy woman, who had a great influence for good over her husband. He often said that to her he owed his chief honor and happiness. He was deeply attached to her, and, when a Senator at Washington, invariably spent his Sunday afternoons in writing to her and his family.



A BUCKING BRONCHO.

One of the questions presented by our Presidential election of 1844 was the annexation of Texas, which took place in 1845; and ex-President Houston and his fast friend and compatriot, General Thomas J. Rusk, were made her first Senators, taking their seats in January, 1846. These men of commanding mien produced something of a sensation, coming to sit in the nation's council-house as the representatives of a people who had, of their own free will, given up their national existence to become merely an integral part of our Union. Houston's course in the Senate was conservative. He voted for the

Oregon boundary compromise, and, if he could, would have averted the war with Mexico. After the passage of the compromise measures of 1850, there was no more popular man in the South than General Houston, and, in 1852, he was a prominent candidate for the Presidency before the Democratic convention. He had placed himself in strong opposition to the secession spirit shown in 1850, thus losing some of his most influential Southern supporters. In 1859 he was made the Union candidate for governor. With patriotic zeal he declared, "'The Constitution and the Union' is my only platform," and made but one speech, which was the best of his life. He was elected by more than 2000 majority.

Almost the first act of the new governor was to send in a sterling message in reply to the proposition made by South Carolina in 1860 for a convention of slaveholding States, with a view to secession. Houston's every effort and sentiment were for the preservation of the Union; and his conduct as governor, in standing almost alone against the tide of secession, was not less glorious than when, a quarter of a century before, he had led his little army against the forces of Santa Anna at San Jacinto. He made a speech at Galveston, in which, with prophetic power, he warned the people of the disastrous consequences of secession. While he was speaking, one horse of a team standing near became restive, and attempted to kick out of the harness. Houston paused in his speech: "He is trying a little practical secession," he remarked, to the amusement of his audience. The horse finally choked himself down, and the teamster began beating him. "You see how it works," said Houston. After his beating, the horse was got upon his feet, and the teamster fastened the broken harness. "See in what a fix he is brought back into the Union!" said the ready orator, amid applause and laughter.

But all would not do. The secession sentiment was too strong for even Houston to combat. A popular vote was taken, and the State voted out of the Union. The State officials were required to take an oath of allegiance to the Confederate government. This Houston peremptorily refused to do, and was accordingly deposed, being succeeded by the lieutenant-governor. He retired to his prairie home, saying, with pathetic dignity, "It is perhaps meet that my career should close thus. I have seen the statesmen and patriots of my youth gathered to their fathers, and the government which they had reared rent in twain, and none like them are now left to re-unite it again. I stand almost the last of a race who learned from them the lessons of human freedom."

On the 26th of July, 1863, three weeks after the fall of Vicksburg, Houston died. "During the forenoon," writes his daughter, "we heard his voice in a tone of entreaty, and listening to the feeble sound, we caught the words, 'Texas! Texas!' Soon afterward, my mother was sitting by the bedside with his hand in hers, and his lips moved once again; 'Margaret!' he said; and the voice we loved was silent forever."



THE BATTLE ON THE PLAINS.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

THE PRESERVER OF THE UNION.

BY PROF. W. W. BIRDSALL.*

IN our gallery of famous Americans there is one figure which stands peculiarly alone. Before the halo of martyrdom had made his memory sacred, even before his divine insight had perceived the time when he should set the bondman free, it was declared that there was for Abraham Lincoln "a niche in the temple of fame, a niche near Washington." But our feeling for Lincoln is very different from the veneration with which we regard the Father of his country. Washington was a stately figure, too dignified for near approach. He commanded respect, admiration, loyalty; but our feeling for Lincoln includes all these, and with them a peculiar affection as for one very near and dear. It is not only that he is nearer to us in point of time; his was a nature so large, an experience so comprehensive, that the minds and hearts of all our people find in his a chord to which their own responds; and within the breast of every American there is something which claims Lincoln as his own.

The fame of Lincoln is increasing as the inner history of the great struggle for the life of the nation becomes known. For almost two decades after that struggle had settled the permanence of our government, our vision was obscured by the near view of the pygmy giants who "strutted their brief hour upon the stage;" our ears were filled with the loud claims of those who would magnify their own little part, and, knowing the facts concerning some one fraction of the contest, assumed from that knowledge to proclaim the principles which should have governed the whole. Time is dissipating the mist, and we are coming better to know the great man who had no pride of opinion, who was

* Prof. Birdsall, who is principal of one of the largest and best known private schools in Philadelphia, has for years been a student of Lincoln's life.

willing to let Seward or Sumner or McClellan imagine that he himself was the guiding, dominating spirit of the government, if so that government might have the service of which each was capable; we see more clearly the real greatness of the leader who was too slow for one great section of his people, and too fast for another, too conservative for those, too radical for these; who refused to make the contest merely a war for the negro, yet who saw the end from the beginning, and so led, not a section of his people, but the whole people, away from the Egyptian plagues of slavery and disunion, united in sentiment and feeling and capable of united action, to the borders of the promised land. We are coming to appreciate that the "Father Abraham" who in that Red Sea passage of fraternal strife was ready to listen to every tale of sorrow, and who wanted it said that he "always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when he thought a flower would grow," was not only in this sense the father of his people, but that he was a truly great statesman, who, within the limits of human knowledge and human strength, guided the affairs of state with a wisdom, a patience, a courage, which belittle all praise, and make him seem indeed a man divinely raised up, not only to set the captive free, but in order that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."



LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD HOME IN KENTUCKY.

Abraham Lincoln came into the world in 1809, in a miserable hovel in Kentucky. His family were of that peculiar people, the shiftless, improvident, "poor whites" of the South. The father, Thomas Lincoln, was a typical specimen of his class,—lazy, trifling, spending his life in the search of some place in Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois, where the rich soil would kindly yield its fruits without the painful price of labor. Some three generations back, he traced his ancestry to a Quaker origin in Pennsylvania; but the thrift of that peaceful people was not entailed in the family, and if the energy and ability of the Virginian grandfather who came with Boone into Kentucky was transmitted to the future President, certainly his father had it not. The mother's ancestry is unknown; by courtesy she took her mother's name of Hanks. In youth she was both bright and handsome, and possessed of considerable intellectual force.

She taught her husband to read, and it is fair to imagine that had her lot been less sordid, her life not ground down by labor and squalor and the vice about her, she would have been fitted to adorn a higher sphere of life. Her son, though she died when he was in his tenth year, and though another woman filled her place and deserved the love and devotion with which he repaid her goodness, cherished the memory of his "angel mother," testifying that to her he owed "all that he was or hoped to be."

The story of Lincoln's boyhood belongs to a stage of civilization which our people have almost forgotten, or which they never knew. The removal to Spencer County, Indiana; the "half-faced camp" in which the family lived; the pride with which, a year later, they moved to a log cabin with dirt floor, and without doors or windows in the openings made for them; the death of the mother; the boy's first letter, begging a Kentucky preacher to come and preach a sermon over the grave in the wilderness; the loneliness, suffering, and deprivation that followed, complete a chapter whose pathos must touch all hearts. Relief came on the marriage of Thomas Lincoln to a thrifty Kentucky widow, whose advent necessitated a floor and doors and windows, who actually brought a stock of spare clothing and a clothes-press for its preservation, at which the boy, as he afterward said, "began to feel like a human being." This was typical frontier life. The hardship, the toil, the deprivation, killed the mothers; mysterious pestilence found, in the exposure and the filth, opportunity to sweep away whole families; vice abounded; ignorance and vulgarity were everywhere; but, somehow, out of their midst came sometimes a strong character and a great man. From this soil grew Lincoln. Schools were few, irregular, and poor, in the backwoods; but the young Lincoln took advantage of every such opportunity, and we find him at seventeen walking over four miles for the purpose. Reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic, with some irregular exercises in composition and declaiming, formed the whole of the course of study, except that his last teacher, one Crawford, astonished the natives by undertaking to teach *manners*. He would require one pupil to go outside and enter the room as a lady or gentleman would enter a parlor. Another, acting the part of host, would receive the in-comer, and politely introduce him to the company. When, in after years, the President's arm was wearied by the vigorous greetings of the thousands who filed through the stately East Room of the White House, if he ever thought of those early mock receptions, the contrast must have afforded him rich amusement.

At seventeen, Lincoln had grown to his full height; he weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and was wiry, strong, and vigorous. He wore low shoes or moccasins. His trousers were of buckskin, and usually bagged unnecessarily in one region, while, by reason of their brevity, they left several inches of shin bone exposed. A linsey-woolsey shirt and coon-skin cap, the tail hanging

down his back, completed this backwoods outfit. It is doubtful whether he ever owned an arithmetic; but leaves exist, taken from a book made and bound by him, in which he copied problems illustrating the various principles of arithmetic. One page is devoted to subtraction of Long Measure, Land Measure, and Dry Measure, the headings being written in a bold hand, and each subject illustrated by two or three problems. About the edges are some extra flourishes and ciphering, and at the bottom the touching lines :—

"Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows When."

His penmanship came to be regular in form, and better than that of any of his mates; the samples which we see of his handwriting as a man are far above the average. He kept a copy book, in which he entered everything that pleased his fancy. When paper failed, he wrote his selections with chalk or charcoal upon a plank or a shingle. He wrote the first drafts of compositions upon a smooth wooden shovel, which he planed off for each new effort. He devoured such books as he could borrow, and the Bible and Æsop's Fables were for a long time the only ones he owned. Beside these, "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a History of the United States, and Weems' "Life of Washington," formed the bulk of his early reading. A copy of the Statutes of Indiana was borrowed from the constable, and studied with a care which possibly indicated his future career as a lawyer. His passion for reading was such as to cause remark among his neighbors, who wondered to see the great awkward boy, after a day of labor, crouch in a corner of the log cabin, or spread his ungainly body under a tree outside, and bury himself in a book, while he devoured the corn bread which formed his supper. He delighted in "speechifying," as he called it, and upon the slightest encouragement would mount a stump and practice upon his fellow-laborers. He helped to support the family by working in his father's clearing, or by hiring to neighbors to plow, dig ditches, chop wood, or split rails, and for a time was employed as clerk in the cross-roads store. A journey to New Orleans as deck-hand on a flat-boat, widened his experience of mankind, and gave him his first glimpse of slavery.

Early in 1830, he went, with the family, a fifteen days' journey to Illinois, where, in Macon County, five miles from Decatur, a new settlement was made. On a bluff overlooking the Sangamon River another log cabin was built; land was fenced with the historic rails, some of which, thirty years later, were to play a prominent part in the presidential campaign; and Lincoln, being now of age, left his father's family in these new quarters, to earn his living for himself. The tenderness of heart which characterized him through life was well illustrated by his turning back, while on the journey to Illinois, and wading an icy river to

rescue a worthless pet dog which had fallen behind, and could not get across, and which "Abe" could not bear to leave whimpering and whining on the opposite shore. This same disposition had led him at all times to protest against the cruelty to animals practiced by his mates, and is only one of the traits which marked him as of a different mould.

Another journey to New Orleans was his first employment after leaving home. Here he witnessed a slave auction. The scene impressed itself upon his heart and memory, and he is said to have declared to his cousin and companion, "If I ever get a chance to hit that institution, *I'll hit it hard.*"

For several years he lived at New Salem, Illinois, serving as steamboat



HOME OF LINCOLN AT GENTRYVILLE, INDIANA.

pilot, and as clerk in a store and mill. At the time of the "Black Hawk War," being out of employment, he volunteered for service, and was elected captain. Returning at the close of the expedition, he bought an interest in a store, for which he went in debt, and, presently selling it on credit and his debtor absconding, he found himself burdened with claims which it took many years to discharge.

He now began in earnest to study law, walking to Springfield to borrow books and return them; and, as a means of living in the meantime, he entered the employ of the county surveyor and laboriously studied the principles of land measurement. Presently he began to practice law a little, representing friends

before a justice of the peace, and, in 1834, he was elected to the Legislature, and served his county as a representative for four consecutive terms. Some elements of his popularity were his acknowledged honesty and fairness, his wonderful gift as a story-teller, his prowess as a wrestler, and, when actual necessity arose, as a fighter, and his reputation for knowledge. This latter had been acquired by his habit of studying to the bottom whatever subject he had in hand, and, although his range of information was not wide, when he undertook the discussion of any topic he soon demonstrated that he thoroughly understood it.

His service in the Legislature was not remarkable. The country in which



OPENING OF THE ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN CANAL.

he lived was just then wild upon the importance of public improvements, particularly in the form of interior waterways, and it is not surprising that Lincoln should declare an ambition to become "the De Witt Clinton of Illinois;" but the net result of the enterprise was a gigantic State debt. He was popular in the Legislature, and was twice the nominee of his party for Speaker, a nominal honor only, as the State was at that time Democratic. His most notable act during this time was his joining with a single colleague, in a written protest against the passage of pro-slavery resolutions. This protest appears on the records, and bases the opposition of the two signers upon their belief "that the

institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy," a declaration of faith which required some moral courage in 1837, and in a community largely of Southern origin. One other transaction which deserves mention was the carrying through the Legislature of a bill removing the capital from Vandalia to Springfield. This was accomplished after much political "wire-working," in which Lincoln was the leader, the adverse claims of a number of other towns being strenuously urged by their representatives.

In the meantime Lincoln had been admitted to the bar, and, in 1837, removed to Springfield, where he had formed a partnership with an attorney of established reputation. He became a successful lawyer, not so much by his knowledge of the law, for this was never great, as by his ability as an advocate, and by reason of his sterling integrity. He would not be a party to misrepresentation, and, after endeavoring to dissuade the parties from litigation, refused to take cases which involved such action. He even was known to abandon a case which brought him unexpectedly into this attitude. In his first case before the United States Circuit Court he said that he had not been able to find any authorities supporting his side of the case, but had found several favoring the opposite, which he proceeded to quote. The very appearance of such an attorney in any case must have gone far to win the jury; and, when deeply stirred, the power of his oratory, and the invincible logic of his argument, made him a most formidable advocate. "Yes," he was overheard to say to a would-be client, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

HIS PECULIAR HONESTY.

His absolute honesty and care for that which was not his own is illustrated by his conduct as a postmaster. He had served in that capacity at New Salem, and when that office was discontinued, found himself indebted to the government to the amount of sixteen or eighteen dollars. For some reason this money was not demanded for several years, and in the meantime he was in debt, and very poor, frequently being compelled to borrow money to supply his pressing needs; but an agent of the department calling one day and presenting the account, he produced an old blue sock, from which he poured the identical silver and copper coins with which his New Salem neighbors had purchased stamps, and to the exact amount required.

Early in life Lincoln became attached to an attractive and estimable girl, and they were to have been married when his law studies were completed. Her sudden death was such a shock to him, and threw him into such a condition of melancholy, that it was feared by his friends that his reason would be permanently dethroned. Some years later he married Miss Mary Todd, a young lady of Kentucky parentage and of good family. She was possessed of some culture and a vigorous and sprightly mind. Her temper, however, was erratic, and those who knew the family life intimately represent it as full of trials. Some of the incidents reported seem intensely amusing at this distance of time, but must have been painful in the extreme as actual occurrences. Such trials continued throughout Mr. Lincoln's life, and were the occasion of continual petty annoyance, and frequent embarrassment in the discharge of his public duties.

He continued to "ride the circuit," being a great portion of the time absent from home in attendance at court, with the exception of his single term in Congress, until his election to the presidency. He was acquiring a very great influence in his district and in the State, was one of the leading managers of the Whig party, and was usually a candidate for presidential elector. When in 1846, according to the peculiar system of rotation adopted by the Illinois politicians, it was his turn to go to Congress, he did not distinguish himself, though he seems to have made a favorable impression upon the party leaders, and the acquaintance thus formed was of great use to him later.

Going back to Illinois, he again settled to the practice of law. It was in 1853 that he received his largest fee. It was a case in which he defended the Illinois Central Railroad in a suit brought to collect taxes alleged to be due, and in which he was successful. He presented a bill for two thousand dollars, which the company refused to allow, when, after consultation with other lawyers, he brought suit for five thousand, which he received.

It was not until the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854, that Lincoln was really aroused. He had always opposed the extension of slavery, holding opinions well indicated by his protest in the Legislature, already mentioned, and by the acute remark that it was "singular that the courts would hold that a man never lost his right to his property that had been stolen from him, but that he instantly lost his right to himself if he was stolen." The great question now absorbed his interest. He was constantly more bold in his position, and more powerful in his denunciation of the encroachments of the slave power. He became, therefore, the natural champion of his party in the campaigns in which Senator Douglas undertook to defend before the people of his State his advocacy of "Squatter Sovereignty," or the right of the people of each Territory to decide whether it should be admitted as a slave or a free State, and of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, by which the "Missouri Compromise" was repealed.

(*See* HENRY CLAY.) The first great battle between these two giants of debate took place at the State Fair at Springfield, in October of 1854. Douglas made, on Tuesday, a great speech to an unprecedented concourse of people, and was the lion of the hour. The next day Lincoln replied, and his effort was such as to surprise both his friends and his opponents. It was probably the first occasion on which he reached his full power. In the words of a friendly editor: "The Nebraska bill was shivered, and like a tree of the forest was torn and rent asunder by the hot bolts of truth. . . . At the conclusion of this speech every man and child felt that it was unanswerable."

It was arranged that Lincoln was to follow Douglas and reply to his speeches, and the two met in joint debate at Peoria, after which Douglas proposed that they should both abandon the debate, agreeing to cancel his appointments and make no more speeches during that campaign, if Lincoln would do the same. Lincoln somewhat weakly agreed to this proposition, and the next day, when Douglas pleaded hoarseness as an excuse, he gallantly refused to take advantage of "Judge Douglas's indisposition." He faithfully kept to the agreement, though Douglas allowed himself, on one occasion, to be tempted into violating it.

THE DEBATES WITH DOUGLAS.

But it was the campaign of 1858 which made Lincoln famous, which fully demonstrated his powers, and which prepared him for the presidency. Douglas was immensely popular. His advocacy of territorial expansion appealed to the patriotism of the young and ardent; his doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" was well calculated to mislead the shallow thinker; and his power in debate had given him the name of "the Little Giant." True, the "Dred Scott decision" had made it difficult to hold his Northern constituency to the toleration of any attitude which could be construed as favoring the South,* but his opposition to the Lecompton pro-slavery constitution, on the ground that it had never been fairly voted upon by the people of Kansas, not only maintained the loyalty of his par-

* The "Dred Scott decision" was delivered by Chief Justice Taney, of the United States Supreme Court, on March 6, 1857, immediately after the inauguration of President Buchanan. Dred Scott was a slave who had been taken by his master from Missouri to Illinois and Wisconsin, where slavery was illegal, and had lived there for some years. He was then taken back to Missouri, and having been whipped, he brought suit against his master for assault, pleading that he was made free by being taken into a free State, where slavery was illegal. The Missouri Circuit Court decided in his favor; but the case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which decided that the Missouri Compromise, limiting the area of slavery, was unconstitutional, and that therefore slaveholders could enter any free State with slaves and hold them there as property; that negroes, being incapable of becoming citizens, had no standing in court, and could not maintain a suit for any purpose. As this decision overthrew all barriers against the extension of slavery, even to the free States, and declared that the negro had no rights which the courts would protect, it caused great excitement in the North, and aroused intense hostility to the aggressive demands of the slave power.

tisans, but led Horace Greeley and some other leaders of the new Republican party to favor his re-election to the Senate, hoping to separate him from the pro-slavery interest, and thus introduce a split in the Democratic party. But Lincoln and those who advised with him were firmly of opinion that the anti-slavery cause was safe only in the hands of those who had consistently been its advocates, and took high and strong ground in favor of an aggressive campaign. Lincoln had come to be a really great political manager. He cared little for temporary success, if only he could foster the growth of a right public opinion, and thus make possible a future victory which would be permanent. So, in this campaign, when he proposed to press upon his opponent the question whether there were lawful means by which slavery could be excluded from a Territory before its admission as a state, his friends suggested that Douglas would reply that slavery could not exist unless it was desired by the people, and unless protected by territorial legislation, and that this answer would be sufficiently satisfactory to insure his re-election. But Lincoln replied, "I am after larger game. If Douglas so answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." Both predictions were verified. The people of the South might have forgiven Douglas his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution, but they could not forgive the promulgation of a doctrine which, in spite of the Dred Scott decision, would keep slavery out of a Territory; and so, although Douglas was elected and Lincoln defeated, the Democracy was divided, and it was impossible for Douglas to command Southern votes for the Presidency.

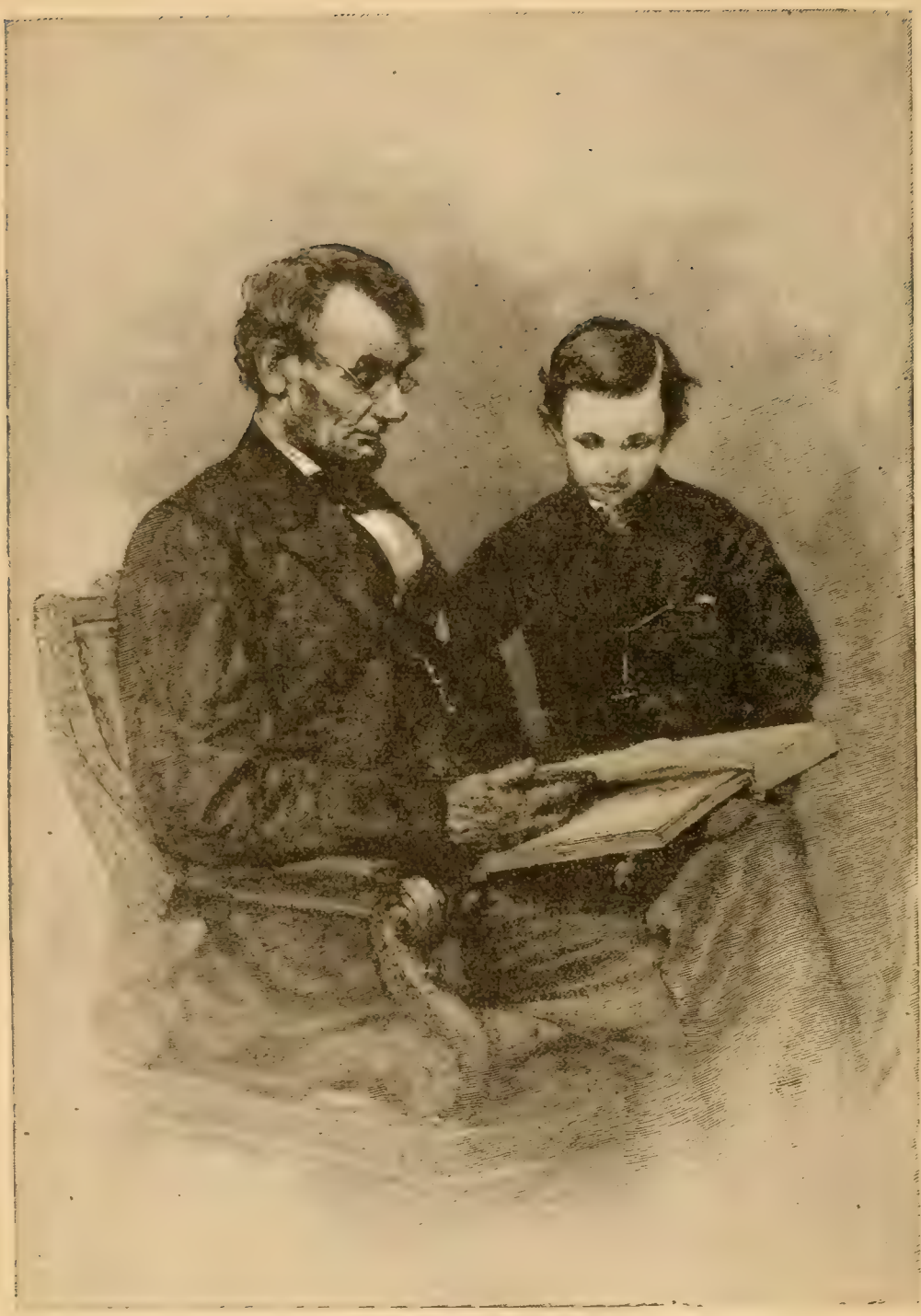
The campaign had been opened by a speech of Lincoln which startled the country by its boldness and its power. It was delivered at the Republican convention which nominated him for Senator, and had been previously submitted to his confidential advisers. They strenuously opposed the introduction of its opening sentences. He was warned that they would be fatal to his election, and, in the existing state of public feeling, might permanently destroy his political prospects. Lincoln could not be moved. "It is *true*," said he, "and I *will* deliver it as written. I would rather be defeated with these expressions in my speech held up and discussed before the people than be victorious without them." The paragraph gave to the country a statement of the problem as terse and vigorous and even more complete than Seward's "irrepressible conflict," and as startling as Sumner's proposition that "freedom was national, slavery sectional." "A house divided against itself," said Lincoln, "cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the farther spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful

in all the States,—old as well as new, North as well as South." It seems small wonder that Douglas should interpret this as a threat of sectional strife, should magnify it and distort it, and that it should thus be the means of driving many timid voters to the support of the more politic candidate.

Never had the issues of a political campaign seemed more momentous; never was one more ably contested. The triumph of the doctrine of "popular sovereignty," in the Kansas-Nebraska bill, had opened the Territories to slavery, while it professed to leave the question to be decided by the people. To the question whether the people of a Territory could exclude slavery Douglas had answered, "That is a question for the courts to decide," but the Dred Scott decision, practically holding that the Federal Constitution guaranteed the right to hold slaves in the Territories, seemed to make the pro-slavery cause triumphant. The course of Douglas regarding the Lecompton Constitution, however, had made it possible for his friends to describe him as "the true champion of freedom," while Lincoln continually exposed, with merciless force, the illogical position of his adversary, and his complete lack of political morality.

Douglas claimed that the doctrine of popular sovereignty "originated when God made man and placed good and evil before him, allowing him to choose upon his own responsibility." But Lincoln declared with great solemnity: "No; God did not place good and evil before man, telling him to make his choice. On the contrary, God did tell him there was one tree of the fruit of which he should not eat, upon pain of death." The question was to him one of right, a high question of morality, and only upon such a question could he ever be fully roused. "Slavery is wrong," was the keynote of his speeches. But he did not take the position of the abolitionists. He even admitted that the South was entitled, under the Constitution, to a national fugitive slave law, though his soul revolted at the law which was then in force. His position, as already cited, was that of the Republican party. He would limit the extension of slavery, and place it in such a position as would insure its ultimate extinction. It was a moderate course, viewed from this distance of time, but in the face of a dominant, arrogant, irascible pro-slavery sentiment it seemed radical in the extreme, calculated, indeed, to fulfill a threat he had made to the Governor of the State. He had been attempting to secure the release of a young negro from Springfield who was wrongfully detained in New Orleans, and who was in danger of being sold for prison expenses. Moved to the depths of his being by the refusal of the official to interfere, Lincoln exclaimed: "By God, Governor, I'll make the ground of this country *too hot for the foot of a slave*."

Douglas was re-elected. Lincoln had hardly anticipated a different result, and he had nothing of the feeling of defeat. On the contrary, he felt that the corner-stone of victory had been laid. He had said of his opening speech: "If



LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD."

I had to draw a pen across my record, and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech, and leave it to the world unerased;" and now, he wrote: "The fight must go on. The cause of liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats. Douglas had the ingenuity to be supported in the late contest both as the best means to break down and to uphold the slave interest. No ingenuity can keep these antagonistic elements in harmony long. Another explosion will soon come." And the explosion was only two years in coming. Neither was he in doubt about the effect of his own labors. "I believe I have made some marks," said he, "which will tell for the cause of liberty long after I am gone." He had bidden his countrymen "Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me; take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence;" and defeat, which he foresaw must be temporary, was as nothing to him.

But his great contest had made him famous. It is often said that Lincoln in 1860 was practically unknown outside of Illinois. But this cannot be maintained. In Illinois his name was a household word. "Come to our place," wrote a political manager in 1852, "people place more confidence in you than in any other man. Men who do not read want the story told as only you can tell it. Others may make fine speeches, but it would not be, 'Lincoln said so in his speech.'" And now his name was on the lips of every earnest advocate of freedom the country over. At the East there was deep and widespread interest in him. The people who looked up to Seward and Sumner and Wendell Phillips as the exponents of the gospel of freedom rejoiced at hearing of this new prophet, albeit he came from the wilderness.

HIS COOPER INSTITUTE SPEECH.

So, when in 1860 Lincoln appeared by invitation to deliver an address at the Cooper Institute in New York, Horace Greeley declared that "No man has been welcomed by such an audience of the intellect and mental culture of our city since the days of Clay and Webster." No audience was ever more surprised. The scholarly people who thronged the immense audience-room had not really believed that any genuine good could come out of the Nazareth of Illinois, and the awkward, uncouth appearance of the speaker did not reassure them. They expected to hear a ranting, shallow stump speech, which might be adapted to persuade the ignorant people of a prairie State, but the hearing of which would rather be an ordeal to their cultured ears. But the effort was dignified, calm, clear, luminous. If it was not the speech of a scholar, it was that of a man full of his great subject, and with a scholar's command of all that bore upon it. It is said that those who afterward performed the work of publishing the

speech as a campaign document were three weeks in verifying the statements and finding the historical records referred to.

He had taken the East by storm. He was invited to speak in many places in New England, and everywhere met with the most flattering reception, which surprised almost as much as it delighted him. It astonished him to hear that the Professor of Rhetoric of Yale College took notes of his speech and lectured upon them to his class, and followed him to Meriden the next evening to hear him again for the same purpose. An intelligent hearer described as remarkable "the clearness of your statements, the unanswerable style of your reasoning, and especially your illustrations, which were romance and pathos, fun and logic, all welded together." Perhaps his style could not be better described. He himself said that it used to anger him, when a child, to hear statements which he could not understand, and he was thus led to form the habit of turning over a thought until it was in language any boy could comprehend.

Lincoln had in 1856 been somewhat talked of by his Illinois friends for Vice-President, and even for President; but he had felt that other men, of wider reputation, would better lead the party. Now, however, he thought himself a proper candidate, and freely consulted with his friends in furtherance of his canvass. When the convention met in Chicago, the candidacy of Seward was so prominent, and his managers had such a reputation for political finesse, that it was with a surprise amounting to disgust that they saw themselves out-shouted and out-generaled by their Western competitors. Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot, amid such enthusiasm as had never been equaled.

As had been predicted, the Democrats had not been able to hold together, the pro-slavery wing refusing to endorse the nomination of Douglas, and putting Breckinridge in the field. The campaign was conducted with great enthusiasm on the part of the Republicans, all the candidates for the nomination uniting in working for the success of Lincoln and Hamlin, and the result was a majority of fifty-seven in the electoral colleges.

From this time, the life of Abraham Lincoln is the History of the Rebellion. It cannot be adequately written here. Every day was crowded with events which seem unimportant only because overshadowed by others whose world-wide influence commands attention. Hardly was the election over when active steps were taken in the South looking toward disunion. By February, seven State Legislatures had passed ordinances of secession, and the Southern Confederacy was practically organized. Few upon either side expected war, but the air was full of trouble, and the future looked very dark.

On the 11th of February, Lincoln took leave of his old friends and neighbors in a little speech of most pathetic beauty, and journeyed to Washington by way of all the principal cities of the North. Everywhere he was received with acclamation, and at every stop he made speeches full of tact, and largely de

voted to an attempt to quiet the general apprehension and to demonstrate to the people of the South that they had no just cause of complaint. There was intense excitement throughout the country, and especially in Washington, where threats were freely made that Lincoln should never be inaugurated. The veteran General Scott, however, who was in command, was thoroughly loyal, and determined to prevent violence. He quietly organized a small but efficient force of well-armed men, in citizen's dress, who guarded the Capitol and streets until after the inauguration. Threatened violence in Baltimore caused a change of Lincoln's route from Harrisburg, by which he arrived in Washington unexpectedly, and the remaining time until March 4th was spent in preparing his Inaugural.



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

When Chief-Justice Taney had administered the oath of office, the new President delivered the Inaugural, which, while it was largely addressed to the Southern people, must have been really intended to strengthen the hearts of the friends of the Union. It foreshadowed fully and faithfully the course of his administration, and left no slightest excuse for secession or rebellion. He pointed out in the kindest possible manner the inevitable results of disunion, and, while sacrificing no principle, and declaring his purpose to fulfill his oath and to preserve the Union, the tone of the address has been likened to that of a sorrowing father to his wayward children.

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

His task was such as no man ever faced before. The great republic, the only great and promising experiment in self-government that the world had ever seen, seemed about to end, after all, in failure. It was to be determined whether the Constitution contained the germs of its own destruction, or whether the government established under its provisions possessed the necessary strength to hold itself together.

Mr. Lincoln called to his cabinet the ablest men of his party, two of whom, Seward and Chase, had been his competitors for the nomination, and the new administration devoted itself to the work of saving the Union. Every means was tried to prevent the secession of the border States, and the President delayed until Fort Sumter was fired upon before he began active measures for the suppression of the Rebellion and called for seventy-five thousand volunteers.

The great question, from the start, was the treatment of the negro. The advanced anti-slavery men demanded decisive action, and could not understand that success depended absolutely upon the administration commanding the support of the whole people. And so Mr. Lincoln incurred the displeasure and lost the confidence of some of those who had been his heartiest supporters by keeping the negro in the background and making the preservation of the



LIBBY PRISON IN RICHMOND.

Union the great end for which he strove. "I am naturally anti-slavery," said he at a later time. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember the time when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act upon that judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. . . . This oath even forbade me practically to indulge my private abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery." And, although he repeatedly declared that, if he could do so, he would preserve the Union *with slavery*, he continued, "I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even *tried* to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution, all together," and so, when it became evident that the salvation of the Union

demanded the destruction of that accursed system, the President was ready to strike the blow, and he found almost the whole people ready to support him.

It is true that he could never count upon the absolute loyalty of all those who should have been his support. Radical men could not understand his progressive conservatism. When he refused, early in the war, to allow a self-confident general to emancipate negroes, the abolitionists were shocked and grieved. When he retained in command, month after month, a general whom he, far better than his critics, knew to be a failure, the smaller men accused him of lack of energy and with trifling. He could not silence them all with the lesson which he administered to the members of his cabinet when they protested against replacing McClellan in command of the forces in Washington after the failure of his campaign upon the James, and the crushing defeat of Pope. He showed them that he saw all that they did ; that he knew the weakness of that general even better than they ; nay, more, that in the light of all the facts the reinstatement was in the nature of a personal humiliation to himself. But when he asked them to name the man who could better be relied upon to reorganize the army, when he offered freely to appoint the better man if they would name him, they had no nomination to make. He had showed them anew the difference between the irresponsible critic and the responsible head of affairs.

But upon what Lincoln called "the plain people," the mass of his countrymen, he could always depend, because he, more than any other political leader in our history, understood them. Sumner, matchless advocate of liberty as he was, distrusted the President, and was desirous of getting the power out of his hands into stronger and safer ones. But suddenly the great Massachusetts Senator awoke to the fact that he could not command the support of his own constituency, and found it necessary to issue an interview declaring himself not an opponent, but a supporter of Lincoln.

In the dark days of 1862, when the reverses of the Union arms cast a gloom over the North, and European governments were seriously considering the propriety of recognizing the Confederacy, it seemed to Mr. Lincoln that his time had come, that the North was prepared to support a radical measure, and that emancipation would not only weaken the South at home, but would make it impossible for any European government to take the attitude toward slavery which would be involved in recognizing the Confederacy. Action was delayed until a favorable moment, and after the battle of Antietam the President called his cabinet together and announced that he was about to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation. It was a solemn moment. The President had made a vow—"I promised my God," were his words—that if the tide of invasion should be mercifully arrested, he would set the negro free. The final proclamation, issued three months later, fitly closes with an appeal

which indicates the devout spirit in which the deed was done: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

HIS GREATNESS AS A STATESMAN.

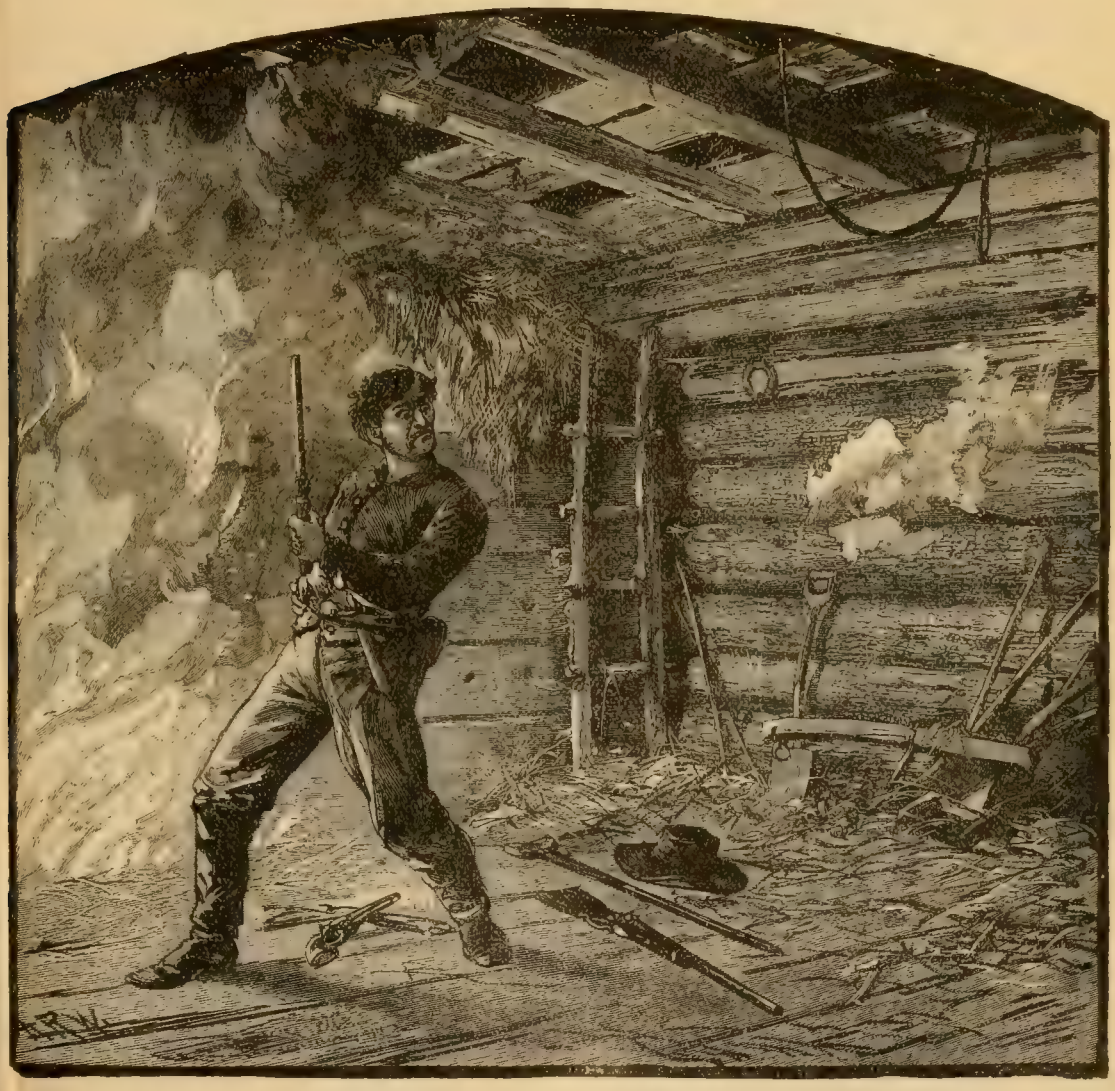
But the negro question, though a constant, underlying difficulty, was by no means the whole of Lincoln's problem. Questions of foreign policy, of the



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

conduct of the war, the ever present necessity of providing money, which flowed out of the treasury in a thousand streams under the stress of daily growing and expanding public expenditure, the jealousy of politicians and the bickerings of generals, all these, and a thousand wearing, perplexing details, filled his days and nights with labor and anxiety. And, through it all, the great man, bearing his burden from day to day, grew in the love of his people as they came to know him better. It is of the human side of Lincoln that we think

most, of his homely speech, his kindliness, of the way he persisted, all through the war, in seeing and conversing with the thousands of all classes who thronged the doors of the White House, of the tears that came to his eyes at each story of distress, of his readiness to pardon, his unwillingness to punish,—



THE CAPTURE OF BOOTH, THE SLAYER OF LINCOLN.

but this is only part of Lincoln. His grasp of questions of State policy was superior to that of any of his advisers. The important dispatch to our minister to England in May, 1861, outlining the course to be pursued toward that power, has been published in its original draft, showing the work of the Secre-

tary of State and the President's alterations. Of this publication the editor of the *North American Review* says: "Many military men, who have had access to Mr. Lincoln's papers, have classed him as the best general of the war. This paper will go far toward establishing his reputation as its ablest diplomatist." It would be impossible for any intelligent person to study the paper thus published, the omissions, the alterations, the substitutions, without acknowledging that they were the work of a master mind, and that the raw backwoodsman, not three months in office, was the peer of any statesman with whom he might find it necessary to cope. He was entirely willing to grant to his secretaries and to his generals the greatest liberty of action; he was ready to listen to any one, and to accept advice even from hostile critics; and this readiness made them think, sometimes, that he had little mind of his own, and brought upon him the charge of weakness; but, as the facts have become more fully known, it has grown more and more evident that he was not only the "best general" and the "ablest diplomatist," but the greatest man among all the great men whom that era of trial brought to the rescue of our country.

And when the end came, after four years of conflict, when the triumph seemed complete and the work of saving the Union appeared to be accomplished, it needed only the martyr's crown to add depth of pathos to our memory of Lincoln, and insure him that fame which had been prophesied for him, should he make himself the "emancipator, the liberator. That is a fame worth living for; ay, more, that is a fame worth dying for, though that death led through the blood of Gethsemane and the agony of the accursed tree. That is a fame which has glory and honor and immortality, and eternal life."

The story of the end need hardly be told. On the evening of April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was shot by a half-crazed sympathizer with the South, John Wilkes Booth. The President had gone, by special invitation, to witness a play at Ford's Theatre, and the assassin had no difficulty in gaining entrance to the box, committing the dreadful deed, and leaping to the stage to make his escape. The story of his pursuit and death while resisting arrest is familiar to us all. Mr. Lincoln lingered till the morning, when the little group of friends and relatives, with members of the cabinet, stood with breaking hearts about the death-bed.

Sorrow more deep and universal cannot be imagined than enveloped our land on that 15th of April. Throughout the country every household felt the loss as of one of themselves. The honored remains lay for a few days in state at Washington, and then began the funeral journey, taking in backward course almost the route which had been followed four years before, when the newly elected President came to assume his burdens and to lay down his life. Such a pilgrimage of sorrow had never been witnessed by our people. It was followed by the sympathy of the whole world until the loved remains were laid in the

tomb at Springfield. Over the door of the State House, in the city of his home, where his old neighbors took their last farewell, were the lines :—

"He left us borne up by our prayers ;
He returns embalmed in our tears."

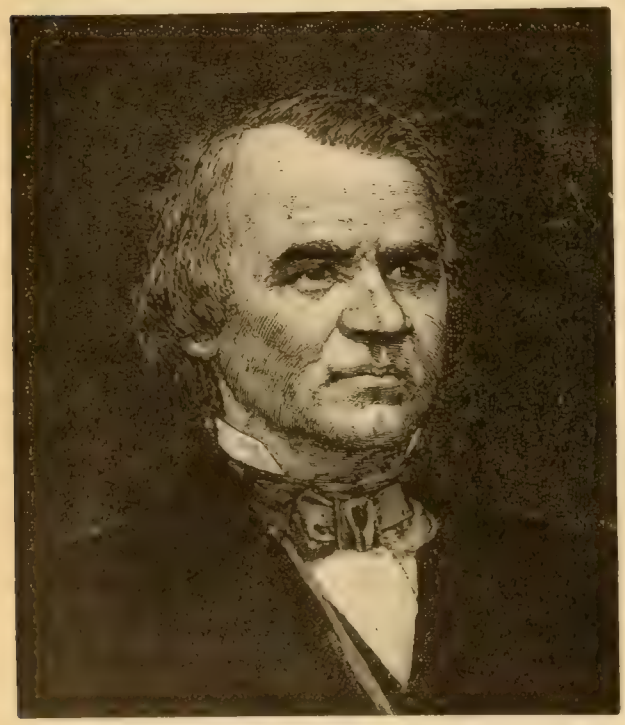
"Cities and States," said the great Beecher, "are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead! Is any man, that ever was fit to live, dead? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome. Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty."

TRAITS OF HIS CHARACTER.

Abraham Lincoln was in every way a remarkable man. Towering above his fellows, six feet four inches in height, his gaunt figure, somewhat stooping, would of itself attract attention. Possessed of gigantic strength, he was diffident and modest in the extreme. The habits of youth, and a natural indifference to such things, made him through life careless of dress. When he came upon the stage at Cooper Institute, in 1860, he probably was for the first time disconcerted by his clothing. He had donned a new suit, which seemed not to fit his great limbs, and showed the creases made by close packing in a valise. He imagined that his audience noticed the contrast between his dress and that of William Cullen Bryant and other gentlemen on the stage, and he was well into his address before he could forget it. The expression of his face was sad ; and as the war dragged its slow length along, that sadness deepened. His mind was always tinged with a settled melancholy, an inherited trait, and it is doubtful whether he was ever entirely free from the mental depression which on two occasions almost overwhelmed him. Notwithstanding this, he was the greatest inventor and gatherer of amusing stories known to our public life. He used these stories on every occasion, whether to amuse a chance listener, to enforce a point in a speech, or to divert the mind of an unwelcome questioner. Dignified statesmen and ambassadors were astounded when the President interrupted their stilted talk with a story of "a man out in Sangamon County." He opened that meeting of the Cabinet at which he announced his solemn purpose to issue the Emancipation Proclamation by reading aloud a chapter from Artemus Ward. But the joke was always for a purpose. He settled many a weighty question, which hours of argument could not have done so well, by the keen, incisive wit of one of these homely "yarns." His great Secretary of State, gravely discussing questions of state policy, felt the ground give way

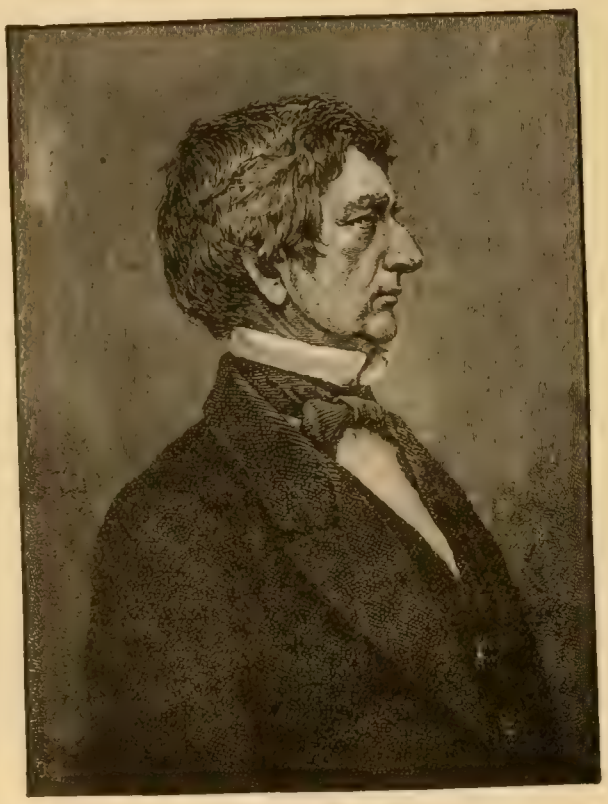
under his feet when the President was "reminded" of a story of a negro preacher. He settled the question of a change of commanding generals by remarking that it was a "bad plan to swap horses in the middle of a stream;" and continually he lightened his labors and relieved his care by the native wit which could fit to the question of the hour, great or small, a homely illustration which exactly covered the ground.

His gift of expression was only equaled by the clearness and firmness of his grasp upon the truths which he desired to convey; and the beauty of his words, upon many occasions, is only matched by the goodness and purity of the soul from which they sprung. His Gettysburg speech will be remembered as long as the story of the battle for freedom shall be told; and of his second Inaugural it has been said: "This was like a sacred poem. No American President had ever spoken words like these to the American people. America never had a President who found such words in the depth of his heart." These were its closing words, and with them we may fitly close this imperfect sketch:—



ANDREW JOHNSON.

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan: to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

THE STATESMAN AND DIPLOMATIST.



HEN we look back over the time of our great Civil War and the decade which preceded it, those years seem prolific of great men. Great questions appealed to our citizens for discussion and settlement; great emergencies arose, fraught with extremest danger to our national life; but with them arose men divinely endowed with minds and hearts equal to the great demands. Of these "men who saved the nation," none filled at the time a larger place in the public mind, and perhaps none save Lincoln have more fully deserved their fame, than William H. Seward.

There is a sort of fascination about the story of the boy who begins life by running away from his parents' control. When Seward was seventeen years old he found himself at variance with his father about tailors' bills and other vital matters, and leaving Union College, at Schenectady, without the knowledge of his parents, journeyed to Georgia, where he engaged to take charge of a certain Union Academy, at the salary of eight hundred dollars per year. The future statesman was so affected, however, by a letter from his father, depicting the distress of his mother, that he transferred the engagement to a friend and returned to college.

William H. Seward was the fourth of a family of six children, and, being born in 1801, at a time when slavery was in process of gradual abolition in New York, his life covered, almost exactly, the period of our country's struggle with that question. In that struggle he was himself to take a leading part. His father, Samuel S. Seward, was a man of some culture, who added to the practice of medicine the varied occupations of farmer, merchant, magistrate, and politician. His mother was in every way a worthy help-meet to her energetic husband, while possessing that softer nature which engaged the affection of her children, as that of their sterner father failed to do.

Graduating from college, young Seward determined to enter the law, and

pursued the study, which he had already begun, in a law office in Goshen, and in the city of New York, and again in Goshen. He was admitted to practice in 1822, and immediately formed a partnership for the practice of his profession in the town of Auburn, which continued to be his home. His choice of a location had been influenced by the fact that it was the home of a certain Miss Frances A. Miller, who, when the law had sufficiently smiled upon her young devotee, became Mrs. Seward.

The young lawyer readily made a place for himself not only in his profession, but in the social life of the community, and in the local politics. He had



OLD NEW YORK MANSION NEAR SEWARD'S HOME.

been brought up in the political school of Jefferson, but found his opinions so altered by his own study of principles, of men, and of events, that he never cast a vote for the candidates of that party, identifying himself at once with the "National Republicans," and later with the "Anti-Masons," the "Whigs," and so, by natural process, becoming a leading Republican. The reception to Lafayette, in 1825, was a notable event in Auburn, and in this, as in all transactions of local importance, Seward took a prominent part. His influence in local politics caused him to be one of a caucus held in 1830, in Albany, to consider measures for widening the field of the influence of the Anti-Masonic party,

and his tact and ability so impressed his coadjutors as to make him one of the leaders of the party. Here, for the first time, he was brought into that close association with Thurlow Weed which became really a political partnership, and which, for a generation, was to dominate the politics of the State, and to be counted as one of the greatest forces in the nation at large.

Under the influence of this coalition, he was, in 1830, elected as the candidate of the Anti-Masonic party, a member of the State Senate, in which position he acquitted himself with honor, though the collapse of his party prevented a re-election. The organization of the Whig party, however, gave the political firm of Weed & Seward abundant opportunity for the exercise of their talents, and to Seward it brought the nomination for Governor. This so surprised his neighbors in Auburn that some of them of his own party declared that "the State must be in a strange condition if Seward is among its greatest men,"—a surprise which may have been quieted by the remark of one of the delegates to the convention: "Gentlemen, I have learned one thing by going to Utica, and that is, that a great man never lives at home." His failure of election brought no real discouragement to Mr. Seward, as the campaign had organized and solidified the new party, and he now devoted himself to building up his law practice, and could write to Weed, declining to be used in the building of any more "political cob-houses."

IMPRESSIONS OF SLAVERY.

In 1835 he drove with Mrs. Seward to the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and we find reflected in his letters the painful impressions of slavery, which confirmed his previous sentiments, and helped to make him the wise, consistent opponent of its extension which he afterward became. A single scene will illustrate this: A cloud of dust comes slowly up the road, from which proceeds a confusion of moaning, weeping, and shouting. Presently it is seen to be caused by ten little naked boys, from six to twelve years old, tied together, two and two, by their wrists, and fastened to a rope, while a tall white man drives the procession by aid of a long whip, watering its hungry members at the horse-trough, and then leaving them to sob themselves to sleep in a shed. These children had been purchased at different plantations, and were being driven to Richmond, to be sold at auction and taken South.

Mr. Seward spent the greater part of the years 1836 and 1837 at Westfield, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., in adjusting the difficulties between the Holland Land Company and the settlers in that part of the State, a service in which he was eminently successful and which resulted greatly to his financial benefit. The Whig victory of 1836 brought a revival of Seward's political aspirations, and in 1838 he was elected Governor. The most notable features of his administration were his refusal to deliver to the Virginia authorities three sailors who were charged with secreting an escaping slave, a subsequent dispute with Georgia

over a similar matter, the abolishing of imprisonment for debt in New York, and the fostering of general education, internal improvements, and foreign immigration.

A pleasant anecdote of Governor Seward is to the effect that one Sunday in New York he started out to find an Episcopal church. He entered one near Broadway, to which he had frequently been invited, but no one offered him a seat. Followed by the members of his staff, he traversed the entire length of the church, when, finding a door in the rear wall, he passed quietly out into the churchyard. Some of the church officers followed the party out, with assurances that no offense had been intended, that had the members known who it was seats would have been plenty, and invited their return. The reply was to the effect that Mr. Seward had no desire to visit a church which had a seat for a governor, but none for a stranger.

Governor Seward also demonstrated, in a way which will appeal very strongly to the sympathies of this generation, his willingness to depart from time-honored precedent when he was convinced that the precedent was not founded in right principle. In his preparation for the New Year's celebration of 1842 he substituted cold water and lemonade for the punch and wine which had previously been provided; and this he did not in accordance with his own tastes so much as because he believed that the growing temperance sentiment was entitled to recognition, and that those in authority should set a proper example in such matters.

At the close of the year 1842 the Governor retired to private life, having declined to be a candidate for a third term. One feature of his administration is still worthy of notice: he was exceptionally firm in the refusal of pardons to convicted criminals. Listening patiently to every applicant, weighing carefully all the evidence, and devoting days and nights of anxious labor to the study of important cases, he absolutely refused to yield to the pressure of influence, or even to popular opinion, and where no errors were manifest and he could not be convinced that humanity would be the gainer by interfering, he insisted that the course of justice must not be interrupted, and that the judgment of the courts must be fulfilled. In cases, however, where he felt that mercy could be safely extended, it was done, without regard to the previous social standing of the beneficiary or the political influence of his friends.

He now devoted himself again to the law, his wide reputation bringing to him important cases in all the higher courts. Entering with much hesitation and distrust of his powers upon cases under the patent laws, he was surprised to find himself unusually successful, and this branch of his practice became not only important but lucrative.

The Whig party was torn by dissensions. The war of opinion among its members, together with the conflict of opposing ambition among its leaders,

prevented any permanent success, but a season of defeat, with a term out of office, brought its members again to see the necessity of harmony, and the impossibility of success while its prominent men were willing to sacrifice not only the hopes of their fellow-partisans, but the principles of their party, for their own personal and temporary triumph. So the Whigs elected Harrison in 1840, were defeated with Clay in 1844, victorious with Taylor in 1848, and were ready to disappear with Scott in 1852, leaving all that was vital in their organization or principles to rally to the support of the new party which nominated Fremont in 1856 and elected Lincoln in 1860.



SEAL CATCHING IN ALASKA.

ELECTION TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

The success of the Whigs in 1848 made possible the election of Mr. Seward to the Senate, which body he entered two years before Sumner, with whom and Chase and Hale he was to oppose the forces of slavery.

Senator Seward is described as a slender, hook-nosed, gray-eyed, homely man, having red hair, a voice harsh and unpleasant, and a manner decidedly awkward, but his speeches were graceful and smooth as well as strong, their style was pure and clear, and it was early noticed that when the Senator from New York arose to speak, the Senate was ready to listen. His speeches are said to have done more than any other one thing to outline a declaration of faith upon which the various groups of anti-slavery men the country over could agree.

If this be true, it has been too much overlooked in recounting Mr. Seward's claims to greatness. His services as Lincoln's Secretary of State and his success in steering the country through the stormy times when a mistake would have brought on foreign war, or a wrongly phrased dispatch precipitated a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, have overshadowed what certainly was no less great, the bringing together into a single party, disciplined and united, the widely-differing factions, largely composed of hot-headed fanatics, which in 1850 could hardly be said to be united in anything, so far asunder were they, even in their opposition to slavery. Seward used quotations with great felicity, for his memory was exact and capacious, and his reading had been wide. He never descended to coarse jokes or mere buffoonery, but his speeches as well as his autobiography abound in a keen, dry, delightful humor, which added much to their force, and which makes them still agreeable reading.

His invitation to the Southern Senators to come and argue their case openly before the people of the North, and the contrast which he made evident between the freedom with which they might do so, and the rancor and persecution which followed even the mildest expression of anti-slavery sentiments at the South, demonstrated Sumner's proposition that "freedom was national and slavery sectional;" and the way in which the New York Senator laid bare the vicious nature of a cause which thus stifled free speech and hunted an opponent to death could not be more effective. Two phrases of his used in the debates of this period have become historic, his declaration that there was "a *higher law* than the Constitution which regulated the authority of Congress over the national domain,—the law of God and the interests of humanity," and his reference to the "irrepressible conflict" which could only end in the country becoming all free or entirely a slaveholding nation.

In all the heated political warfare between 1850 and 1860, Mr. Seward bore a prominent part, and so evidently was he the leader of the Republican forces that it was thought that he must necessarily be the party candidate for the presidency. When the convention assembled at Chicago this seemed to the party managers a foregone conclusion, but a variety of causes, personal hostility, local prejudices, and that peculiar qualification, "availability," gave the nomination to Lincoln.

Mr. Seward must have been profoundly disappointed, but he made no sign. He cheerfully set to work to promote the success of his party, and made, in the campaign which followed, a series of speeches, which, together with those delivered four years before, form a complete presentation of the anti-slavery case. The South was crying out that the election of Lincoln meant the destruction of the rights and property of that section; but Seward's speeches proved, if proof were necessary, that this was merely an excuse, put forward by those in favor of secession.

Between Lincoln's election and inauguration, Seward was largely instrumental in checking treason in Buchanan's cabinet, and in securing the country against its dangers. He considered the battle against slavery won by Lincoln's election, and felt convinced that the Republican policy of forbidding its extension would end in its final death; and in that belief he was willing to wait, to turn his back, for a time, to the all-absorbing question, and to devote all his present energies to conciliation, and to the work of saving the Union.

LINCOLN'S SECRETARY OF STATE.

Mr. Seward had early formed a resolution never to accept an office by appointment unless it should seem to him that such a course was absolutely demanded by the welfare of the country. It is easy to believe that it was this reason which induced him to become Lincoln's Secretary of State. He probably came to the office with something of contempt for the awkward, uncultured President, and with the idea that he was to be the real force of the administration,—a sort of "power behind the throne," in whose hands the inexperienced, would-be statesman from the West would be easily controlled and prevented from doing harm. He early found himself mistaken, however, and gladly took the real position to which he had been chosen, that of a faithful counsellor to the great President. Wisely allowed a large liberty in the conduct of his department, the secretary brought to his gigantic task resources as unexpected as was the demand for them. It may be too much to say, as has been said, that during the four years of strife "his brain was pitted against all Europe, and always won," but the questions with which he had to deal had no precedent in their magnitude or their urgency, and frequently none as to the circumstances with which they dealt.

Three instances may be mentioned: the Trent affair, the demand for compensation on account of damages by privateers fitted out in England, and the French occupation of Mexico. The weeks succeeding the seizure of the Confederate commissioners who had embarked from the West Indies for England upon an English passenger steamer, the Trent, have been referred to as the darkest period of the war. The country was aflame with patriotic exultation at the intrepidity of Captain Wilkes, and to refuse to surrender the captives at the demand of England seemed certain to involve the distracted country in a war with Great Britain. The clear-headed wisdom of Lincoln, the acuteness of Seward, and the wide knowledge and great influence of Sumner, all were needed to wring victory from the jaws of this apparently certain defeat. The country submitted unwillingly at first, but gradually came to recognize the strength and wisdom of a policy which acknowledged the error that had been made, and in acknowledging it shrewdly called the attention of the British ministry to the fact that it was out of just such violations of international law

that the War of 1812 arose, and that England had never acknowledged herself in the wrong. Our government could not afford to commit, in 1861, the crimes against which it had protested a half century before, and England was left in the attitude of threatening a war to resent the acts of which she had herself been guilty.



IDOLS TOTEM, OF ALASKA.

Mr. Seward lived in Washington in the house occupied in later years by Secretary Blaine, and in which the latter died. He surrounded himself with the degree of luxury which his moderate wealth justified, and filled the place in society which belonged to his position in the government and to his commanding abilities and great intellectual resources. When Lincoln was assassinated, the plot included the murder of the Secretary of State. Mr. Seward was ill and confined to his bed, and the assassin seems to have had no difficulty in gaining access to his chamber. He was stabbed in several places, particularly in the face, but the bravery of his male nurse prevented his being killed. For days it was questionable whether he would recover, and his face was so injured

that it was difficult to feed him. It was thought best to keep him in ignorance of the fate of Lincoln, but when, with his first returning strength, he saw through his window the White House flag at half-mast, he instantly divined the truth, and, with tears coursing down his scarred cheeks, exclaimed, "The President is dead!"

THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA.

Mr. Seward continued to occupy the office of Secretary of State during the presidency of Andrew Johnson, rather leaning to the side of the President in his heated controversy with Congress. The most notable event of this time, aside from the reconstruction of the Southern States, was the purchase from Russia of the territory of Alaska. Secretary Seward was quick to see the value to us of this vast and still little-known territory, and it was almost altogether through his efforts that it became a part of the United States.

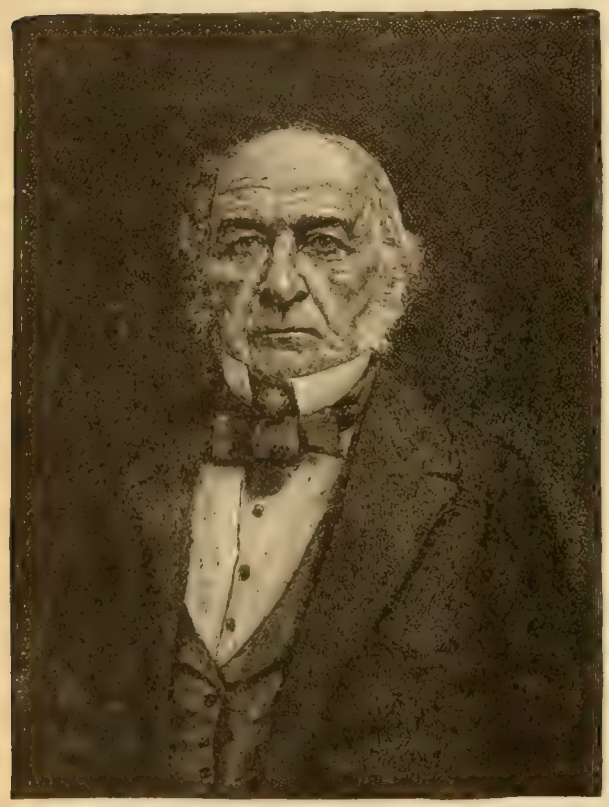
The great leader had now completed his public service. He spent a year in a journey around the world, being everywhere received with the honor due to his eminence as a man and a statesman. Returning to Auburn, he began to write his autobiography, which he had completed as far as the year 1834, when his death occurred in October, 1872.

Opinion will always differ as to the comparative standing and services of great men, but it can never deny to William H. Seward a place among the foremost. He possessed in a high degree that peculiar faculty of grasping the thought of the average man, which enabled him to organize men into parties and to lead the parties so formed. He was great as a diplomatist, as a statesman, a politician, a lawyer, but he possessed some qualities which constrain us to tender to him our greatest admiration as a man in his relations to his fellows. His love of right, his hatred of injustice in any form, made him the willing servant of the poor and helpless, and his legal learning and skill as an advocate were heartily given in behalf of the suffering poor, from whom he could hope for no reward, and could not be bought at any price for the furtherance of oppression or wrong.

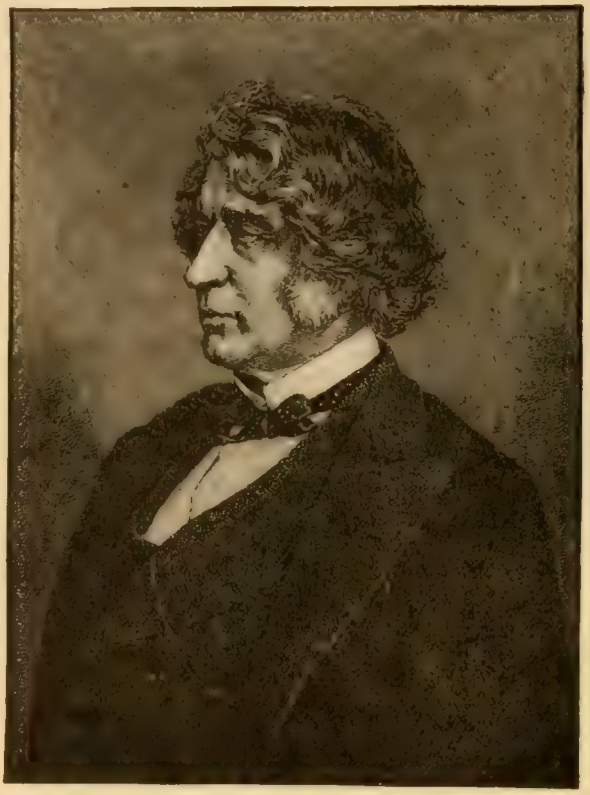
In 1846 Mr. Seward had interested himself to secure a fair trial for a negro convict who had murdered a fellow-prisoner. While the case was pending, a whole family was murdered near Auburn, and the murderer, another negro, narrowly escaped lynching. Mr. Seward's course in defending the first guilty man became at once very unpopular, and excitement rose to the highest pitch when, in the absence of any other counsel, he volunteered to serve the second. The accounts of the trial would seem to demonstrate that the man was not responsible for his deeds; but the mob spirit was aroused, and the demand for his conviction and execution was so universal as to make the part of his volunteer attorney not only unpleasant in the extreme, but positively dangerous. Mr. Seward felt that he was, in all probability, sacrificing his popularity and

his influence by the course he was taking, and these were, justly, very dear to him, but he did not hesitate.

It is related that Mr. Gladstone, speaking to Charles Sumner of this trial, said that "Mr. Seward's argument in the Freeman case is the greatest forensic effort in the English language." "The greatest?" exclaimed another gentleman; "Mr. Gladstone, you forget Erskine." "No," was the reply, "I do not forget Erskine; Mr. Seward's argument is the greatest forensic effort in the language." In the preliminary trial he had referred to the feeling against him, saying that it might very possibly continue throughout his life and make his grave "unhonored, neglected, spurned," but expressing a hope that even then some one might be found who would erect over his remains an humble stone, and thereon this epitaph, "*He was faithful.*" The wave of madness quickly passed, and Governor Seward found that he had been only at the beginning of his fame, his popularity, and his usefulness, but the simple epitaph for which he that day expressed a desire is fitly inscribed upon his monument in the cemetery at Auburn.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.



CHARLES SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER,

THE GREAT ADVOCATE OF FREEDOM.

"SAY, in lofty madness, that you own the sun, the stars, the moon; but do not say that you own a man, endowed with soul to live immortal, when sun and moon and stars have passed away."

Such words are now only remarkable for their beauty; the truth they convey has come to be axiomatic; slavery has ceased to be a debatable question; but when they were uttered they were almost treason, and were sufficient to bring down upon the speaker the concentrated hatred of a whole section of our country, and the expression of such sentiments cut him off from sympathy with those who regarded themselves as the best people of his native city, and closed to him social circles of which he had been a proud and honored member.

We Americans hold in especial honor those of our great men who, like Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, and a host of others, have attained their eminence without the assistance of inherited wealth or culture, and by their own unaided exertions. We almost come to think that in our country such "self-made men" possess a monopoly of greatness. To this idea there are many contradictions, but none more complete or more striking than is to be found in the life and works of Charles Sumner. His ancestors, indeed, were farmers, and his mother was a tailoress; but the Sumners had for generations taken a more or less prominent part in public affairs, holding a high place in the esteem of the community. They shared the New England respect for culture, father and son for at least three generations pursuing their studies at Harvard; and this typical representative of Massachusetts grew to manhood, and took his place among the famous men of his time, without that pinch of poverty which we are rather prone to think a necessary spur.

He was the eldest of nine children, received his preliminary education at the famous Boston Latin School, and entered Harvard at the age of fifteen, and

his mother could well boast that "Charles, when a boy, was a good scholar and always diligent in his studies."

At college, his habits were quiet, and his time almost entirely devoted to study, though the range of his interest was so wide as to interfere to some extent with the required work, and he never took very high rank in his class. He had few intimate friends, though he enjoyed social life; and it is typical of the man that in college discussions and literary work he always took the serious, the earnest point of view. The boy was father to the man; and impurity of speech or conduct was impossible to him then as always.

After leaving college he spent a year in further reading and study, slowly making up his mind to enter the profession of law. In his professional studies Sumner distinguished himself by the thoroughness of his reading and the accuracy and wide range of the knowledge thus acquired, though his devotion was rather to the principles and philosophy of the law than to the knowledge necessary for its practice. His association with the famous Judge Story at this period did much to develop this tendency, and he planned for himself a career much like that of his beloved friend and instructor, which, as is so frequently true of youthful programs, the force of circumstances compelled him to abandon for a course which led, by other paths, to honors even higher than those he coveted.

He began the practice of law in Boston, and devoted himself earnestly to it. Many of its phases were not congenial to him, but he accepted any honorable work in the line of his profession, drawing up papers, taking testimony as commissioner, assisting as junior counsel in some important cases, and, as he once laughingly told a friend, even found it within the line of his professional duty to write a love letter for an illiterate client,—a letter so tenderly expressed as to draw tears from the eyes of the lovelorn swain, though we are not informed of its effect upon the fair object of his affections.

He early began to draw around him a circle of closely-attached friends,—those who already filled places of large usefulness, and many of whose names have since become household words. He was intimately associated with Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf, reporting the judicial decisions of the former, assisting both in the preparation of their books, and taking their places in the conduct of the Harvard Law School. He was one of the editors of the *Jurist*, to which he contributed many articles on legal topics of importance, and articles by him were occasionally found in the pages of the *North American Review* and other leading periodicals. He greatly enjoyed social intercourse, and for many years "The Five of Clubs," an informal organization composed of Sumner, his partner, Hillard, Longfellow, Felton, afterward president of Harvard, and Henry R. Cleveland, used to meet almost weekly for discussion and the enjoyment of their close and unusual fellowship. He

counted among his friends Francis Lieber, Chancellor Kent, Chief Justice Marshall, Choate, Clay, Calhoun, Webster; every one acknowledged his learning, his ability, every one prophesied great things of him and for him ; but his law practice was not large and the occasion seemed lacking which should arouse his enthusiasm and call forth his energies.

DISTINGUISHED RECEPTION IN EUROPE.

He had long desired to visit Europe, and in December, 1837, he sailed for Havre. He spent three years in France, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain, borrowing the five thousand dollars which he expended in this time. In France, Italy, and Germany he applied himself with enthusiasm, first, to the study of the language and literature, and then of society, and especially of the law and its administration. In England he was accorded a reception the like of which no other American, previously unknown abroad, has probably enjoyed. Letters from Judge Story and other distinguished Americans opened the way, and his great and extensive learning, personal dignity, and high character, with his intense interest in all the phases of English life, and particularly in the administration of English law, attracted first the notice, and then the friendship of the most eminent men, who vied with each other in showing him attention and in opening to him opportunities for seeing and knowing everybody and everything worth seeing and knowing. The ten months that he spent in England were filled with calls and visits, receptions, breakfasts, dinners, and balls. He visited at their country seats Brougham, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey ; saw Wordsworth and Carlyle at their own residences ; constantly met Macaulay, Hallam, Harriet Martineau, Lockhart, "Barry Cornwall ;" spent a day at Windsor Castle, the guest of the household, and partook of the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall, owing his invitation to Lord Denman, and being conveyed thither by Sir Frederick Pollock in his carriage. He writes, December 5, 1838: "To-night my invitations were to dinner at Brougham's, Sir Robert Inglis's, Mr. Justice Littledale's, and Mr. Kenyon's ; at the latter place to meet Rogers and Southey. I dined with Brougham, as his invitation came first. To-morrow I dine with the Political Economy Club, where I shall meet Senior, John Mill, McCulloch, Spring Rice, Lord Lansdowne, etc. On the next day I commence my pilgrimage to Oxford, where I pass four days, and those four days are engaged : first, to Sir Charles Vaughan, at All Souls ; second, to my friend Ingham, M. P., at Oriel ; third, to Dr. Hampden, at Christ Church ; fourth, to Wortley, at Merton. I then go to Cambridge, where my first day is engaged to Whewell, etc." He heard the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament, having "perhaps the best place occupied by a person not in court dress," and standing immediately in front of Prince Louis Bonaparte ; and in the evening, in the House of Lords, where Lord Holland had placed him on the steps of the throne, he listened

while the Lord Chancellor read the speech to the House, and for two hours and a half to Brougham's masterly and eloquent speech, "the brimful house interrupting him with vociferous applause, and old Wellington nodding his head and adding his cheer."

He wrote to Judge Story sketches based upon personal acquaintance of all the leading barristers in England, and of the judges of the different courts, having known them intimately not only in London, but upon the different circuits. He was frequently invited to sit with the judges, usually preferring to be in the front row of barristers; and one reason for this remarkable courtesy may be traced in the wonderful knowledge he displayed of English as well as American jurisprudence. This may be illustrated by an incident: On one occasion, in Westminster Hall, during the progress of a trial, a point arose for which no precedent occurred to the Lord Chief Justice, who asked Sumner whether it was covered by any American decisions. "No, your lordship," he replied, "but this point has been decided in your lordship's own court," mentioning the case.

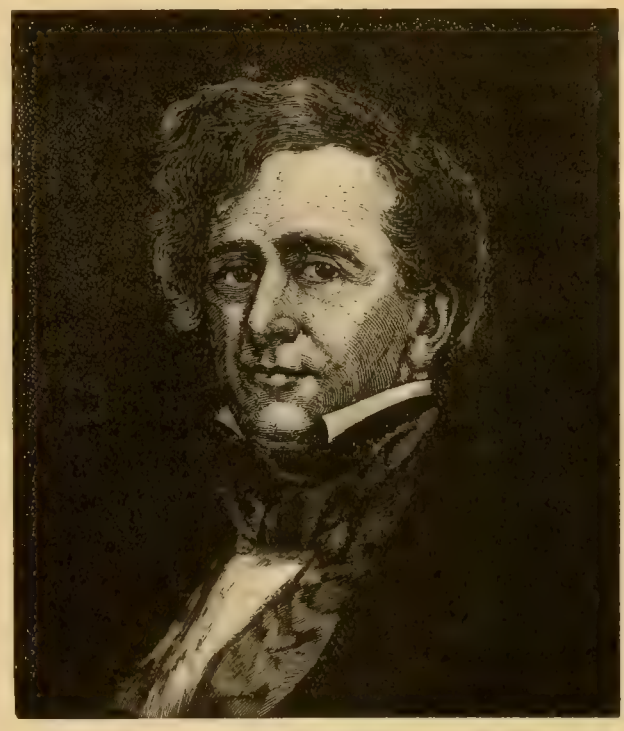
Sumner returned to America in 1840, not yet thirty years of age, but possessed of an acquaintance with leading men in England, France, Germany, and Italy, with an intimate knowledge of the social life and political condition of those countries, which has probably never been acquired by any other American in the same length of time or at his time of life, and which was no small part of his preparation for the work he was to do. During the next five years he devoted himself to the law, without succeeding in building up an extensive practice, but taking a leading part in every public movement in behalf of education, prison reform, etc., occasionally writing for the *North American Review* and frequently for professional journals, and becoming more and more deeply interested in the great warfare against slavery.

ORATIONS AGAINST WAR AND SLAVERY.

Early in 1845 he was invited to deliver the annual Fourth of July oration in Boston. This was the first occasion on which he spoke to a large popular audience, and he prepared for it his address upon "The True Grandeur of Nations." It marked him at once as a public man, and is more widely known than any of his other writings. Its denunciation of the war spirit was exceedingly offensive to a large portion of his audience, and to most men in official life; but its publication brought him a shower of admiring and congratulatory letters from many parts of the country and from England. Although all cannot agree entirely with its conclusions, many thousands of copies have been sold, and it still holds its place as an American classic.

During the following five years he became more deeply absorbed in the slavery question, and in 1850 addressed the meeting in Faneuil Hall, called to

protest against the Fugitive Slave Law, introducing in his speech an allusion to a painting, by a famous Venetian artist, of "Saint Mark descending from the skies in headlong fury" and breaking "the manacles of a slave in the very presence of the judge who decreed his fate." "Should Massachusetts," exclaimed the orator, "hereafter in an evil hour be desecrated by any such decree, may the good Evangelist once more descend with valiant arm to break the manacles of the slave." A copy of the painting used afterward to hang in Mr. Sumner's dining-room, and he was accustomed to say, "That picture made me senator." Just at this juncture it became possible for the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts to form a coalition which sent Sumner to the United States Senate, a result due in part to the felicity of this address, but in far greater measure to the untiring energy, political foresight, and diplomatic skill of Henry Wilson.



FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Sumner had never taken an active part in political matters, and had never filled a public office; and he entered the Senate at a time when many leaders of thought would have agreed with Senator Benton, who said to him, "You come upon the stage too late, sir; the great issues are all settled." Three other senators, Seward, Chase, and Hale, were united in purpose with Sumner, and were destined to take a large part in proving that the "great issue" of slavery had not been "settled" by the dishonest compromises of the previous decades. Sumner's attitude is well indicated by Theodore Parker's remark in congratulating him upon his election: "You once told me you were not in politics, but in morals; now I hope you will show morals in politics."

His impatient constituents were disappointed and dissatisfied that he did not find an early opportunity to make in the Senate a great speech on the slavery question. The session was almost closing when he finally secured the opportunity, and then he spoke for nearly four hours in support of the doctrine, entirely new in Congress, that freedom was national, and slavery "in every

respect sectional." "This is the first time in the course of my life," was the remark of a prominent senator, "that I have listened to the whole of an abolition speech. I did not know it was possible that I could endure a speech for over three hours upon the subject of the abolition of slavery. But this oration of the senator from Massachusetts has been so handsomely embellished with poetry, both Latin and English, so full of classical allusions and rhetorical flourishes, as to make it much more palatable than I supposed it could have been made."

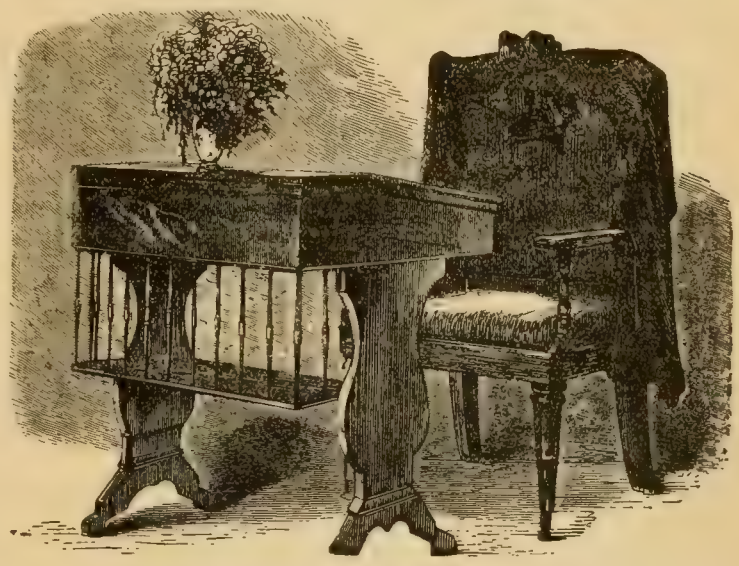
At the next session of Congress began the great parliamentary struggle over the Kansas-Nebraska question, which was to end only by merging into the war of the rebellion. The turmoil in Congress and throughout the country was of a character almost inconceivable in these quieter times. The enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law was exasperating the North, and resistance to it drove the pro-slavery men fairly mad.

"THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS."

For a considerable time Sumner held no place on any committee of the Senate, that body having taken the extraordinary course of voting that he "was outside any healthy political organization," and was not, therefore, entitled to share in its councils. This was due to his fearless attitude, his persistence, and the unassailable logic of his many speeches upon the great topic of the day. He was probably the first great Northerner who could successfully oppose the hot, abusive speech of the Southern advocates of slavery. His coolness, his great learning, his sense of superiority, and his knowledge of his own high purpose, enabled him to throw into his words and into his manner an overwhelming contempt and scorn which heated the furnace of Southern hatred seven times hotter even than it was wont to be heated. In this sort of excited discussion the time went on, bringing the crisis in 1856. In May of that year Sumner spoke for two days upon "The Crime against Kansas." The speech has been called "the most signal combination of oratorical splendor that has ever been witnessed in that hall," while an opponent declared it "the most un-American and unpatriotic that ever grated on the ears of the Senate." The speech was in large part devoted to a castigation of Senator Butler of South Carolina, whose arguments it refuted, and whom the speaker scornfully alluded to in many offensive figures and illustrations. The Southerners were driven to desperation. They had put Sumner outside the pale of gentlemen, and therefore could not challenge him, and it was left for Preston Brooks, a relative of Senator Butler and a member of the House of Representatives, to devise a plan for chastising him. Accompanied by a number of friends, he entered the Senate chamber, approached Sumner, who was writing at his desk, and, with a gutta-percha cane, struck him blow after blow upon the head. His position at his desk prevented resistance or escape, and Brooks was able to safely walk away, leav-

ing his victim lying senseless and bloody upon the floor. The deed aroused universal horror in the North, and it is one of the astonishing facts of the time that it seemed to excite universal commendation in the South. Brooks became a social lion, and his praise filled the Southern newspapers. His injuries necessitated Sumner's absence from the Senate for four years, during which time the Massachusetts Legislature allowed his seat in the Senate to remain unfilled. He visited Europe twice, gradually recovering his strength after heroic treatment at the hands of Dr. Brown-Séquard. During the second of these European journeys he began the collection of bric-a-brac, which became a passion with him, and which converted his Washington residence into a veritable museum of the fine arts.

Mr. Sumner's return to the Senate was marked by a great speech upon the same general subject as that which resulted in his prolonged absence, the admission of Kansas, though the proposition now was to admit her as a free State. He took an active part in the Lincoln and Hamlin campaign, but was greatly disappointed that the new administration did not assume a more radical position upon the subject of slavery, though he took a large share in perfecting every great measure not only then, but throughout the war. "It was his part to discover constitutional authority and legal or political precedent, and his mission to keep the popular heart fired with such enthusiasm as would furnish a strong support to the government." He was made chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, a position for which his knowledge of European matters and his extraordinary familiarity with constitutional history peculiarly fitted him, and in which he rendered distinguished service, being in constant consultation with Lincoln and Seward, and frequently making use of his personal friendship with English and French statesmen.



THE VACANT SEAT IN THE SENATE, DRAPED IN BLACK.

Throughout the war Lincoln was too slow and Seward too cautious for the enthusiastic senator, who could not see any expediency or propriety in any course except that outlined by what he believed absolute right. He was con-

tinually opposed to the measures adopted concerning the negro and reconstruction, and frequently to the foreign policy; but, fortunately for the nation, the President and his great minister knew how to deal with the no less great chairman, and they constantly succeeded in making use of his vast resources without antagonizing him,—in fact, allowing him to believe, in many cases, that they were adopting his policy and were governed by his advice. He was, indeed, consulted at every step, but he was so sensitive of temper, and so impatient of opposition, or even of a difference of opinion, that it required the greatest tact for those who were responsible in the conduct of affairs to keep him loyally working with them. "Don't I get along well with Sumner?" asked Lincoln; "he thinks he manages me." So poor an opinion did Sumner have of the great man whom he so thoroughly misunderstood that he joined in the intrigue to make Chase the Republican candidate for President in 1864, and is even said to have wished that the ticket, Lincoln and Johnson, might have been reversed, and Johnson made President. How grievous was his mistake he was to learn.

Lincoln and Sumner differed very radically as to proper measures for the reconstruction of the Southern States. So wide was this difference, that Sumner was willing to defeat in the last days of the session, by the objectionable method of resolutely talking on until it was withdrawn, a bill for re-organizing the Louisiana government in which Lincoln was much interested. It was generally reported that this action had caused a breach of friendly relations between them, something which Sumner's touchy nature would have rendered unavoidable had he been dealing with one less willing to sink all considerations of self in labor for the general good. The stories of the estrangement were definitely contradicted by their appearing together at the inaugural ball, Sumner going at the personal invitation of the President.

AFTER THE WAR.

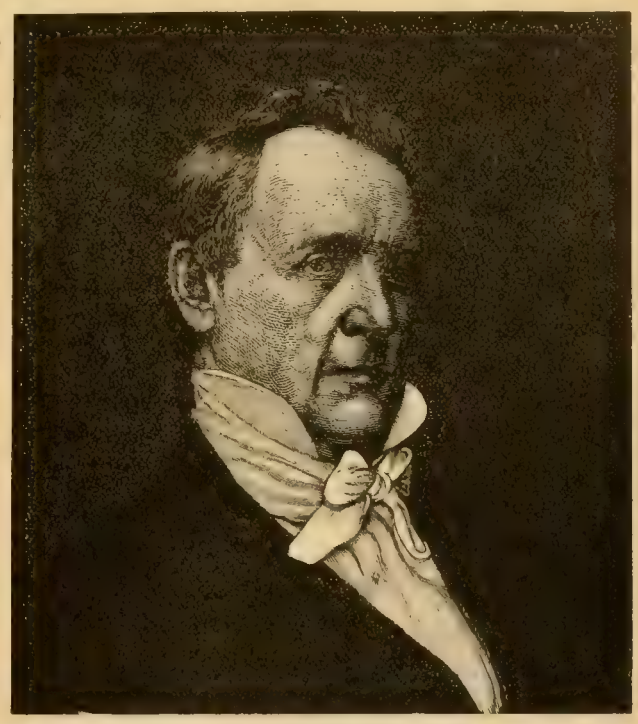
After the assassination of the President, Sumner's confidence in Johnson soon gave way to suspicion and distrust, and so fully was this feeling reciprocated that the President described Davis, Toombs, Slidell, Thaddeus Stevens, Wendell Phillips, and Sumner as equally their country's enemies. The quarrel between Congress and the Executive hastened to its culmination. Secretary Stanton was suspended by the President and reinstated by the Senate, again ordered to vacate, and refused to obey. Sumner's attitude in this matter, as well as the terse style of his informal correspondence, is well illustrated by his note:—

My Dear Stanton,—Stick!

Ever sincerely yours,

C. S.

He actively favored the impeachment of Johnson, and in the Senate, sitting as a high court of judgment, labored earnestly for a verdict of "guilty," and hotly resented the action of those Republicans who prevented, by a single vote, such a conclusion. But his relations with Grant were hardly more satisfactory than with Johnson. Few men have, as Lincoln had, the power of understanding and sympathizing with a very wide range of differing characters, and Grant and Sumner utterly failed to comprehend each other's singleness of mind and rightness of purpose. So complete did this misunderstanding become that, by the time our relations with England were adjusted and the High Joint Commission began its sittings in Washington, there was no longer any intercourse between the President or Secretary Fish and Mr. Sumner, and the deposing of the latter from his position as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs seemed, at the opening of the next Congress, a necessity.



JAMES BUCHANAN.

In perfecting the measures concerning reconstruction and the altered position of the negro Mr. Sumner took a leading part. He was strongly opposed to the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments to the Constitution, upon the ground that they were unnecessary, though he finally changed his position sufficiently to give them a lukewarm support. The fifteenth amendment, guaranteeing equal rights to all men without distinction, might seem to be the consummation of his life's work, but he opposed it upon the same ground as the others, and finally voted against it.

After the close of the war, Mr. Sumner turned his attention to the securing of civil rights to the freed and recently enfranchised negroes. Measures for this purpose he advocated on all occasions, keeping the subject in mind until the very last, when almost his dying speech was addressed to Judge Hoar: "Do not let the Civil Rights Bill fail." Upon the opening of the Forty-second Congress, he offered a resolution directing "that the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the Army Register or placed on the regimental

colors of the United States." This proposition greatly offended a large number of his friends, and called forth the formal censure of the Massachusetts Legislature, much to his mortification. The resolution was doubtless instigated, as was suggested in the preamble, mainly by a desire to efface the memory of past differences and to remove every occasion for harsh feeling. The action of the Legislature was, two years later, "rescinded and annulled," and information of this fact reached Mr. Sumner just in time to soothe the last days of his life. He died in Washington, of heart disease, March 11, 1874.

It remains to add a few words as to some personal facts. Charles Sumner united to those qualities of mind and heart which made him so intensely loved by his friends and so conspicuously useful as a public servant, a personal appearance and carriage which added materially to his attractiveness and gave additional force to his public appearances. He was over six feet in height, and of commanding presence, dignified, grandly courteous, uniformly kind in his address. With this he combined a transparent and simple-minded vanity and a peculiar lack of humor, described by Dana in saying: "Poor Sumner, he can't take a joke of any kind; he is as literal as a Scotch guideboard." There was also in his constitution a peculiar inability to recognize some of his own failings. He always regarded himself as the most forgiving and the most moderate of men, and used in later years to ask what there was in his speech of 1856 to excite the hostility of Senator Butler's friends,—a speech whose bitter sarcasm and excoriating language could not but cut to the quick, however it might be justified by the facts. No man was ever better loved, and it was those who knew him most intimately who were most closely attached; but his married life, which began only in 1866, when he was rapidly approaching threescore years, endured less than a year, though a formal divorce was not obtained until six years later.

But matters purely personal concern us little. Sumner will live in the public mind as the great American who astounded a pro-slavery Congress by the declaration that freedom was national, slavery sectional; as one who, not so much counting the cost as absolutely oblivious to it, threw into his advocacy of the cause of the oppressed an erudition which laid under tribute the literatures of all ages and all civilized peoples, a knowledge of history, and an acquaintance with men unequaled among his contemporaries, and a personal force and commanding presence which made him "the finest specimen of a man seen in Congress since Daniel Webster."

His remains were escorted to Boston by the customary Congressional committee, and laid in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn. "His undying fame the Muse of History had already taken into her keeping."



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS



MAIN BUILDING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, OPENED BY PRESIDENT GRANT IN 1876.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

THE HERO OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE history of the War for the Union ought to forever set at rest the idea that the day of heroes is past—that there are no longer great men to be found in occasions of supreme need. Never was a great nation seemingly more helpless than the United States when Lincoln was inaugurated. Without army or navy, a government honeycombed with treason and apparently falling to pieces, a weak and nerveless administration giving place to one made up of new and untried men, a people without unity of mind or purpose, and not knowing whom to trust,—this was the situation which loyal men faced with sinking hearts. Yet only ten days later, when the boom of guns in Charleston harbor echoed over the North, all was changed as in the twinkling of an eye. At the call of the new President for aid, it seemed as though armed men sprang from the ground. And among them were not only soldiers, but commanders,—the men who were needed to organize and drill these hosts, to convert them into a great army, and lead them on to victory.

When the war broke out, Ulysses S. Grant was working for his father and brother, who carried on a leather and saddlery business in Galena, Illinois. His life had been, up to that time, a failure. Educated at West Point, he had graduated with a record not quite up to the average of his class, and was distinguished only as a fine horseman. He had, indeed, won credit and promotion in

the Mexican War; but in 1854 he resigned from the army, with a record not entirely blameless, and went with his wife and two children to her former home at St. Louis. He was absolutely penniless, and without trade or profession. His wife had received from her father a farm of seventy acres and three slaves. To this farm Grant went with his little family. He worked hard. He raised wheat and potatoes, and cut up trees into cordwood, and tried to make a living selling the produce of the farm in St. Louis. In this he was not successful. He then tried auctioneering and collecting bills, and made an effort in the real estate business. Finally he went to Galena, where he entered his father's store, his record up to that time being one of vain struggle, failure, and poverty. Such was the man who was suddenly to become the greatest of the Union commanders, and to be regarded by the American people as one of the chief instruments in saving the life of the nation.

But occasion does not form a man's character anew; it simply calls out the qualities which are in him, perhaps unknown or unperceived. It is not hard now to see in the acts of Grant's youth how the boy was "father of the man." When only twelve years old he was one day sent with a team into the woods for a load of logs, which were to be loaded on the trucks by the lumbermen. No men were to be found; nevertheless, by using the strength of the horses, he succeeded in loading the logs himself. When he returned, his father asked where the men were. "I don't know, and I don't care," said the plucky boy; "I got the load without them."

In such acts we get a glimpse of the boldness, the readiness of resource, and especially the dogged determination, which afterward made him such a power in the war. "Wherever Grant is, I have noticed that things *move*," said President Lincoln. When, before leaving Missouri for the Mexican frontier, Grant rode to the home of Miss Julia Dent, four miles from where he was stationed, to ask her hand in marriage, he had to cross a swollen stream, in which his uniform was thoroughly soaked. Bound on such an errand, most men would have turned back; but Grant rode on, borrowed a dry suit from his future brother-in-law, and accomplished the business in hand. Well might his wife say, in her quaint fashion, "Mr. Grant is a very *obstinate* man."

BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR.

On April 15, 1860, the telegraph flashed over the country President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. That evening the court-house in Galena was packed with an excited crowd, women as well as men. Grant, being known as a West Pointer, was called upon to preside. This was not the kind of duty for which he was prepared, but, he says, "With much embarrassment and some prompting, I made out to announce the object of the meeting." Volunteers were called for, a company was raised upon the spot, and the

officers voted for. Before the balloting began Grant declined the captaincy, but promised to help all he could, and to be found in the service, in some position.

In August, 1861, Grant was made a brigadier-general, and put in command of the district of Southeast Missouri, including Western Kentucky and Cairo, Illinois, a point of great importance at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. His first battle was at Belmont, Missouri, about twenty miles below Cairo, which he won after four hours' hard fighting. After the battle the Confederates received reinforcements, and there was danger that Grant's troops would be cut off from the boats by which they had come. The men perceived the situation, and exclaimed, "We are surrounded!"

"Well," was Grant's characteristic reply, "we must cut our way out, then, as we cut our way in." And they did.

The autumn and winter of 1861–'62 was a time of weary waiting, which severely tried the spirit of the nation, impatient for action. Attention was chiefly concentrated upon the Potomac, where McClellan was organizing and drilling that splendid army which another and a greater commander was to lead to final victory. While the only response to the people's urgent call, "On to Richmond!" was the daily report, "All quiet on the Potomac," Grant, an obscure and almost unknown soldier, was pushing forward against Forts Henry and Donelson, eleven miles apart, on the Tennessee and the Cumberland, near where these rivers cross the line dividing Kentucky and Tennessee. He had obtained from his commander, Halleck, a reluctant consent to his plan for attacking these important posts by a land force, co-operating at the same time with a fleet of gunboats under Commodore Foote. It was bitter cold. Amid sleet and snow the men pushed along the muddy roads, arriving at Fort Henry just as it was captured, after a severe bombardment, by the gunboats. Grant immediately turned his attention to Fort Donelson, which had been reinforced by a large part of the garrison which had escaped from Fort Henry. It was held by Generals Buckner, Floyd, and Pillow, with 20,000 men. For three days a fierce attack was kept up; and Buckner, who, having been at West Point with Grant, doubtless knew that he was "a very obstinate man," sent on the morning of the fourth day, under a flag of truce, to ask what terms of surrender would be granted. In reply Grant sent that brief, stern message which thrilled throughout the North, stirring the blood in every loyal heart:—

"NO TERMS BUT UNCONDITIONAL AND IMMEDIATE SURRENDER CAN BE ACCEPTED. I PROPOSE TO MOVE IMMEDIATELY UPON YOUR WORKS."

Buckner protested against the terms; but he wisely accepted them, and surrendered unconditionally. With Fort Donelson were surrendered 15,000 men, 3000 horses, sixty-five cannon, and a great quantity of small arms and



DECORATION DAY.

military stores. It was the first great victory for the North, and the whole country was electrified. Grant's reply to Buckner became a household word, and the people of the North delighted to call him "Unconditional Surrender Grant." He was made a major-general, his commission bearing date of February 16, 1862, the day of the surrender of Fort Donelson.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The next great battle fought by Grant was that of Shiloh, in Mississippi,—"the Waterloo of the Western campaign," as it has been called. In this battle Sherman was Grant's chief lieutenant, and the two men tested each other's qualities in the greatest trial to which either had been exposed. The battle was one of the turning-points of the war. The Confederates, under Albert Sidney Johnston, one of their best generals, attacked the Union forces at Shiloh Church. All day Sunday the battle raged. The brave Johnston was killed; but the Union forces were driven back, and at night their lines were a mile in the rear of their position in the morning. Grant came into his headquarters tent that evening, when, to any but the bravest and most sanguine, the battle seemed lost, and said: "Well, it was tough work to-day, but we will beat them out of their boots to-morrow." "When his staff and the generals present heard this," writes one of his officers, "they were as fully persuaded of the result of the morrow's battle as when the victory had actually been achieved."

The next day, after dreadful fighting, the tide turned in favor of the Union forces. In the afternoon, Grant himself led a charge against the Confederate lines, under which they broke and were driven back. Night found the Union army in possession of the field, after one of the severest battles of the war.

"The path to glory," says a wise Frenchman, "is not a way of flowers." After the battle of Shiloh, Grant was bitterly assailed as a "butcher," as "incompetent," and as being a "drunkard,"—a charge which was utterly false. When President Lincoln was told that Grant "drank too much whiskey," he replied, with characteristic humor, that he wished he knew what brand General Grant used, as he would like to send some to the other Union generals. The abuse of which he was the object did not seem to trouble Grant. The more other people's tongues wagged about him, the more he held his own.

The winter of 1862–'63, the second year of the war, was full of gloom for the North. The Confederate cause was farther advanced than at the beginning of the war. Many loyal people despaired of ever saving the Union. Although President Lincoln himself never lost faith in the final triumph of the national cause, the cabinet and Congress were uneasy and anxious. The fall elections went against the party which advocated the carrying on of the war. Voluntary enlistments had ceased, and it became necessary to resort to the draft. Unless a great success came to restore the spirit of the North, it seemed probable that

the draft would be resisted, that men would begin to desert, and that the power to capture and punish deserters would be lost. In a word, it seemed that a great success was absolutely necessary to prevent the Union army and the Union cause from going to pieces. It was Grant's conviction that the army must at all hazards "*go forward to a decisive victory.*"

THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

On a high bluff on the east bank of the Mississippi river, which pursues a winding course through its fertile valley, stood the town of Vicksburg. From this point a railroad ran to the eastward, and from the opposite shore another ran westward through the rich, level country of Louisiana. The town was strongly fortified, and from its elevation it commanded the river in both directions. So long as it was held by the Confederate armies, the Mississippi could not be opened to navigation; and the line of railroad running east and west kept communication open between the western and eastern parts of the Confederacy. How to capture Vicksburg was a great problem; but it was one which General Grant determined should be solved.

For eight months Grant worked at this problem. He formed plan after plan, only to be forced to give them up. Sherman made a direct attack at the only place where it was practicable to make a landing, and failed. Weeks were spent in cutting a canal across the neck of a peninsula formed by a great bend in the river opposite Vicksburg, so as to bring the gunboats through without undergoing the fire of the batteries; but a flood destroyed the work. Meanwhile great numbers of the troops were ill with malaria or other diseases, and many died. There was much clamor at Washington to have Grant removed, but the President refused. He had faith in Grant, and determined to give him time to work out the great problem,—how to get below and in the rear of Vicksburg, on the Mississippi river.

This was at last accomplished. On a dark night the gunboats were successfully run past the batteries, although every one of them was more or less damaged by the guns. The troops were marched across the peninsula, and then taken over the river; and on April 30th his whole force was landed on the Mississippi side, on high ground, and at a point where he could reach the enemy.

The railroad running east from Vicksburg connected it with Jackson, the State capital, which was an important railway centre, and from which Vicksburg was supplied. Grant made his movements with great rapidity. He fought in quick succession a series of battles by which Jackson and several other towns were captured; then, turning westward, he attacked the forces of Pemberton, drove him back into Vicksburg, cut off his supplies, and laid siege to the place.

The eyes of the whole nation were now centred on Vicksburg. Over two hundred guns were brought to bear upon the place, besides the batteries of the

gunboats. In default of mortars, guns were improvised by boring out tough logs, strongly bound with iron bands, which did good service. The people of Vicksburg lived in cellars and caves to escape the shot and shell. Food of all kinds became very scarce; flour was sold at five dollars a pound, molasses at twelve dollars a gallon. The endurance and devotion of the inhabitants were wonderful. But the siege was so rigidly and relentlessly maintained that there could be but one end. On July 3d, at ten o'clock, flags of truce were displayed on the works, and General Pemberton sent a message to Grant asking for an armistice, and proposing that commissioners be appointed to arrange terms of capitulation.

On the afternoon of the same day, Grant and Pemberton met under an oak between the lines of the two armies and arranged the terms of surrender. It took three hours for the Confederate army to march out and stack their arms. There were surrendered 31,000 men, 250 cannon, and a great quantity of arms and munitions of war. But the moral advantage to the Union cause was far beyond any material gain. The fall of Vicksburg carried with it Port Hudson, a few miles below, which surrendered to Banks a few days later, and at last the great river was open from St. Louis to the sea.

The news of this great victory came to the North on the same day with that of Gettysburg, July 4, 1863. The rejoicing over the great triumph is indescribable. A heavy load was lifted from the minds of the President and cabinet. The North took heart, and resolved again to prosecute the war with energy. The name of Grant was on every tongue. It was everywhere felt that he was the foremost man of the campaign. He was at once made a major-general in the regular army, and a gold medal was awarded him by Congress.

Early in September, 1863, General Grant paid a visit to General Banks, in New Orleans, and while there had a narrow escape from death. Riding one day in the suburbs, his horse took fright at a locomotive, and came in collision with a carriage, throwing himself down and falling on his rider. From this severe fall Grant was confined to his bed for several weeks. On his return to Vicksburg, he was allowed but a brief period to rest and recover from his accident. He was invested with the command of the consolidated Departments of the South and West, as the Military Division of the Mississippi, and at once moved to Eastern Tennessee.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The town of Chattanooga, an important railway centre, lies in the beautiful valley of the Tennessee river, near where it crosses the line into Alabama. Directly south the front of Lookout Mountain rises abruptly to a height of two thousand feet above the sea level, affording a magnificent view which extends into six different States, and of the Tennessee river for thirty miles of its winding course. Two miles to the east, running from north to south, is the crest of

Missionary Ridge, five hundred feet high,—the site of schools and churches established long ago by Catholic missionaries among the Cherokee Indians. Both Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge were occupied by the army of General Bragg, and his commanding position, strengthened by fortifications, was considered impregnable.

The disastrous battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863, had left the Union armies in East Tennessee in a perilous situation. General Thomas, in Chattanooga, was hemmed in by the Confederate forces, and his men and horses were almost starving. The army was on quarter rations. Ammunition was almost exhausted, and the troops were short of clothing. Thousands of army mules, worn out and starved, lay dead along the miry roads. Chattanooga,



UNITED STATES MINT, NEW ORLEANS.

occupied by the Union army, was too strongly fortified for Bragg to take it by storm, but every day shells from his batteries upon the heights were thrown into the town. This was the situation when Grant, stiff and sore from his accident, arrived at Nashville, on his way to direct the campaign in East Tennessee.

"Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible," he telegraphed from Nashville to General Thomas. "We will hold the town until we starve," was the brave reply.

Grant's movements were rapid and decisive. He ordered the troops concentrated at Chattanooga; he fought a battle at Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley,

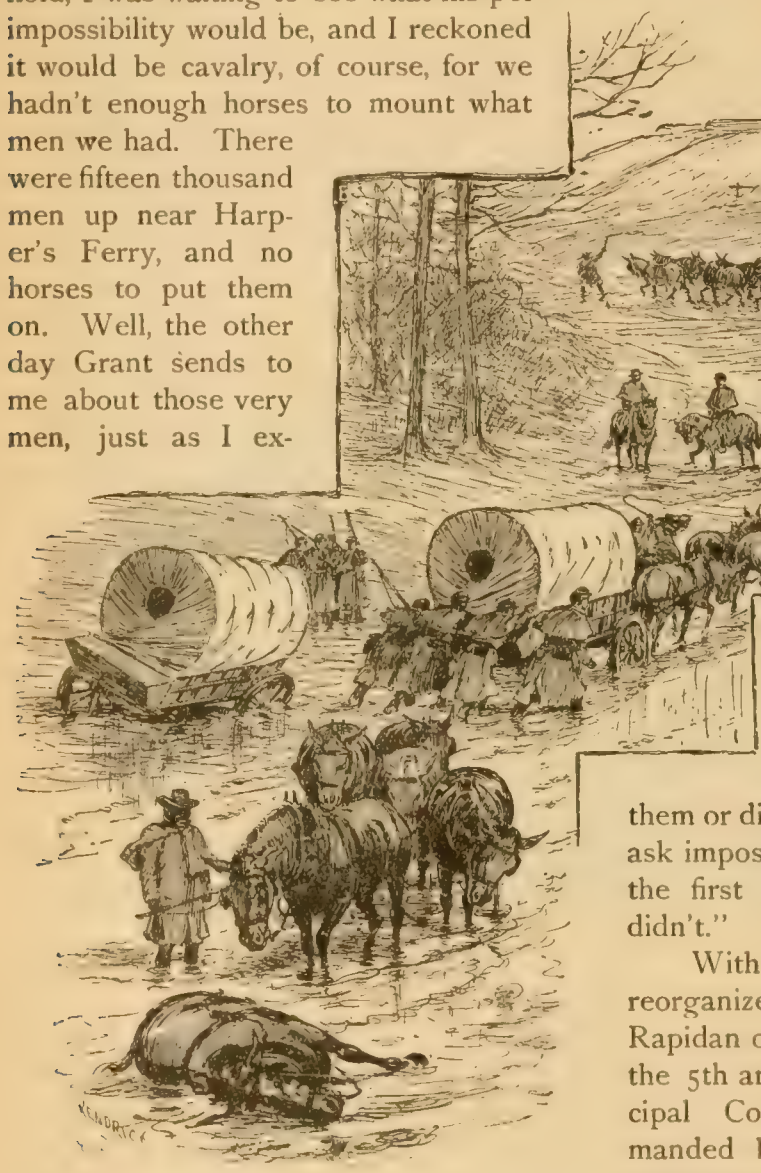
which broke Bragg's hold on the river below Chattanooga and shortened the Union line of supplies; and by his prompt and vigorous preparation for effective action he soon had his troops lifted out of the demoralized condition in which they had sunk after the defeat of Chickamauga. One month after his arrival were fought the memorable battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, by which the Confederate troops were driven out of Tennessee, their hold on the country broken up, and a large number of prisoners and guns captured. Nothing in the history of war is more inspiring than the impetuous bravery with which the Union troops fought their way up the steep mountain sides, bristling with cannon, and drove the Confederate troops out of their works at the point of the bayonet. An officer of General Bragg's staff afterward declared that they considered their position perfectly impregnable, and that when they saw the Union troops, after capturing their rifle-pits at the base, coming up the craggy mountain toward their headquarters, they could scarcely credit their eyes, and thought that every man of them must be drunk. History has no parallel for sublimity and picturesqueness of effect, while the consequences, which were the division of the Confederacy in the East, were inestimable.

After Grant's success in Tennessee, the popular demand that he should be put at the head of all the armies became irresistible. In Virginia the magnificent Army of the Potomac, after two years of fighting, had been barely able to turn back from the North the tide of Confederate invasion, and was apparently as far as ever from capturing Richmond. In the West, on the other hand, Grant's campaigns had won victory after victory, had driven the opposing forces out of Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, and Tennessee, had taken Vicksburg, opened up the Mississippi, and divided the Confederacy in both the West and the East. In response to the call for Grant, Congress revived the grade of lieutenant-general, which had been held by only one commander, Scott, since the time of Washington; and the hero of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga was nominated by the President, confirmed by the Senate, and placed in command of all the armies of the nation.

The relief of President Lincoln at having such a man in command was very great. "Grant is the first *general* I've had," he remarked to a friend. "You know how it has been with all the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he would come to me with a plan, and about as much as say, 'Now, I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure upon me. They all wanted *me* to be the general. Now, it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me.

"When any of the rest set out on a campaign," added the President, "they

would look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of, and which they knew I couldn't give them, and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it; and it was most generally cavalry. Now, when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, of course, for we hadn't enough horses to mount what men we had. There were fifteen thousand men up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day Grant sends to me about those very men, just as I expected; but what he wanted to know was whether he could make infantry of them or disband them. He doesn't ask impossibilities of me, and he's the first general I've had that didn't."



MOIST WEATHER AT THE FRONT.

With the army thoroughly reorganized, Grant crossed the Rapidan on the 4th of May; on the 5th and 6th crippled the principal Confederate army, commanded by Lee, in the terrible battles of the Wilderness; flanked him on the left; fought at Spottsylvania Court House on the 7th, again on the 10th, and still again on the 12th, on which last occasion he captured a whole division of the Confederate army. Thus during the summer of 1864 he kept up an unceasing warfare, ever pursuing the offensive, and daily drawing nearer to the rebel capital, until at last he drove the enemy within the defenses of Richmond.

Never was the persistent courage, the determined purpose which was the foundation of Grant's character, more clearly brought out than in the Virginia campaign of 1864; and never was it more needed. Well did he know that no single triumph, however brilliant, would win. He saw plainly that nothing but "hammering away" would avail. The stone wall of the Confederacy had too broad and firm a base to be suddenly overturned; it had to be slowly reduced to powder.

During the anxious days which followed the battle of the Wilderness, Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, relates that he asked President Lincoln, "How does Grant impress you as compared with other generals?"

"The great thing about him," said the President, "is cool persistency of purpose. He is not easily excited, and he has the grip of a bull-dog. *When he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off.*"

His great opponent, Lee, saw and felt that same quality. When, after days of indecisive battle, the fighting in the Wilderness came to a pause, it was believed in the Confederate lines that the Union troops were falling back. General Gordon said to Lee,—

"I think there is no doubt that Grant is retreating."

The Confederate chief knew better. He shook his head.

"You are mistaken," he replied, earnestly,—"quite mistaken. Grant is not retreating; *he is not a retreating man.*"

Spottsylvania followed, then North Anna, Cold Harbor, and Chickahominy. Then Grant changed his base to the James river, and attacked Petersburg. Slowly but surely the Union lines closed in. "Falling back" on the Union side had gone out of fashion. South or North, all could see that now a steady, resistless force was back of the Union armies, pushing them ever on toward Richmond.

Grant's losses in the final campaign were heavy, but Lee's slender resources were wrecked in a much more serious proportion; and for the Confederates no recruiting was possible. Their dead, who lay so thickly beneath the fields, were the children of the soil, and there were none to replace them. Sometimes whole families had been destroyed; but the survivors still fought on. In the Confederate lines around Petersburg there was often absolute destitution. An officer who was there testified, shortly after the end of the struggle, that every cat and dog for miles around had been caught and eaten. Grant was pressing onward; Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas had proved that the Confederacy was an egg-shell; Sheridan's splendid cavalry was ever hovering round the last defenders of the bars and stripes. Grant saw that all was over, and on April 7, 1865, he wrote that memorable letter calling upon Lee to surrender, and bring the war to an end.

The Virginia hamlet dignified by the name of Appomattox Court House



SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

comprised, in the spring of 1865, five houses, the largest of which, a brick dwelling, was the home of Wilmer McLean. In front was a pleasant yard, smiling with the sweet flowers of early spring. In this house, in the afternoon of the 9th of April, General Lee and General Grant met to arrange for the surrender of Lee's army, which was in effect the end of the Southern Confederacy. "When I had left camp that morning," writes Grant, "I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback in the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats.

"General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia ; at all events, it was an entirely different one from the sword that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling-suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form ; but this is not a matter that I thought of until afterward."

The terms of surrender allowed by Grant were most generous. Officers and men were to be paroled. The officers were allowed to retain their side-arms, their baggage, and their horses ; and, with humane consideration for the men who had lost everything, the men were allowed to keep their horses. "I took it," says Grant, "that most of the men were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them ; and I would therefore instruct the officers . . . to let every man . . . who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect."

Grant also supplied rations from his own stores to Lee's starving army. For some days they had been living on parched corn. He gave them forage for their horses ; and when the Union soldiers began firing a salute of one hundred guns to celebrate the surrender, Grant ordered the firing stopped. "The Confederates," he wrote, "were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall." Reading of such actions toward a conquered foe, it is not hard to understand why, twenty years later, the South and the North together read with tears the bulletins from Grant's bedside, and why the soldiers who fought against him joined at his grave in the last tribute of love and honor.

The rejoicing throughout the North over the surrender of Lee's army and the restoration of the Union was checked by the sudden blow of the assassin

of the President, which changed that rejoicing to mourning. The death of Lincoln left Grant the foremost American in the hearts of the people. In the political turmoil which followed the accession of Johnson to the Presidency, and in the period of "reconstruction," while much of the South was under martial law, Grant, as head of the army, necessarily held a prominent place. His popularity increased, and his nomination for the presidency in 1868 was a foregone conclusion. In 1872 he was re-elected, this time over Horace Greeley. His popularity was so general that the opposition to him was insignificant.



GENERAL GRANT AND LI HUNG CHANG, VICEROY OF CHINA.

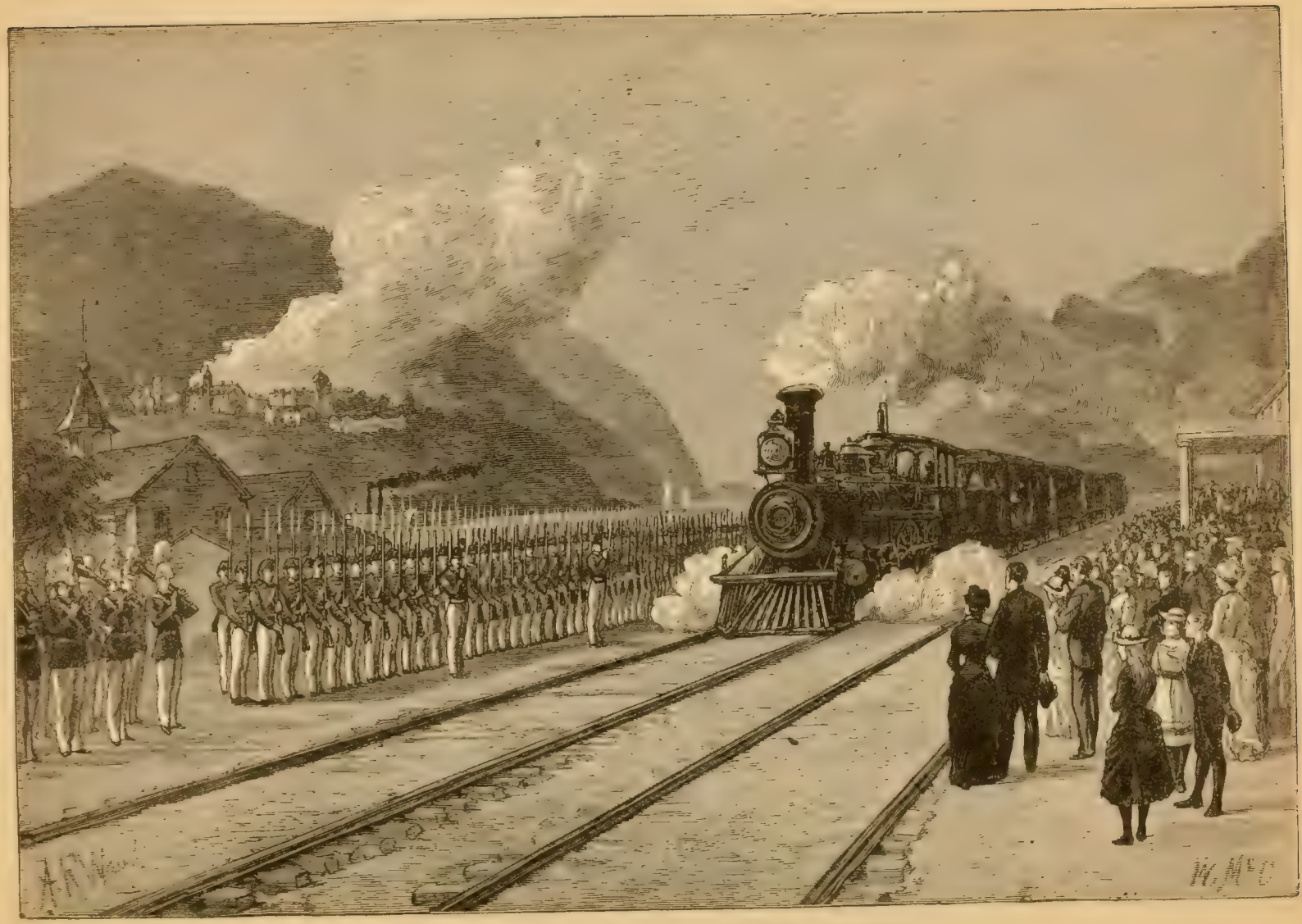
At the close of his second term he was succeeded by Rutherford B. Hayes, who was declared elected by the famous Electoral Commission, after the disputed election of 1876.

Grant was by nature and training a soldier, not a civil administrator; and while there was much to admire in his career as President, there is also much that has been severely criticised. Accustomed to repose absolute confidence in his friends, he was deceived and made use of by adroit and unscrupulous men,

against whom he was powerless to defend himself. The unsettled state of the country after the civil war, the political and race prejudices which disturbed the South, the ignorance and helplessness of the freedmen, and the denial of their rights, all combined to make the task of government a most difficult and delicate one. But whether Grant's civil career be considered successful or not, it soon became evident that he had not lost his hold on the affectionate admiration of the people, and that his fame abroad was as great as at home. After the close of his second term, in May, 1877, he sailed from Philadelphia for a tour around the world, which for over two years was made one long-continued ovation, more like the triumphal progress of a great monarch than the journey of a private citizen. By all the great nations of Europe and Asia he was received with every mark of the highest honor. He was the guest of emperors, kings, and municipalities, and welcomed with tokens of good-will equally by the proudest and the humblest of the people. Throughout Europe, Turkey, Persia, India, China, and Japan he journeyed, and when at last he landed at San Francisco, the demonstration in his honor surpassed anything before seen on the Pacific coast. It is perhaps not too much to say that until their eyes were opened by his reception abroad, the American people did not themselves appreciate Grant's real greatness and the extent of his fame.

GRANT'S TROUBLES AND HOW HE MET THEM.

But nothing in all his career did so much to fix Grant in the affection of the country as the events of the last year of his life. After his return from abroad he had, at the solicitation of his son, joined the firm of Ward & Fish, in New York, and put all his savings into it. The business seemed to go on prosperously,—so prosperously that Grant believed himself worth a million dollars. He himself gave no attention to the business, confiding entirely in the active partners. A sudden and appalling exposure followed in May, 1884. One morning Grant went down to the office in Wall Street, and found that Ward had absconded, and that he and his children were utterly ruined. Only a few days before, Ward had induced him to borrow one hundred thousand dollars, under the pretence that this sum would enable him to discharge some pressing claims upon a bank in which the firm had large deposits. Grant went to W. H. Vanderbilt and asked for the money as a loan. Vanderbilt sat down and drew a check for it, and handed it to his visitor. Grant had no idea that the firm with which his name had been identified existed upon sheer roguery. But all the papers were soon full of the shameful story. The famous soldier saw but too clearly that he had been used as a decoy by an abominable swindler. House, money, books, furniture, his swords, and other presents—the money of his children and many of his friends—everything was gone, including, as he thought, his honor. It was afterward clearly seen that he had no complicity whatever in



THE FUNERAL TRAIN OF GENERAL GRANT PASSING WEST POINT.
(From a sketch by Cadet C. T. Hamilton.)

the frauds committed by his partners,—that he was the chief of the sufferers, not in any way a culprit. The sympathy of the people went out to him ; once more he rallied from enfeebled health and a wounded spirit, and he began to believe that in time he might recover from this disastrous blow.

But another great calamity was hanging over him. A few months after the failure of the firm, he began to complain of a pain in his throat. Gradually it grew worse ; and at last the dread fact could no longer be concealed that his disease was cancer. He had already begun to write his "Memoirs," urged on by the one hope which now remained to him—the hope of making some provision for his family in place of that which they had lost. But the torment which now visited him, day and night, obliged him to stop. He could not lie down without bringing on fits of choking ; he would sit for hours, as General Badeau has said, "propped up in his chair, with his hands clasped, looking at the blank wall before him, silent, contemplating the future ; not alarmed, but solemn at the prospect of pain and disease, and only death at the end."

Then there came a change for the better. The kindly messages which were sent to him from all classes of his own countrymen, North and South, and which flowed in upon him from England—from the Queen herself—greatly cheered and consoled him. Again he set to work upon his book, determined to finish it before he died. He was further encouraged by the news that Congress had at last passed a bill placing him on the retired list of the army. His good name, he felt, was once more established. In June, 1885, he seemed to be a little better ; but the great heat of the city distressed him, and a villa on Mount Macgregor, near Saratoga, was offered to him by a friend. He knew that he could not live. But three families were dependent upon him. If he could complete his "Memoirs," half a million dollars would be earned for them. Again and again he took up pencil and paper—for he could no longer dictate—and wrote, slowly and laboriously, as much as he could. No murmur escaped him. Great physical prostration, accompanied by inevitable mental depression, often assailed him, but he summoned all his energies, and came back from the very portals of the grave. That his children and grandchildren should not be left to the tender mercies of the world,—this was the solitary boon he craved.

And it was granted. He had just time to write the last page, and then, on the 23d of July, the end came gently to him. With his wife and family still around him, he passed away as an over-wearied child might fall asleep.

The body of the great soldier was laid at rest in Riverside Park, New York city, beside the Hudson river, after a funeral pageant such as had never been witnessed in America. The army, the navy, the militia, the soldiers of the Southern army, and hundreds of thousands of citizens, from the richest to the poorest, joined in the solemn procession, and bowed their heads around the tomb where his dust was laid. For weeks the whole country had eagerly

watched for the news from his bedside. Only four days before his death, when the darkness was closing in around him, he had finished his "Memoirs," undertaken that his debts might be paid and his loved ones provided for. Now, when all was over, and the memory of all the nation owed him came back, a united people gathered to render at his grave their tributes of love and gratitude.

When, in 1866, the bill to revive the grade of "General of the Army of the United States" was before the House of Representatives, Grant's friend, Henry C. Deming spoke these true and fitting words:—

"Time, it is said, devours the proudest human memorial. The impress we have made as a nation may be obliterated; our grandest achievements, even those which we now fondly deem eternal, those which embellish the walls of that historic rotunda, may all drop from the memory of man Yet we shall not all perish. You may rest assured that *three American names* will survive oblivion, and soar together immortal: the name of him who founded, the name of him who disenthralled, with the name of him who saved the republic."



AN OLD INDIAN FARM HOUSE.



A SKIRMISHER.

IT would be a mistake to suppose that secession sentiments originated and were exclusively maintained in the Southern States. Ideas of State sovereignty and of the consequent right of a State to withdraw from the Union, or at least to resist the acts and laws of Congress on adequate occasion, were held by many statesmen in the North as well as in the South. Thus the "Essex Junto," which had openly advocated a dissolution of the Union and the formation of an Eastern Confederacy, were foremost in assembling a convention of the Federalists on December 15, 1814, at Hartford, Connecticut, at which resolutions were passed recommending the State Legislatures to resist Congress in conscripting soldiers for carrying on the war then being waged against England. Threats of disunion were again heard in 1821, but this time from the South, in case Missouri should be denied admission to the Union on account of her unwillingness to surrender the institution of slavery. Once more, in 1832, a South Carolina convention proceeded to declare the tariff of the United States null and void within her own borders; but, owing to the decisive action of President Jackson, the State authorities did not venture into an actual collision with Congress.

But the agitation in favor of disunion reached culmination under the aggressive efforts by the South to extend slavery into new Territories, and the determination by the North to confine it strictly within the States where it already existed. With the formation of anti-slavery societies in the North, the

nomination of anti-slavery candidates for the Presidency from 1840 onward, the passage of the "Wilmot Proviso" in 1846, the repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854, the Dred-Scott decision by the United States Supreme Court in 1857, the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution in Kansas in 1859, and the raid by John Brown at Harper's Ferry in 1859, it became painfully evident that Mr. Seward's prediction of an "irrepressible conflict" between the North and South on the subject of slavery was becoming, had already become, a reality.

As to John Brown's raid we have only to recount that on the 16th of October, 1859, he took an armed force to Harper's Ferry, capturing the arsenal and armory and killing the men on guard. He was then endeavoring to secure arms for operating against the South. He was, however, captured and executed December 2, 1859. The expedition, it is unnecessary to say, was foolhardy and wholly without justification, and Brown paid for his misguided zeal with his life. But it must be said of him that he was conscientious, and that by his reckless daring he helped to crystallize sentiment on both sides of the slavery question.

The election in 1860 of Abraham Lincoln as President, on the platform of resistance to all further extension of slavery, was the signal for the previous disunion oratory and menaces to crystallize themselves into action. Seven States, in the following order, viz.: South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas, seceded, and by a Congress held at Montgomery, Ala., February 4, 1861, formed a Confederacy with Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, as Vice-President.

The reasons avowed for this perilous course were, "the refusal of fifteen of the States for years past to fulfill their constitutional obligations, and the election of a man to the high office of President of the United States whose opinions and purposes are hostile to slavery."

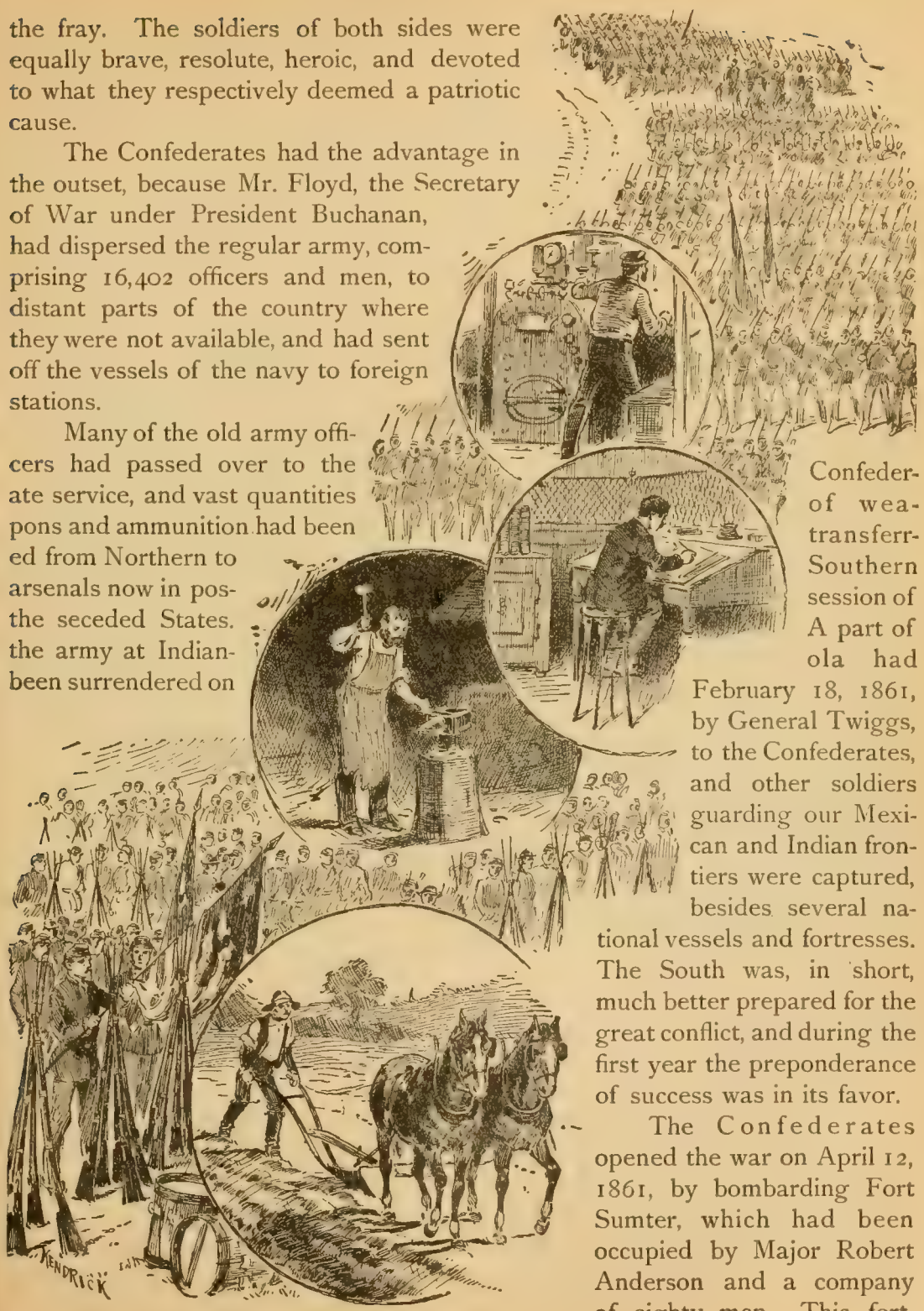
After Mr. Lincoln's inauguration on March 4, 1861, the Confederacy was increased by the addition of Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee; Kentucky and Missouri, being divided in opinion, had representatives and armies in both sections.

The eleven "Confederate States of America" took from the Union nearly one-half of its inhabited area, and a population of between five and six millions of whites and about four millions of slaves. Their entire force capable of active service numbered 600,000 men. The twenty-four States remaining loyal to the Union had a population of 20,000,000, and the army at the close of the war numbered 1,050,000; but as the majority of these were scattered on guard duty over a vast region, only 262,000 were in fighting activity. Whilst the North was more rich and powerful, it was, nevertheless, more inclined to peace. The South was of a military spirit, accustomed to weapons, and altogether eager for

the fray. The soldiers of both sides were equally brave, resolute, heroic, and devoted to what they respectively deemed a patriotic cause.

The Confederates had the advantage in the outset, because Mr. Floyd, the Secretary of War under President Buchanan, had dispersed the regular army, comprising 16,402 officers and men, to distant parts of the country where they were not available, and had sent off the vessels of the navy to foreign stations.

Many of the old army officers had passed over to the Confederate service, and vast quantities of weapons and ammunition had been transferred from Northern to Southern arsenals now in possession of the seceded States. A part of the army at Indianola had been surrendered on February 18, 1861, by General Twiggs, and other soldiers guarding our Mexican and Indian frontiers were captured, besides several national vessels and fortresses. The South was, in short, much better prepared for the great conflict, and during the first year the preponderance of success was in its favor.



THE ARTS OF PEACE AND THE ART OF WAR.

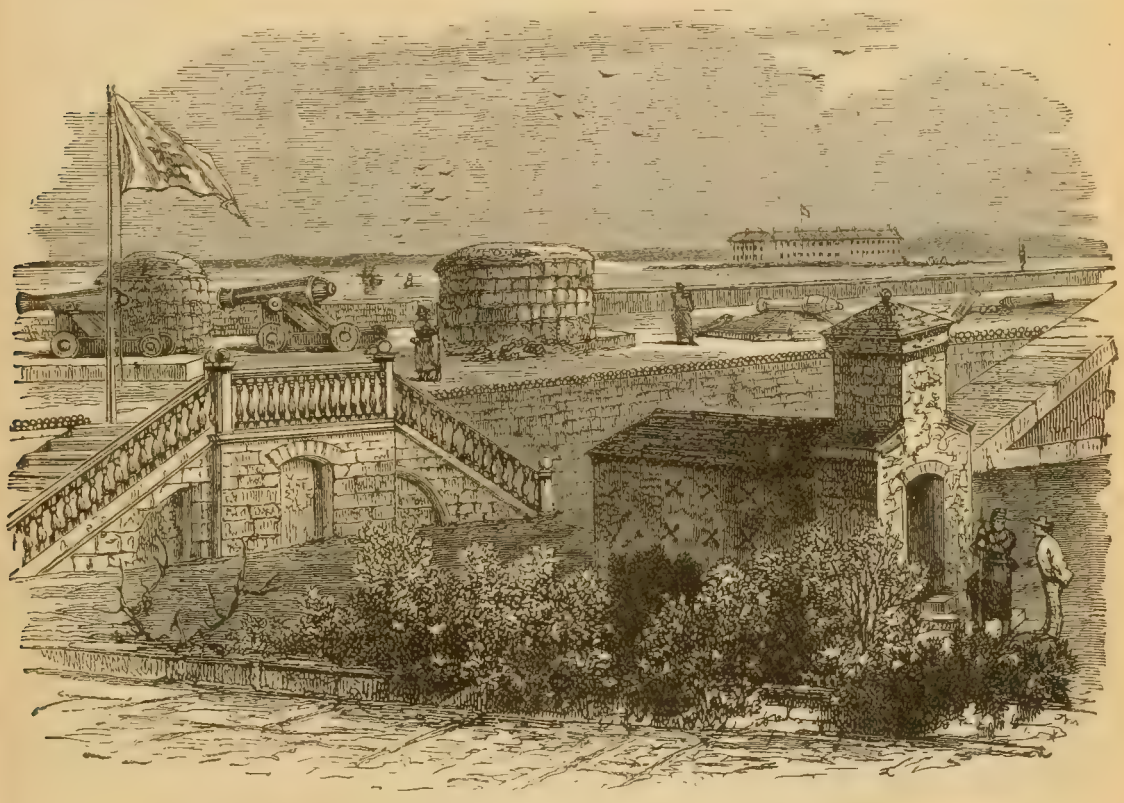
The Confederates opened the war on April 12, 1861, by bombarding Fort Sumter, which had been occupied by Major Robert Anderson and a company of eighty men. This fort,

although fiercely pounded by cannon balls and shells and set on fire several times, was gallantly held for two days, when it was obliged to surrender; but its brave defenders were allowed to march out saluting the old flag, and to depart for the North without being regarded as prisoners of war. The attack on Sumter created the wildest excitement throughout the entire land, and it opened the eyes of the North to the amazing fact of a civil war. A wave of patriotism, as mighty as it was sudden, swept over the United States. President Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 volunteers for three months, and soon after another call for 64,000 men for the army and 18,000 for the navy, to serve during the war. The need for these calls was urgent enough. On April 20th the Confederates easily captured the great Norfolk Navy Yard, with three or four national vessels, including the frigate "Merrimac," which subsequently wrought such fearful havoc at Hampton Roads, 2000 cannon, besides small arms, munitions, and stores of immense value, all of which were given up without a shot in defense. The arsenal at Harper's Ferry, with millions of dollars' worth of arms and ammunition, was also in their possession; and before the end of April 35,000 of their soldiers were already in the field, whilst 10,000 of these were rapidly marching northward. General R. E. Lee had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the army and navy of Virginia, and the 6th Regiment of Massachusetts militia had been savagely mobbed in the streets of Baltimore whilst going to the protection of Washington.

A Unionist attack on the Confederates at Big Bethel, Va., was repulsed, but the Confederates were driven out of Western Virginia by General G. B. McClellan. Then came, on July 21, the engagement at Bull Run, known also as that of Manassas Junction, one of the most significant battles of the war. General Irwin McDowell, acting under instructions of General Scott, marched against the Confederate army under General Beauregard, and in the outset met with encouraging success; but just as the Unionists imagined the victory theirs they were vigorously pressed by reinforcements that had come hurriedly up from Winchester under the leadership of General Johnston; and being exhausted from twelve hours of marching and fighting under a sultry sun, they began a retreat which was soon turned into a panic, attended with wild disorder and demoralization. Had the Confederates, among whom at the close of the day was President Davis himself, only known the extent of their triumph, they might have followed it and possibly have seized Washington. About 30,000 men fought on each side. The Confederate loss was 378 killed, 1489 wounded, and 30 missing. The Unionists lost 481 killed, 1011 wounded, and 1460 missing, with 20 cannon and large quantities of small arms.

From this moment it was understood that the struggle would be terrible, and that it might be long, not to say doubtful. Congress, then in extra session, authorized the enlistment of 500,000 men and the raising of $500,000,000.

Many of the States displayed intense patriotism, New York and Pennsylvania, for example, appropriating each $3,000,000, whilst Massachusetts and other New England States sent regiments fully equipped into the field. General McClellan was summoned to reorganize and discipline the multitudes of raw recruits that were thrown suddenly on his hands. His ability and thoroughness were of immense value in preparing them for their subsequent effective service, and he was soon after made Commander-in-chief in place of General Scott, retired. The South was also laboring with tremendous zeal and energy in the endeavor to enlist 400,000 men.



FORT MOULTRIE, CHARLESTON, WITH FORT SUMTER IN THE DISTANCE.

Early in August the death of General Nathaniel Lyon whilst attacking the Confederate General Ben. McCulloch at Wilson's Creek, and the retreat of his army, threw all Southern Missouri into the hands of the enemy. A few days after, General Butler took Forts Hatteras and Clark, with 700 prisoners, 1000 muskets, and other stores. But victories alternated, for now General Sterling Price surrounded and captured the Unionist Colonel Mulligan and his Irish brigade of 2780, at Lexington, Mo. Worse, however, than this was the near annihilation, October 21st, of a Unionist force of 1700 under General C. P. Stone and Colonel E. D. Baker at Ball's Bluff. The noble Baker and 300 of the men

were slain and over 500 taken prisoners. Ten days later Commodore S. F. Dupont, aided by General T. W. Sherman with 10,000 men, reduced the Confederate forts on Hilton Head and Phillips' Island and seized the adjacent Sea Islands. General Fremont, unable to find and engage the Confederate General Price in the West, was relieved of his command of 30,000 men; but General U. S. Grant, by capturing the Confederate camp at Belmont, Mo., checked the advance of General Jeff. Thompson. On the next day, November 8th, occurred a memorable event which imperiled the peaceful relations between



BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

the United States and Great Britain. Captain Wilkes of the United States frigate, "San Jacinto," compelled the British mail steamer, "Trent," to give up two of her passengers, the Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, who were on their way respectively to England and France in the interest of the South. A foreign war might have resulted had not Mr. William H. Seward, the astute Secretary of State, promptly disavowed the act and returned the Commissioners to English keeping. General E. O. C. Ord, commanding the Third Pennsylvania Brigade, gained a victory on December 20th at Dranesville over the Confederate

brigade of General J. E. B. Stuart, who lost 230 soldiers, and during the same month General Pope reported the capture of 2500 prisoners in Central Missouri, with the loss of only 100 men; but 1000 of these were taken by Colonel Jeff. C. Davis by surprising the Confederate camp at Milford.

The year 1862 was marked by a series of bloody encounters. It opened with a Union army of 450,000 against a Confederate army of 350,000. The fighting began at Mill Spring, in Southern Kentucky, on January 19th, with an assault by the Confederates led by General F. K. Zollicoffer, acting under General G. B. Crittenden. They were routed by General George H. Thomas, Zollicoffer being killed and Crittenden flying across the Cumberland River, leaving ten guns and 1500 horses. This victory stirred the heart of the nation, and brought at once into brilliant prominence the great soldier and noble character whose greatnes blazed out like a sun at the close of the war.

Another blow was soon struck. Brigadier General Grant, with 15,000 troops, supported by Commodore A. H. Foote with seven gunboats, reduced Fort Henry on the Tennessee River and took its commander, General L. Tilghman, prisoner, but could not prevent the greater portion of the garrison from escaping to Fort Donelson, twelve miles to the east. This stronghold, commanding the navigation of the Cumberland River and containing 15,000 defenders under General J. B. Floyd, was regarded as impregnable. It fell, however, on February 16th, under a combined attack of Grant and Foote, surrendering 12,000 men and 40 cannon. Generals Floyd and Buckner, with a few of their command, managed to escape across the river by night, and General N. B. Forrest, with 800 cavalry, also got away. This splendid achievement threw Nashville and all Northern Tennessee into possession of the Unionists, and caused the immediate evacuation of the Confederate camp at Bowling Green, Kentucky.

In the East, about the same time, General Burnside and Commodore Goldsborough, with 11,500 men on 31 steamboats, captured, with a loss of 300, Roanoke Island, N. C., and 2500 Confederates. On March 14th they carried New Bern by assault, losing 600 but taking 2 steamboats, 69 cannon, and 500 prisoners; and next they seized Fort Macon, with its garrison of 500 and stores. But the Unionist Generals Reno and Foster were repulsed, respectively, at South Mills and Goldsborough. One of the most notable of naval engagements took place on March 8th and 9th, when the Confederate ironclad, "Virginia," known better by her original name, the "Merrimac," steamed out from Norfolk attended by two gunboats. She plunged her iron ram into the Union frigate, "Cumberland," causing her to sink and to carry down part of her crew; she blew up the "Congress," another Union frigate, destroying more than half of her crew of 434, drove the frigate "Lawrence" under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and bombarded until dusk with terrific energy, aided also by her gunboats, the

Union steam frigate "Minnesota," which had got aground. She seemed destined on the next day to work immeasurable and unimpeded havoc. But, providentially, during the night the Union "Monitor," looking like "a cheese box on a raft," which had been built by Captain Ericsson and was commanded with consummate skill by Lieutenant J. L. Worden, steamed into the roadstead on her trial trip from New York. When, therefore, the "Merrimac" approached for new conquests the following morning her surprise was tremendous upon meeting such a strange craft. An unwonted and dramatic naval duel now



ANTIETAM BRIDGE.

occurred, from which the Confederate ram retired badly crippled and was soon afterward blown up to prevent her being captured. The "Monitor" was, unfortunately, lost some months afterward, in a storm off Hatteras.

The smoke had not vanished from Hampton Roads before news came of an assault at Pea Ridge by from 16,000 to 18,000 Confederates, including 5000 Indians, under General E. Van Dorn, on 10,500 Unionists under General S. R. Curtis, supported by Generals Asboth and Sigel. After three days of severe fighting, in which 1351 Unionists fell, the Confederates fled with precipitation,

leaving Generals B. McCulloch and McIntosh dead and having Generals Price and Slack among their wounded.

General McClellan having raised his 200,000 or more men to a high degree of efficiency, transferred considerably more than half of them to Fortress Monroe for the purpose of advancing on Richmond by way of the peninsula between the York and James Rivers. He left General Banks with 7000 soldiers to guard the Virginia Valley. This force, at that time under the command of General James Shields, because Banks had gone temporarily to Washington, was fiercely assailed at Kernstown by "Stonewall" Jackson at the head of 4000 men. Jackson was repulsed with a loss of 1000, whilst Shields lost 600. McClellan's advance was checked for a month by Confederate batteries at Warwick Creek and again at Williamsburg by General Magruder's works. Here General Hooker's division fought well for nine hours with heavy losses. Magruder, flanked by Hancock, whose two brigades fought bravely, was obliged to retreat, leaving 700 of his wounded. The Unionists lost altogether 2228, whilst the Confederates lost not quite so many.

In the meantime, on April 6th, General Grant, with an army of 40,000, was surprised at Pittsburg Landing by 50,000 Confederates under General A. S. Johnson. General Grant, instead of being with his troops, was on a boat near Savannah, seven miles below. The Union forces were completely surprised. No intrenchments or earthworks of any kind had been erected—there were no abattis. The Union forces, surprised, were rapidly driven back with heavy loss in guns, killed, wounded, and prisoners, from Shiloh Church to the bluffs of the Tennessee, under which thousands of demoralized men took refuge. General Albert S. Johnson had been killed in the midst of the battle and General Beauregard succeeded to the command. Had General Johnson been alive the result might have been different; but Beauregard was in command, and he missed the one opportunity of his life in resting on his arms when he should have pressed the enemy to the river and forced a surrender. But relief was at hand, and under a leader who was a master general on the field. Sunday night General Don Carlos Buell arrived on the scene with a part of the Army of the Ohio. Moving General Nelson's division across the Tennessee in boats, he had them in position by seven o'clock in the evening, ready for the onset in the morning. Two more divisions were crossed early in the morning. At seven o'clock the attack was begun, General Buell leading his troops in person and General Grant advancing with his troops, yesterday overwhelmed by defeat, to-day hopeful and confident. The result is well known. Buell's fresh troops, handled in a masterly manner, were irresistible. By four o'clock the enemy lost all they had gained and were in full retreat, and the day was won, General Buell receiving unstinted praise for his victory. The Union loss was 1735 killed, 7882 wounded, and 3956 missing; total, 13,573.

The Confederates' loss was 1728 killed, 8012 wounded, 957 missing; total, 10,699.

About the same date General Pope and Commodore Foote captured Island No. 10, with 6700 Confederates under Brigadier General Makall; and soon after Memphis surrendered to the Unionists, and on April 11th Fort Pulaski fell before a bombardment by General Q. A. Gilmore. This same month was notable for naval victories. Admiral Farragut with a fleet of forty-seven armed vessels and 310 guns stormed the Confederate Forts St. Philip and Jackson, destroyed various fire-rafts and gunboats, and after a series of brilliant actions compelled the Confederate General Lovell with 3000 defenders to withdraw from New Orleans, leaving it to be occupied by 15,000 Unionists under General Butler. In the words of another, this "was a contest between iron hearts in wooden vessels, and iron clads with iron beaks, and the iron hearts prevailed."

McClellan's army—a part of which had been thrown across the Chickahominy—was savagely attacked on May 28th, at Fair Oaks, by General Joseph E. Johnston, now Commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces. Although Johnston was badly wounded and his troops after a day of hard fighting were obliged to retire, yet the Union loss was 5739, including five colonels killed and seven generals wounded. McClellan was now reinforced until he had altogether 156,828 men, of whom 115,162 were in good condition for effective service. Nothing, however, was accomplished until General Lee, who had succeeded the disabled Johnston, forced the fighting on June 26th that led to six horrible battles on as many successive days, known as those of Oak Grove, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mills, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill. In the last one the Confederates were signally defeated by McClellan with a loss of 10,000, while the Union loss was about 5000. During those six battles the Union loss was 1582 killed, 7709 wounded, and 5958 missing, making a total of 15,249. The Confederate loss was perhaps double; General Griffith and three colonels killed. Nevertheless, McClellan's campaign was unsuccessful; Richmond was not taken; and by order of the President he retreated to the Potomac.

General Halleck now became Commander-in-chief, and a vigorous campaign was opened by the Unionist General Pope. He was met in several stubbornly fought actions by the Confederates under Generals Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet, and was badly routed.* In this bloody affair, known as the second battle of Bull Run, the Unionists lost 25,000, including 9000 prisoners; the Con-

* In accounting for his defeat General Pope attempted to fix the blame upon General Fitz John Porter, a very able and successful commander, charging that he failed to support him, and a court-martial convened in the heat of the discussion cashiered the General. But later, in deference to public opinion, the case was reopened, the previous unjust verdict was set aside, and General Porter's good name was cleared, his conduct being fully justified—an acquittal in entire accord with the riper second thought of public opinion.

federates lost 15,000. General Lee, on September 8th, invaded Maryland, where at South Mountain he was worsted by McClellan, who lost heavily of his own men, but took 1500 prisoners.

A few days later Harper's Ferry, with 11,583 Unionists, 73 guns, and immense quantities of war munitions, was surrendered to Stonewall Jackson. McClellan, with 80,000 men attacked Lee, posted with 70,000 on a ridge facing Antietam Creek. This determined battle ended in Lee's defeat and retreat. McClellan lost 2010 men killed, 9416 wounded, and 1043 missing; a total of 12,469. Lee lost 1842 killed, 9399 wounded, and 2292 missing; total, 13,533. This is regarded as the bloodiest day in the history of America. There is little doubt that had McClellan followed up his magnificent victory he could have entered Richmond. Here was his mistake; but this did not justify the Government in retiring him as it did. Surely McClellan's great victory entitled him to the further command; but the opposition, especially that of Secretary Stanton, was too powerful, and he was retired.



GENERAL ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

General Burnside, having succeeded McClellan, assailed Lee at Fredericksburg, December 13th, but was disastrously beaten. His loss was 1152 killed,

9101 wounded, 3234 missing; total, 13,771. The Confederate loss was about 5000. General Burnside was relieved in favor of General Hooker in January, 1863, who—having received reinforcements until his army amounted to 100,000 infantry, 13,000 cavalry, and 10,000 artillery—assumed the offensive against Lee on May 2d, 1863, at Chancellorsville, but was terribly defeated. He lost 17,197 men. His defeat was due to a brilliant rear and flank movement executed by Stonewall Jackson, who thus demolished the Eleventh Corps but was himself slain. Jackson's death might well be regarded as an irreparable disaster to the Confederate cause.

Lee, with nearly 100,000 men, again marched northward, taking 4000 prisoners at Winchester. He was overtaken, July 1st, by the Union army, numbering 100,000, now under the command of General George G. Meade, at Gettysburg; where a gallant and bloody battle was fought, lasting three days and ending in a great victory for the Unionists. One of the features of the battle was a gallant charge of Pickett's Confederate Brigade, when they faced a battery of 100 guns and were nearly annihilated. But it was all American bravery. They lost 2834 killed, 13,709 wounded, 6643 missing; total, 23,186. The total Confederate loss was 36,000. Had Meade known the extent of his triumph he might have followed and destroyed the retreating Lee, whose army in this campaign dwindled from 100,000 to 40,000.

On the same memorable day, July 3d, Vicksburg, after having resisted many and determined assaults, and after finding its defenders on the south surprised and beaten in detail by Grant's army aided by Commodore Porter's naval operations, surrendered, closing a campaign in which Grant had taken 37,000 prisoners, with arms and munitions for 60,000 men. His own loss was 943 killed, 7095 wounded, and 537 missing; a total of 8515. These two notable victories were the turning points in the war.

Meantime, in the West the war had been pursued during the year with varying fortunes. The Confederate General Forrest had captured 1500 men at Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Kirby Smith had captured 5000 Unionists at Richmond, Ky.; General Bragg had captured 4000 prisoners at Mumfordsville, Tenn.; Generals McCook and Rousseau, having attacked the enemy without the orders of General Buell, and thinking, as General Buell said, to win a victory without his assistance, were defeated by General Bragg at Perryville, whose loss was 2300: our loss was 4340. General Rosecrans, with a loss of 782, whipped the Confederate General Price, at Iuka, Miss., whose loss was 1000 men. Rosecrans repulsed again the Confederates on September 17th at Corinth, inflicting a loss of 1423 killed and taking 2248 prisoners. His own loss was 2359 men. A brigade of 2000 Unionists was captured by John Morgan. A campaign of 46,910 men under Rosecrans culminated in the battle of Stone River, January 2d, 1863, against Bragg, who was beaten and forced to retreat. The Unionist

losses were 1533 killed, 7245 wounded, 2800 missing; a total of 11,578. Bragg's loss was 9000 killed and wounded and over 1000 missing. The Confederate Van Dorn surprised and took prisoners 2000 men at Holly Springs, and at the same time took $4,000,000 worth of stores. General Sherman was repulsed at Chickasaw Bayou with a loss of 2000 men; but General J. A. McClernand reduced Fort Hindman, capturing 5000 prisoners and 17 guns, while his loss was only 977. Colonel Grierson made a famous raid with 1700 cavalry to Baton Rouge, cutting Confederate communications and taking 500 prisoners. At Milliken's Bend the Unionist General Dennis, having 1400, repelled an attack of the Confederate General H. McCulloch, the loss on either side being 500. At Helena, Arkansas, the Unionist General B. M. Prentiss, with 4000, also repulsed General Holmes with 3646, of whom 1636 were lost. The Confederate raider, Morgan, with a mounted force of 4000 men, invaded Ohio, July 7th, but was caught by gunboats and obliged to surrender.

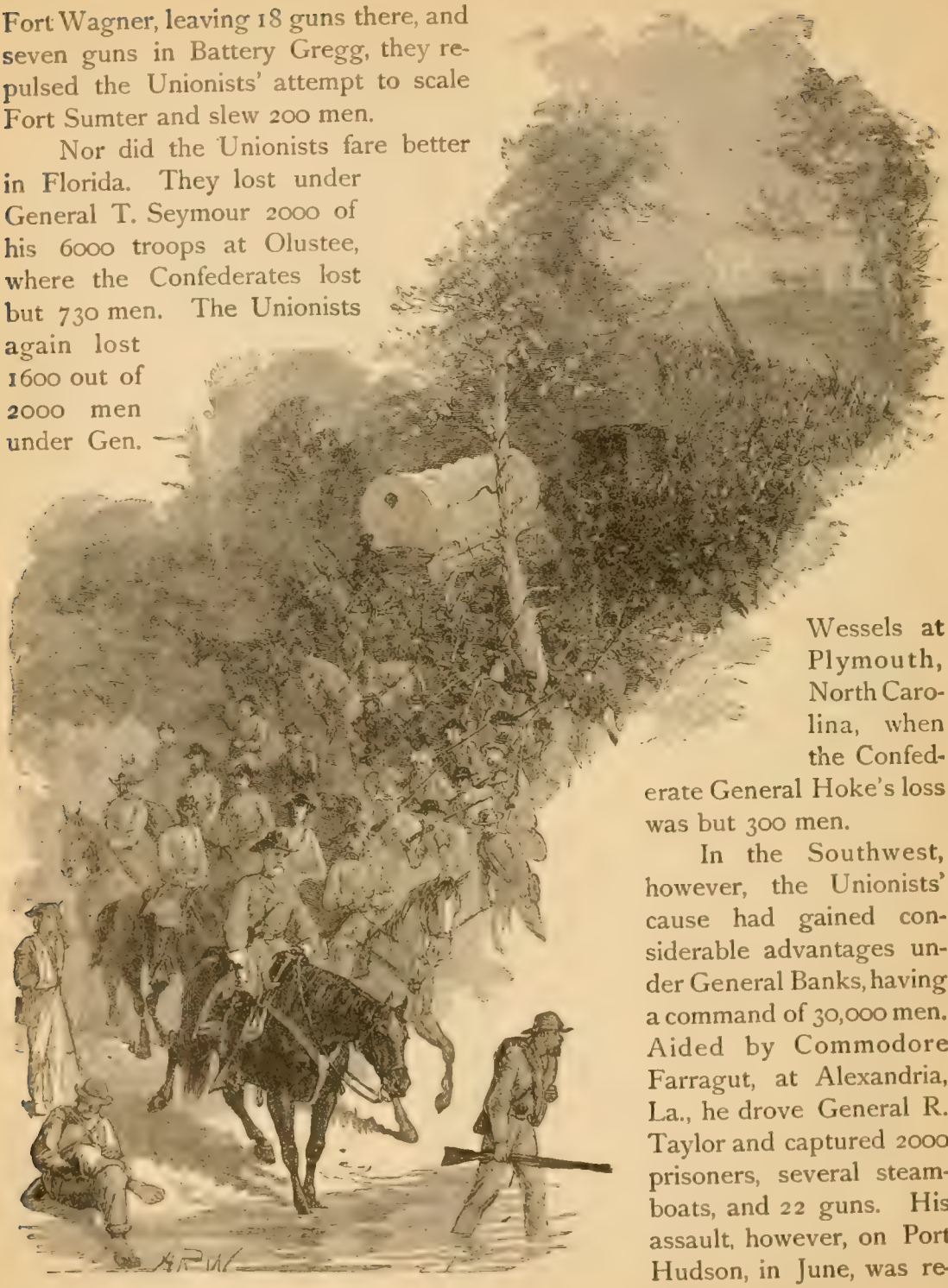
General Burnside, early in September, at Cumberland Gap, captured General Frazier with fourteen guns and 2000 men. Then came, on September 19th, the great battle of Chickamauga, between Rosecrans and Thomas with 55,000 men on one side, and Bragg and Longstreet with about the same number on the other side. Longstreet annihilated Rosecrans' right wing; but Thomas by his firmness and skill saved the day. The Confederates lost 18,000, while the Union loss was 1644 killed, 9262 wounded, 4945 missing; total, 15,581. Our army fell back on Chattanooga. Longstreet's attempt, Nov. 28th, to dislodge Burnside from Knoxville resulted in his own loss of 800 and retreat. The Unionists lost 100 men.

On September 22d to 24th the forces of General George H. Thomas, reinforced by General Sherman, under the command of Grant, assaulted Bragg's army on Mission Ridge, facing Chattanooga. General Sherman crossed the Tennessee to attempt a flank movement but was repulsed. General Hooker moved up Lookout Mountain and drove the Confederates before him, capturing men and guns. Then General G. H. Thomas, in accordance with his original plan of battle, moved his army by the front directly up the heights of Mission Ridge, assailing the enemy in the very teeth of his batteries. The fight was desperate, but Thomas's forces won, driving the enemy, making many prisoners and capturing many guns. The Union losses were 757 killed, 4529 wounded, 330 missing; total, 5616. There were 6142 prisoners captured from the enemy.

During this time Charleston, which had inaugurated the Rebellion, pluckily resisted all attempts to take it. For example, her defenders beat back 6000 Unionists with a loss of 574 men at Secessionville June 16th. Again, they disabled two of the blockading gunboats on January 1st, 1863; again, they forced nine bombarding iron-clads under Commodore Dupont to retire; again, they repulsed from Fort Wagner a storming party under General Gilmore, inflicting a loss of 1500, while their loss was but 100 men; again, while obliged to evacuate

Fort Wagner, leaving 18 guns there, and seven guns in Battery Gregg, they repulsed the Unionists' attempt to scale Fort Sumter and slew 200 men.

Nor did the Unionists fare better in Florida. They lost under General T. Seymour 2000 of his 6000 troops at Olustee, where the Confederates lost but 730 men. The Unionists again lost 1600 out of 2000 men under Gen. Wessels at Plymouth, North Carolina, when the Confederate General Hoke's loss was but 300 men.



RETREAT OF LEE'S ARMY.

In the Southwest, however, the Unionists' cause had gained considerable advantages under General Banks, having a command of 30,000 men. Aided by Commodore Farragut, at Alexandria, La., he drove General R. Taylor and captured 2000 prisoners, several steamboats, and 22 guns. His assault, however, on Port Hudson, in June, was repelled with a loss of 2000

men, while the Confederates lost but 300 men. But Port Hudson, as it was about to be cannonaded by the gunboats set free by the fall of Vicksburg, was surrendered, July 6th, by the Confederate General Gardener, with his garrison of 6408 men. Banks' effective force had been reduced to 10,000. His total captures during the campaign were 10,584 men, 73 guns, and 6000 small arms. But Brashear City had some days before been surprised and captured by General R. Taylor (Confederate) with a Union loss of 1000 men and 10 guns. The Unionist General Dudley lost near Donaldsonville 300 prisoners, and again, the Unionist General Franklin with a fleet and 4000 men was repelled with a loss of two gunboats, 15 guns, and 250 men, by less than that number within the fort at Sabine Pass, and at Teche Bayou the 67th Indiana Regiment was captured entire.

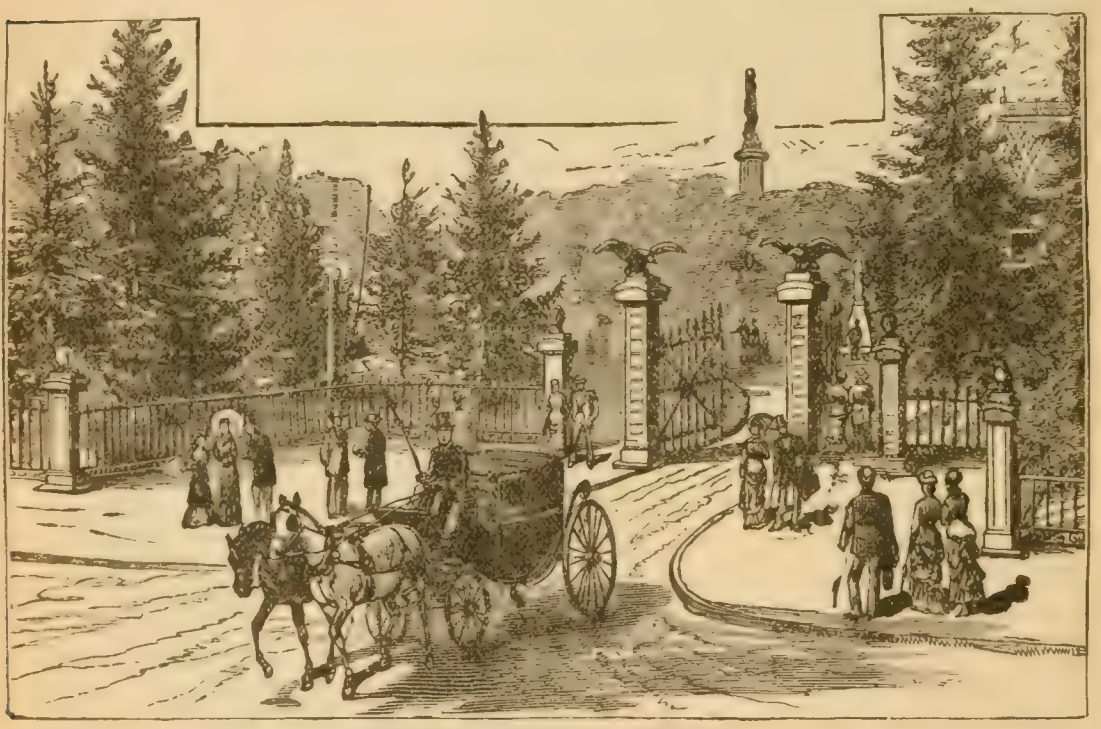
The Red River expeditions in March and April, 1864, toward Shreveport under General Banks, from New Orleans, with a force of 40,000, and under General Steel, from Little Rock, with 12,000, were disastrous failures. The former had to retreat with a loss of about 5000, and the latter was also beaten back with a loss of 2200; but at Jenkins Ferry he repulsed the Confederate attack led by General Kirby Smith, with a loss of 2300. In August of this year (1864) Commodore Farragut executed one of the fiercest and most heroic naval combats on record. Having lashed himself to the mast of the Hartford, he advanced with a fleet of 14 wooden steamers and gunboats and four iron-clad monitors against Forts Morgan and Gaines, at the entrance of Mobile Bay. He ran the bows of his wooden vessels full speed against the rebel iron-clad Tennessee, gaining a notable victory, which ended in the fall of the forts and the city of Mobile.

General Grant was appointed Commander-in-chief of all the Union armies on March 1, 1864. Having sent Sherman to conduct a campaign in the West, he himself, on May 4 and 5, crossed the Rapidan for a direct southerly advance to Richmond. A campaign of 43 days followed, in which more than 100,000 men, frequently reinforced, were engaged on either side. He was met by Lee in the Wilderness, where, after two days of terrible slaughter, the battle ended without decided advantage to either side. Among the Unionists, General J. S. Wadsworth was killed and seven generals were wounded, the entire loss amounting to 20,000 men. The Confederates lost 8000 men, with Longstreet badly wounded.

Finding Lee's position impregnable, Grant advanced by a flank movement to Spottsylvania Court House. Here, on May 11th, Hancock, by a desperate assault, captured Generals Johnson and E. H. Stewart, with 3000 men and 30 guns, while Lee himself barely escaped. But no fighting, however desperate, could carry Lee's works. Sheridan with his cavalry now made a dashing raid toward Richmond. He fought the Confederate cavalry, killed their General, J. E. B. Stuart, and returned, having suffered little damage, to Grant. General

Butler with 30,000 men steamed up the James River and seized City Point, with the view of seizing Petersburg. He was, however, too slow, and in a fight with Beauregard, near Proctor's Creek, lost 4000 men, while the Confederates lost but 3000.

General Grant reached, May 17th, the North Anna, where he gained some advantage, but as Lee was strongly intrenched, he moved on again to Cold Harbor. Here an assault on Lee ended with a Union loss of 1705 killed, 9072 wounded and 2406 missing. Sheridan again raided Lee's rear, tore up railroads, and burnt stores, and after having lost 735 men he returned to Grant with 370 prisoners. Grant now pressed on toward the James River; assaults were



ENTRANCE TO GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

made on Petersburg with a loss of many killed and 5000 prisoners. The Unionist General Wilson, with 8000 cavalry, while tearing up the Danville railroad, lost 1000 prisoners.

Another attempt to take Petersburg by a mine explosion resulted in a Unionist loss of 4400 and Confederate loss of 1000. A series of gallant attacks by the Unionists were as gallantly repulsed. Thus Hancock assailed Lee's left wing below Richmond, losing 5000 men. Warren seized the Weldon Railroad, at the expense of 4450, while the Confederates lost but 1200. Hancock's attempt to seize Ream's Station ended in his being driven back and

losing 2400 men. Warren grasped the Squirrel Level Road at a cost of 2500 men. Butler, however, took Port Harrison, with 115 guns, but failed to take Fort Gilmore after a loss of 300. The Confederates, attempting to retake Fort Harrison, were beaten back with a heavy loss. The Union cavalry under General Kautz advanced within five miles of Richmond, but were driven back with a loss of 9 guns and 500 men. Hancock tried to turn the Confederate flank and took 1000 prisoners, but had to retire with a loss of 1500.

Thus this campaign of 1864 closed with a loss in the aggregate of 87,387 men from the Army of the Potomac.

In West Virginia Sigel was routed at New Market by J. C. Breckinridge with a loss of six guns and 700 men. Hunter, succeeding Sigel, beat the Confederates, June 8th, at Piedmont, killing General Jones and taking 1500 men, but was himself, with 20,000 men, soon after beaten at Lynchburg, and forced to a disastrous retreat over the Alleghanies to the Potomac.

This opened the way for the Confederate, Early, with 20,000 veterans, to march northward. With a loss of but 600 he defeated General Lew Wallace near Frederick, killing and capturing 2000 men. After threatening Baltimore and Washington he retreated South with 2500 captured horses and 5000 cattle. He also defeated at Winchester General Crook, whose loss was 1200. Shortly after the Unionist General Averill defeated B. F. Johnson's cavalry and took 500 prisoners.

Not long after, on September 19, 1864, Early, after a brilliant attack by Sheridan at Winchester, was routed, losing 6000 men, while the Unionists lost 1000 less. At Fisher's Hill Sheridan again routed him, taking 16 guns and 1100 prisoners; at Cedar Creek, while Sheridan was absent at Washington, Early made a sudden and determined assault, throwing the Unionists into a panic-stricken mob, capturing 24 guns and 1200 prisoners. Sheridan, by his famous ride of twenty miles, met his beaten army. He reorganized it, inspired it to make a general and magnificent attack, and won a great victory, recapturing his 24 guns, taking 23 more, and 1500 prisoners. The loss on either side was about 3000.

In the Southwest General Sturgis (Union) with 12,000 men routed General Forrest at Guntown, Miss., killing and capturing 4000. In East Tennessee the Confederate raider Morgan captured 1600 Unionists at Licking River, but was himself soon after chased away with a loss of half his force. During these operations General Sherman advanced (May 18, 1864) with 100,000 men from Chattanooga. He was stubbornly resisted by General J. E. Johnston with an army of 54,000. At Kenesaw Mountain Sherman lost 3000 men while the Confederates lost 442. He, however, kept flanking and fighting the Confederates until he reached Atlanta, during which two months the enemy had lost 14,200 men; but reinforcements kept their numbers up to 51,000. During

these movements the Confederate General Polk, who on accepting his commission in the army had not resigned his position as a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was killed by a cannon ball while reconnoitring on Pine Mountain, a few miles north of Marietta. Hood succeeded Johnston, and aimed a heavy blow at Thomas, on Sherman's right, losing 4000 and inflicting



LONGSTREET REPORTING AT BRAGG'S HEADQUARTERS.

a loss of but 1500. On the 22d occurred another great battle in which McPherson, a very superior Union general, was killed, and 4000 Unionists were lost. The Confederate loss was, however, not less than 8000. General Stoneman whilst raiding Hood's rear was captured, with 1000 of his cavalry. Hood, after suffering a heavy repulse by Logan, and another at Jonesboro by Howard, in the latter of which he lost 2000, and still another by J. C.

Davis, when Jonesboro and many guns and prisoners were taken from him, retreated eastward, leaving Atlanta, September 1st, to the Union victors. Being reinforced, however, so as to have about 55,000 troops, he returned for an invasion of Tennessee. At Franklin, November 30th, he made a desperate onset against Schofield, and was baffled, at an expense of 4500 men to himself and of 2320 to the Union. At Nashville, to which he laid siege, he was struck by Thomas, December 15th, with great skill and determination during a two days' battle, and broken to pieces, having lost more than 13,000, besides seventy-two pieces of artillery. The Union loss was 10,000 during the campaign. In November and December Sherman at the head of 65,500, including the cavalry protection of Kilpatrick, executed his famous march to the sea, *i.e.*, from Atlanta to Savannah. His reward was 167 guns and 1328 prisoners and a demoralized South. The Confederate General Hardee, who had already evacuated Savannah, was obliged by a new advance of Sherman northward, February, 1865, to evacuate Charleston also, with 12,000 men. A cavalry engagement took place near the north line of South Carolina, between Kilpatrick and Wade Hampton, in which the former was surprised, but the latter finally beat him. Near Fayetteville, North Carolina, March 15th, he was attacked without success by Hardee, now acting under Joseph Johnston, having 40,000 men under his command; and three days after at Bentonville by Johnston himself. Sherman lost 1643, but forced Johnston to retire, leaving 267 dead and 1625 prisoners and wounded.

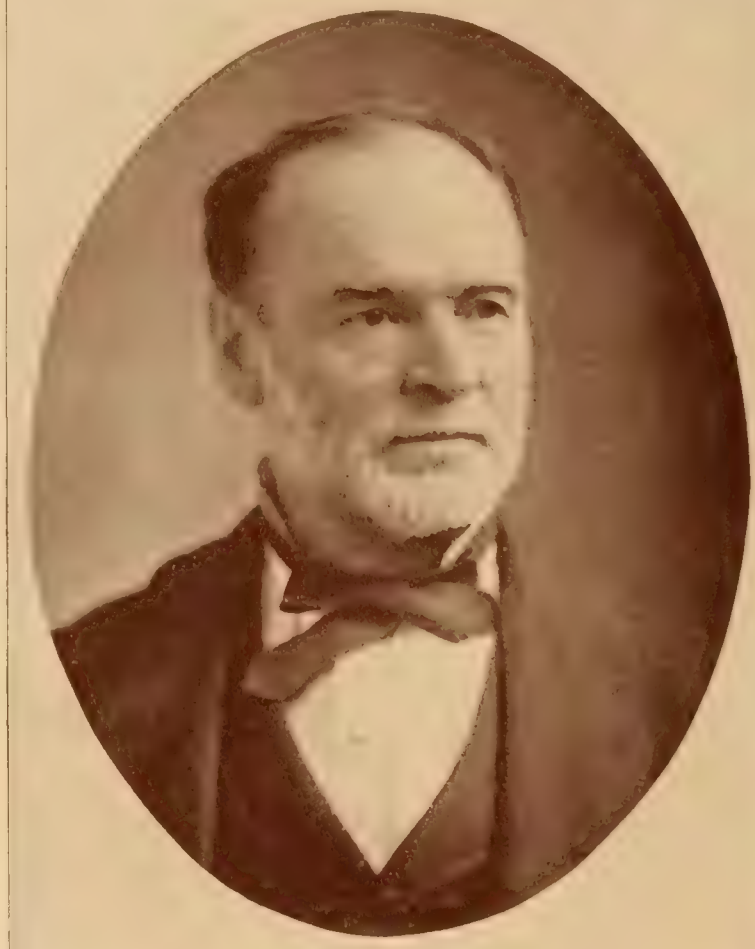
Fort Fisher, that protected the blockade runners at Wilmington, N. C., was bombarded by Commodore Porter and carried by assault by General A. H. Terry, January 16, 1865. This victory, purchased at a cost of 410 killed and 536 wounded, threw into the Union hands 169 guns and 2083 prisoners. And Wilmington itself fell about one month later, under an attack by Schofield.

General James H. Wilson, with 15,000 cavalry from the armies of Grant and Thomas, routed General Forrest at Selma, Ala., April 2d, capturing 22 guns and 2700 prisoners and burning 125,000 bales of cotton. Soon after, he captured at Columbus, Ga., 52 guns and 1200 prisoners, besides burning a gunboat, 250 cars, and 115,000 cotton bales. He took Fort Tyler by assault, but ceased operations at Macon, Ga., because by that time the rebellion was crushed.

General Grant resumed operations February 6, 1865, when he repulsed at Hatcher's Run, at a cost of 2000 troops, the Confederates, who lost 1000. General Sheridan with 10,000 cavalry routed Early, on March 2d, from Waynesboro, taking 11 guns and 1600 prisoners, and joined Grant at Petersburg after having passed entirely around Lee's army. An attack by Lee against Fort Stedman was repelled with a loss of 2500 to the Unionists and 4500 to the Confederates.

Grant, fearing that Lee might attempt to evacuate Richmond, threw Warren's corps and Sheridan's cavalry to the southwest of Petersburg. Warren, after having his divisions broken by Lee but re-formed by the aid of Griffin, united with Sheridan, who had been foiled the day before, April 1st, at Five Forks. Warren and Sheridan now charged the Confederates' works, which were taken, along with 5000 prisoners. A general assault was made by the Union army at daylight, April 2d, when Ord's Corps (Union) carried Forts Gregg and Alexander by storm. A. P. Hill, a brilliant Confederate general, was shot dead. That night Lee evacuated Richmond, burning his warehouses filled with stores. General Weitzel, at 6 A.M. April 3d, entered the city with his men and was soon followed by President Lincoln. Petersburg was at the same time abandoned. Lee halted his army, now dwindled to 35,000 men, at Amelia Court House. Grant rapidly pursued. Ewell was severed from Lee's rear and became one among 6000 prisoners. Lee heroically pushed on to Appomattox Court House, where his flight was intercepted by Sherman marching from the South. Lee was inclined to renew the fighting against Sherman, but his weary and famished army stood no chance against the fearful odds around them. And Lee, to prevent further useless bloodshed, surrendered his army to Grant on April 9, 1865, within three days of four years after the rebellion had been opened by the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Bell ringing, triumphant salutes, and boundless joy throughout the United States hailed this event as the close of the war. Johnston surrendered his army to Sherman at Raleigh, N. C., April 26th, and Dick Taylor his, to Canby at Citronville, Ala., May 4th. The terms of the surrender were magnanimous: "Each officer and man was allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authority so long as they observed their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside."

Jefferson Davis, the president of the now destroyed Confederacy, fled from Richmond at the time of its evacuation. Attended at first with a cavalry escort of 2000, which soon dwindled mostly away, he was making his way toward the coast, with his family and "a few faithful followers" when he was captured near Irwinsville, Georgia. After an imprisonment of two years in Fortress Monroe, he was released, and allowed to live without molestation, mourning the lost cause, until he died, December 6, 1889.



WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN,

THE HERO OF THE "MARCH TO THE SEA."



OF ALL the events of the four long years between 1861 and 1865, none is more memorable than the famous march of the Union army through Georgia, in the autumn of 1864. Although a generation has passed away since then, black children who never knew slavery and white children who never knew war still join in singing the familiar lines of the old chorus :—

"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
When we were marching thro' Georgia."

And next to the great captain to whom Lee surrendered at Appomattox, the nation holds in grateful remembrance the name and deeds of William Tecumseh Sherman.

Sherman came of a New England family. His father, Charles R. Sherman, moved from Connecticut to Ohio early in this century, and was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of the latter State. In 1829 Judge Sherman died, leaving his widow with eleven children and an income of two hundred and fifty dollars. It was clearly impossible for her to maintain them all. Judge Sherman had many warm friends, among whom was Thomas Ewing, United States Senator, who offered to adopt one of the boys into his own family. "Which one shall I take?" he asked, when the time came to decide; "I want the best of the lot, of course." "Take Cump, Mr. Ewing," said an elder sister, promptly; "take Cump,—he's the smartest." So the Senator took "Cump," who from that time had his place in Mr. Ewing's home, among his own sons and daughters. As the boy grew into manhood, a warm and romantic attachment sprang up between him and Senator Ewing's daughter Ellen, and his lively and graphic letters to her while absent at school and in the army show most delightfully the development of his character.

When Sherman was sixteen, Senator Ewing secured for him an appointment to West Point Military Academy. He had then no wish to be a soldier,

but he did have an intense desire for a good education, and this was an opportunity not to be lost. He was a close and diligent student, and made good progress in his studies; but he took no particular interest in military matters, and gave no promise of his future brilliant achievements in war, other than is found in general intelligence, ability, and sound judgment. He graduated in 1840, and was commissioned second lieutenant of artillery. He was sent first to Florida, whence the remnants of the Seminole Indians were being removed west to the Indian Territory, a policy which the independent young officer thought a mistake, and said so in his letters. Then he was transferred to Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor, where he passed four dull years, drilling and parading, fishing and hunting, and studying Southern character in the society of Charleston, where he was always welcome. After the Mexican war, he was sent to California, and in 1850 he returned East and married the sweetheart of his boyhood, Ellen Boyle Ewing, at her father's house in Washington. The wedding was a brilliant occasion. President Taylor and his cabinet were present, with Senators Clay, Webster, Benton, and other distinguished persons. It was a time of great excitement over the slavery question. Many expected to see then the war which came eleven years later, but which was deferred by Clay's famous compromise of 1850.

From his marriage until the civil war Sherman had a varied experience. His career during that time is quite similar to that of his friend Grant, especially in the fact that it was not successful. He was stationed for a time in St. Louis, and then at New Orleans. In 1853 he resigned his commission in the army, and in company with a friend went to California, where, with money furnished by a St. Louis capitalist, they started a bank. For five years this business furnished a living and an interesting experience in a new country, then "booming" after the discovery of gold; but after the financial troubles of 1857 the St. Louis capitalist decided to close up the bank, and Sherman returned to Ohio, without occupation. For a time he was in Kansas, where two brothers-in-law were settled, and where he made an unsuccessful effort to get into practice as a lawyer. Then he turned his face again to the South. At this time the State of Louisiana was establishing at New Orleans a "Seminary of Learning and Military Academy," for the purpose of educating young men in military tactics. Sherman was well and favorably known there, and so it came about that he was chosen superintendent of the institution. He accepted the position and filled it until January, 1861. He might have remained longer, but war was impending, the Southern States were seceding, and he must at once choose under which flag he would serve. Every effort was made to win him for the South. But there was not a moment's hesitation on his part. "If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union," he wrote to the governor, "I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it sur-

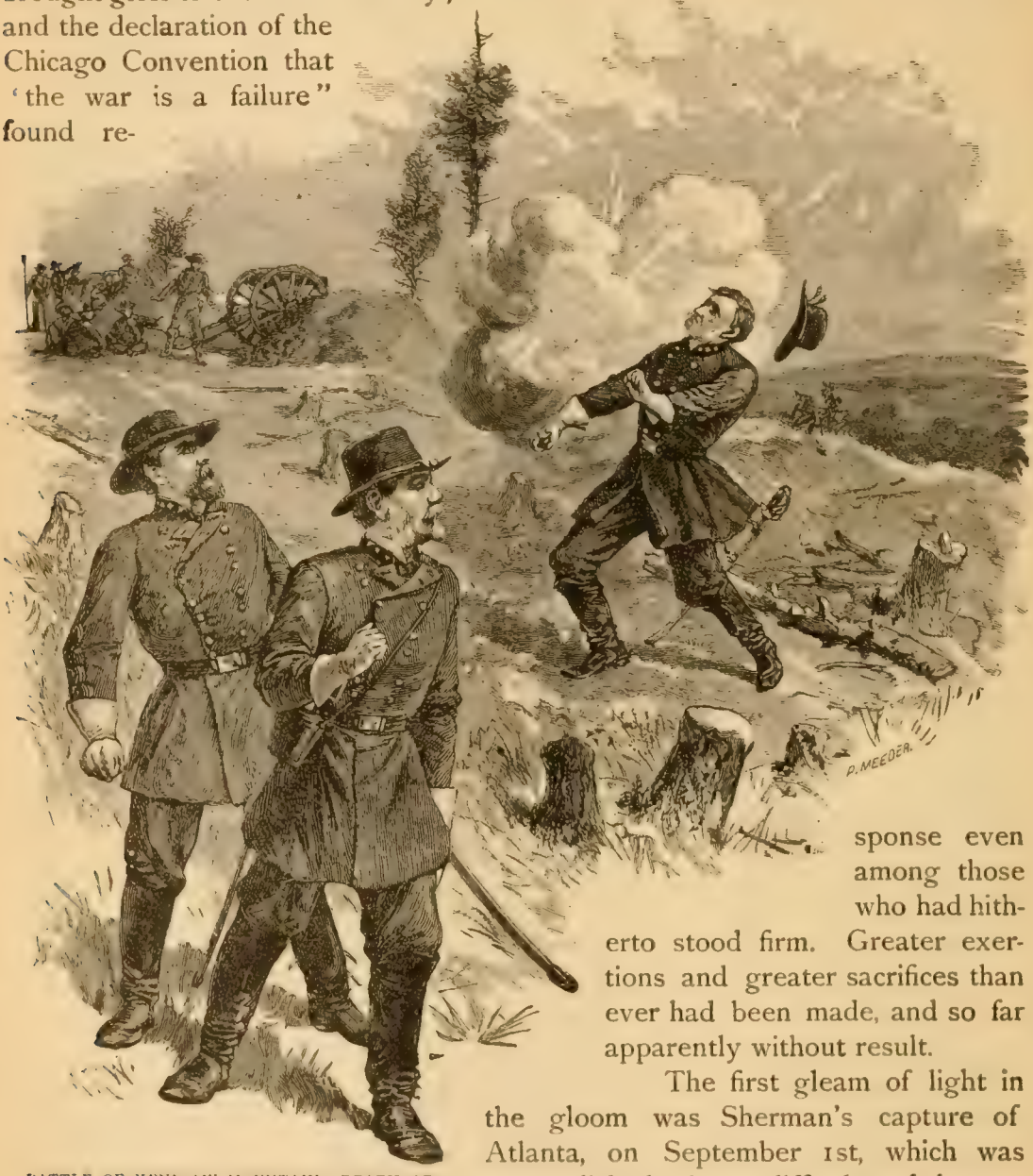
vives. I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as superintendent the moment the State determines to secede ; for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old government of the United States." So he left New Orleans and went to St. Louis, where he became president of a street railroad company.

OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

At the inauguration of President Lincoln, Sherman visited the White House with his brother John, who was then just taking his seat in the Senate. The soldier was strongly impressed with the gravity of the situation, and urged his views on the President, who replied, lightly, "Oh ! I guess we shall get along without you fellows," meaning that he was still hopeful that there would be no war. Sherman went back to St. Louis in great disgust, which he expressed in a wrathful letter to his brother. But when Sumter was fired upon, soldiers suddenly came to be in great demand, and Sherman was recalled to Washington. When the President's call for seventy-five thousand men for three months was issued, Sherman declared the number utterly inadequate. He refused to go to Ohio to enlist troops for three months. "You might as well try to put out the flames of a burning house with a squirt-gun," he said. In June, 1861, he was commissioned as colonel in the regular army, and put in command of a fort. He commanded a brigade at the battle of Bull Run, and did all that one man could to save the day on that disastrous field. Soon afterward he was assigned to duty in the Southwest, and thenceforward was Grant's most trusted lieutenant. At the dreadful battle of Shiloh he saved the army from destruction. Grant said: "To his individual efforts I am indebted for the success of this battle;" and Halleck in his despatch bore this testimony: "It is the unanimous opinion here that Brigadier General W. T. Sherman saved the fortunes of the day on the 6th of April." The next day, when Buell's fresh battalions took the field, Sherman again led his battered regiments into the fight, and enacted over again the heroic deeds of the day before. Rousseau said, "He fights by the week." Untiring to the last, he pushed out after the victory and beat the enemy's cavalry, capturing a large supply of ammunition.

During the long campaign in the Southwest, Sherman was one of the brilliant group of commanders who, under Grant, captured Vicksburg, opened the Mississippi, and "drove a wedge through the Confederacy" eastward to Chattanooga. Then Grant was made general-in-chief of all the armies, and called away to direct the movements of the forces around Richmond, and Sherman was promoted to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, which included all the armies from the great river to the Alleghanies. From Chattanooga he fought his way, inch by inch, into Northern Georgia, and in August, 1864, laid siege to Atlanta.

The summer and early autumn of 1864 were days of despondency and gloom. The awful battles in Virginia, where Grant was keeping up steadily that dreadful "hammering" which alone could reduce the Confederacy, had brought grief to the whole country; and the declaration of the Chicago Convention that "the war is a failure" found re-



BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN—DEATH OF GENERAL POLK.

sponse even among those who had hitherto stood firm. Greater exertions and greater sacrifices than ever had been made, and so far apparently without result.

The first gleam of light in the gloom was Sherman's capture of Atlanta, on September 1st, which was accomplished after a difficult and dangerous campaign. His army had entered Georgia at the Tennessee boundary, and every mile of his progress took him farther from his base of supplies. He was met at every step by the veterans

of Johnston's army, whose commander was one of the ablest generals in the Confederate service. It was a hazardous game; but at a critical point Jefferson Davis gave him most important aid. Just on the eve of the battle of Atlanta Davis relieved Johnston, and in his place put the more dashing and reckless Hood. "It isn't a good plan," President Lincoln used to say, "to swap horses in the middle of a creek;" and Davis's action proved the truth of Lincoln's saying. Hood strove to carry out Johnston's plans, but without success. Fighting and flanking, Sherman drove Hood into Atlanta, and cut off all his sources of supply. There was nothing left but to abandon the city, which he did, burning great quantities of cotton and stores, and on September 1st Sherman entered and took possession.

Again the North was wild with delight. A salute of one hundred guns was fired in Sherman's honor at all the chief military posts. He was the hero of the hour. He had won the first great success of 1864. That success turned the tide of public feeling, and assured the re-election of Lincoln and the prosecution of the war. But greater things were still to come.

Georgia was the great centre and source of supply of the Confederacy,—"the workshop and corn-crib of the South." If Sherman could make his way through Georgia to the sea, it would undermine and honeycomb the rebellion in the seat of its strength. He determined to march from Atlanta straight upon Savannah, nearly three hundred miles distant. Leaving Thomas with a strong force in Atlanta, he abandoned his base of supplies, cut his connections with the North, and started on his march to the sea.

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

The great leader knew what he was about; but no one else did. Friends and foes, North and South, alike were ignorant of his plans. Had the Confederate generals known whither he was marching, they could have concentrated against him; not knowing, they scattered their forces at different points, thus putting no formidable obstacle in his way. Hood started for Nashville, hoping to draw Sherman after him into the mountains of Tennessee. This suited Sherman exactly. "If Hood will go to Tennessee," he said, with a chuckle, "I will furnish him with rations for the trip." The idea of Sherman actually cutting loose from his base of supplies, and marching hundreds of miles through the heart of an enemy's country, was so bold that it did not occur to the Confederate generals as possible; and so, instead of meeting their armies, Sherman left all serious opposition behind him.

For a month Sherman and his army disappeared from view, like a swimmer who dives under the surface of the water. No one knew where he would reappear. When President Lincoln was appealed to, he said, "I know which hole he went in at, but I don't know which hole he will come out at." He felt the

utmost confidence in Sherman; but there was intense anxiety in the North about his fate. It was feared that he had walked into a trap, and that his army had been annihilated.

In the meantime Sherman was "marching through Georgia." His army, stretched out in a great line thirty miles from wing to wing, swept an immense path through the heart of the State. There was almost no resistance; his troops had left behind the armies



THE "SWAMP ANGEL" BATTERY BOMBARDING CHARLESTON.

that had opposed them before Atlanta, and their march was like a holiday parade rather than serious war. Their source of supplies was the country through which they passed; and it was the business of the hour to make it incapable of furnishing further supplies for the Confederate armies. To the slaves the approach of the soldiers was the "day of jubilee;" and thousands

of them followed the army on its progress. Railroads were destroyed and bridges burned as the army moved forward. At Macon, the capital of the State, the soldiers took possession of the deserted halls of legislature, and General Sherman slept on the floor of the Governor's mansion. At last, a month after leaving Atlanta, the army reached Fort McAllister, at the mouth of the Ogeechee river, a few miles below Savannah. After a desperate assault by Hazen's division, the fort was captured; and the arrival of the army was signaled to one of the vessels of the Union fleet, lying outside, and thus the first news of Sherman's whereabouts was communicated to the government at Washington.

A few days afterward Savannah surrendered, and on December 23d Sherman sent to the President that famous despatch, which sent such gladness to the hearts of loyal men throughout the Union :—

"I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns and plenty of ammunition, and about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

It is hardly possible for a generation born since the war to imagine the feeling with which the news of Sherman's great march was received in the North. For four long years the cause of the Union had been in suspense. Victories had been followed by new disasters, until the hearts of Union men almost died within them. Sherman's march was the first indication of final triumph, the first gleam of dawn which seemed to give sure promise of returning day. Never were such glad and thankful hearts as in the breasts of those who read in Sherman's Christmas message the prophecy of the end of the long struggle.

After reaching Savannah, the army rested for awhile, and Sherman did all that he could to re-organize civil affairs in that city and provide for its proper government. Then, on January 16, 1865, he turned his face northward, and set out on his final march through South and North Carolina, to meet Grant's army and bring the war to an end.

A letter from General Sherman to his daughter Minnie, then a little girl, dated at Goldsboro, North Carolina, March 24, 1865, gives a graphic account of the northward march :—

My Dear Minnie :—

I got here from the battlefield at Bentonville, twenty miles northwest of this place, yesterday, but all the army did not get in until to-day. We have been marching for two months in a low, swampy country, with very bad roads, and had to bridge many large rivers, so that we had a hard time besides the fighting, which seemed the easiest part. Take your geography and look at South Carolina. We started from Savannah, crossed the river, and occupied the country from Robertsville to Pocotaligo. We then marched up toward Barnwell, crossed the Salkehatchie, and got on the railroad from Midway to Aiken. Then we marched to Columbia, crossing the Edisto, then Saluda and Broad Rivers, then Winnsboro, and turned east to Cheraw, crossing the Catawba. At

Cheraw we crossed the Pedee and marched through Lancaster to Fayetteville, North Carolina. Then we crossed Cape Fear River and marched up about twenty miles near Averysboro', where we had a pretty smart battle; then toward Goldsboro', and at Bentonville we had a real battle, which we won, of course. Here we have two railroads, one going down to Wilmington and one to Newberne. Ships come to these places, and have in them clothing, food, and horse feed. It will take us some days to get the railroad fixed up so as to bring us what we need, so that we may be here some time. No doubt the newspapers will publish many letters, which you will read, telling you all about our adventures. You may not understand how we took Charleston and Wilmington without going near them; but these cities are on the seashore, where the country is poor, and all the people had to eat came from the interior by railroad. Now, when my army was in the interior, we broke up the railroads and ate the provisions, so the rebel army had to leave or starve. I knew this beforehand, and had small armies on ships ready to take possession when they left. Our soldiers have been fighting for Charleston nearly four years, but they didn't go about it right; so you see what power is knowledge. I took Charleston, fortified with over four hundred guns, without fighting at all. I get a great many letters, some of which I answer, and some of which Majors Dayton and Hitchcock answer for me. It is now nearly midnight, and I have written nearly thirty long letters, but have a great many more to write. . . . You and Lizzie must write more frequently now, for I suppose, hereafter, I will be near the sea, and will not again be so far from our ships, so that I will be able to write and receive letters more frequently. I am in good health; so is Uncle Charley. I sent Lizzie a pretty piece of poetry from Fayetteville, and now send you a picture which some man from New York sent me. It is a good picture; you can tell better than I if it be a good likeness. . . . My best love to all.

At Raleigh Sherman heard the glad tidings of Lee's surrender, and, a few days later, the news of the President's assassination. On April 26th Johnston's army was surrendered, and the long war was brought to an end.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

On the 22d and 23d of May, 1865, the city of Washington saw one of the grandest sights of history. This was the final review of the Union armies, before the disbandment. During those two days the long ranks of soldiers, with the easy swing and perfect drill of veterans, moved up the grand avenue leading from the Capitol to the White House, in what seemed an endless procession. On the reviewing stand, with the chief officers of the government and the generals of the army, stood the hero of the "march through Georgia;" and there passed before him the men who had faced with him the deadly hail at Shiloh, who at his word swept up the heights of Kenesaw Mountain, who shared his triumph at Savannah and Atlanta. What thoughts must have stirred the great commander's heart as he received the salutes of the devoted men whom he had so often led to victory! What memories must have risen of the brave ones missing from those ranks, who, with the Great President, had given their lives for that of the nation!

Sherman's last campaign, through South and North Carolina, excited great interest and admiration in military circles in Europe. A public meeting of the Horse Guards, one of the "crack" regiments of the English army, was held,



REVIEW OF UNION ARMIES AT WASHINGTON, AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

at which the Duke of Cambridge, the commander-in-chief, presided, to study the campaign, and hear its military movements explained. In spite of the affinity of the English "upper classes" for the cause of the South, Sherman's latest achievements suddenly made him the hero of the war.

In 1866, when Grant was promoted, Sherman was made lieutenant-general; and when Grant became President, Sherman took the place of "General" and commander-in-chief of the army, which Grant vacated. This position he held for several years, when he retired, and was succeeded by General Sheridan.

General Sherman was one of the most interesting and picturesque characters of his time. He was the last survivor of the great "war heroes," and his popularity grew steadily greater until the end of his life. His pen was as mighty as his sword, and in his "Memoirs," which he wrote in the years after the war, he achieved a literary reputation as unique as his military fame. In his later years he was in great request at army reunions and military and civil occasions of every sort, and he became a most interesting and impressive speaker. His utterances were so generally striking and important that Chauncey M. Depew declared that he "never ought to be permitted to go anywhere without being accompanied by a stenographer." He did not, however, love notoriety, and attained great skill in evading the reporters, who were constantly seeking to "interview" him. "No, no," he would say; "you're a good fellow, and I like your paper; but you mustn't print anything about me. I haven't anything to say for publication,—nothing at all. I have had too much publicity already."

In politics and religion General Sherman was not a strong partisan. When in one of the presidential campaigns an effort was made to learn which of the candidates he favored, he wrote a humorously non-committal reply, saying, "So far as I have been able to learn, General Sherman can hardly be said to belong to either of the great political parties," and added that he had no doubt that either of the candidates would fill the position with credit to himself and the country. In religion he was born a Presbyterian and educated a Roman Catholic. On one occasion, in the Georgia campaign, some members of the Christian Commission applied to him for permission to pass within the lines. It was a time when it was especially necessary that knowledge of his movements should not get abroad, and he replied, in brief fashion:—

"Certainly not. Crackers and oats are more necessary for the army than any moral or religious agency; and every regiment has its chaplain."

His real religious belief was probably never better expressed than when he said, "If men will only act half as well as they know how, God will forgive the balance."

General Sherman died at his residence in New York, on February 14, 1891, universally beloved and lamented.



GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,

FIRST COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



THE first commander of the army of the Potomac has been the occasion of more controversy than any other man in the recent history of the Republic. He has had most able defenders,—for probably no general who ever lived had such a power of inspiring those around him with love and admiration; and even if the verdict of history be that he lacked some of the qualities essential to the highest success, it must still be admitted that one of the greatest commanders of the civil war was George B. McClellan.

General McClellan was a thoroughly trained and equipped soldier. He was born in Philadelphia in 1826. He was the son of a distinguished physician, and had every advantage of education. He spent two years in the University of Pennsylvania, where he shared the honors of his class. In 1846 he graduated from West Point as second lieutenant of engineers, and served in the Mexican War, securing promotion for gallant conduct at Contreras and Churubusco. Between this time and the breaking out of the civil war Captain McClellan was sent to Europe as a member of the military commission to inspect and study the organization of European armies. He resigned from the army in 1857, and when Fort Sumter fell was President of the Eastern Division of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. In April, 1861, McClellan offered his services to the Government, and was appointed major general of Ohio volunteers. His operations in West Virginia were so brilliantly successful that after the first battle of Bull Run he was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, and then of all the armies of the United States, to the great satisfaction of the whole country, which looked upon him as the greatest military genius within its borders.

McClellan's transcendent power to organize great armies, and inspire them with confidence and enthusiasm, were splendidly proved on two occasions,—first, after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861, when out of the chaos of defeat and disorder he created, equipped, and disciplined the great Army of the Potomac; and again, after the second and worse Bull Run disaster, in

August, 1862, when, at the President's urgent request, he nobly resumed the command of which he had been deprived, reorganized his beaten and demoralized army with marvelous skill and celerity, and defeated Lee at the memorable battle of Antietam. Unfortunately, from the beginning there was discord between him and the War Department, which increased the enormous difficulty of his task. The forces at Washington were dispirited, raw, and frightened. McClellan had to bring order out of chaos, to create an army, and to defend the capital. His enforced delay was looked on with suspicion by the Government, and Secretary Stanton greatly embarrassed him by constantly urging a forward movement. "Give McClellan a million men," said Stanton, contemptuously, "and he will swear the enemy has two million, and sit down in the mud and yell for three million!" The plans of the campaign, too, were the cause of differences between the general and the Secretary of War. Then came the Peninsula campaign, with the advance on Richmond, the battles of Fair Oaks and Gaines's Mill, and the great conflict at Malvern Hill, where Lee was defeated, and the confusion and disorder in the Confederate ranks were so great that Richmond could have been captured had the Union forces been in condition to advance.

In the meantime, General McClellan had lost the confidence of the administration. His requests for continued reinforcements were disregarded; he was ordered to evacuate the Peninsula, and was relieved of command until after the Second Bull Run. In that terrible emergency, when Pope resigned the command of the Army of Virginia, the Government turned to McClellan as the only man who could inspire confidence and restore order. When the soldiers knew that "Little Mac" was again in command, their joy and renewed hope were unbounded. Flushed with his recent victories, Lee was marching into Maryland, and McClellan had to cover Washington and at the same time stop the invasion. Antietam was the great battle-ground of this movement. While it is often called a drawn battle, the forcing back of the Confederate line and the retreat of Lee across the Potomac stamp Antietam as really a great victory.

It was asserted that if General McClellan had attacked the Confederate forces with all the power at his disposal after the battle of Antietam, and pursued Lee into Virginia, the Confederate army could have been crushed. Still, General McClellan needed supplies of all kinds, his army was used up, and he did what was best in his judgment. Moreover, it is now known that the only order given to McClellan was one which gave him command only of "the forces for the defense of the capital," and which could not by any stretch of construction be taken to authorize an offensive movement into Virginia. McClellan himself declared that he fought the battle of Antietam "with a rope around his neck," and with the certainty that if he had lost the battle he would have been hanged for exceeding his orders. As soon as he received orders

and supplies he marched against Lee, and was on the eve of battle, in a most favorable position, when he was suddenly relieved of his command, which was conferred on Burnside.

General McClellan, though set aside by the Government, never lost his hold upon the people. The army idolized him, and his popularity followed him. The most substantial proof of his popularity was his nomination at Chicago as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1864. Although the time was ill chosen, and McClellan himself never sought the nomination, he received a popular vote of 1,800,000 against 2,200,000 for Lincoln.

For a decade after the war General McClellan was severely criticised and vigorously assailed for over cautiousness, alleged hesitancy, and failure to grasp the opportunities which his enemy placed in his way. With later years his reputation has been to a large extent cleared of blame for results which were often beyond his control, and he is now given his deserved place among the great leaders of the war.



STATUE OF MCCLELLAN IN CITY HALL SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

The opinions of the Confederate commanders as to McClellan's abilities as a general are naturally of especial weight. It is related that after the second battle of Bull Run, when the Confederate armies, elated by their victories, were pouring across the Potomac for the invasion of the North, Lee one day received a dispatch which seemed to be of great importance. One of his subordinates, seeing him read it, was anxious to know its contents, "What is the news?" he inquired of Lee.

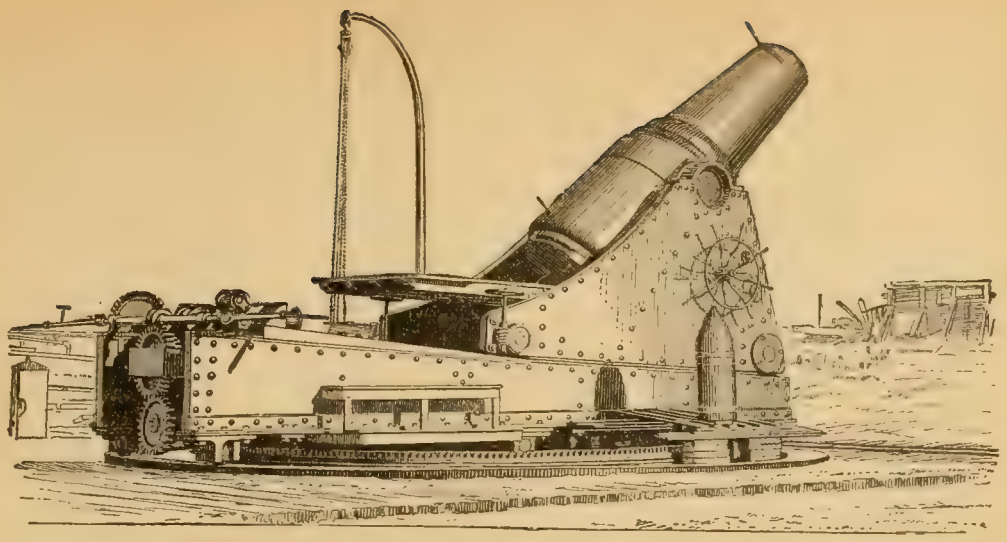
"The worst news possible," replied the Confederate commander, gravely; "*McClellan is in command again.*"

Until his death at Orange, N. J., in 1885, General McClellan lived an active life. He was Engineer-in-Chief of the Department of Docks in New York in 1872, was elected Governor of New Jersey in 1877, and in 1881 was appointed by Congress a member of the Board of Managers of the National Home for Disabled Soldiers. He declined many tempting business offers and invitations from colleges to accept their presidency.

General McClellan was about five feet eight inches in height, finely built, with broad shoulders. He was very solid and muscular, and an excellent horseman. Modest and retiring, he had withal a great self-respect, a gracious dignity. His personal magnetism was unparalleled in military history, except by that of the first Napoleon: he was literally the idol of his officers and men. They would obey him when all other control failed. As a student of military history he had no superior in his systematic knowledge of war, battles, and tactics. He was a man of irreproachable character,—a model Christian gentleman in every situation of life.



PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.



UNITED STATES 12-INCH BREECH-LOADING MORTAR, OR HOWITZER.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN,

THE HERO OF THE "VALLEY CAMPAIGN."

NO victory of the Union armies in the civil war was more inspiring than that won by General Sheridan at Winchester, in October, 1864, — and inspiring victories were at that time very much needed. An account of that battle is also a picture of Sheridan's character, for it was the simple force of his presence and personality which transformed demoralized fugitives into determined fighters, each feeling

> as though 'twere he
> On whose sole arm hung victory.

Sheridan was a poor Irish lad, born in Somerset, Ohio, in 1831. He managed to get from the Congressman of his district an appointment to West Point, where his hot temper was perpetually introducing premature war. He barely succeeded in graduating in 1853. In the early part of the civil war he was in Missouri, and he distinguished himself at the battles of Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. But it was in the latter part of the war that he won his highest fame.

One of the most glorious victories of the war was won by Grant's armies

at the battle of Chattanooga, when the Union troops stormed the heights of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Sheridan was in command of one of the four divisions. Emerging from the timber in which the lines were formed, the troops charged at double-quick across an open plain, against the first line of rifle-pits, at the foot of the ridge. The Confederates were driven out of the works, some killed, and many captured. The Union troops did not stop for further orders, but rushed on up the ascent, against the second line, half-way to the summit.

At this moment a messenger came from Grant with word that only the first line of works was to be attacked. But it was too late; already the men were pressing on up the hill in the face of a storm of bullets. To order them back was out of the question. They rushed on with a cheer, carried the second line of rifle-pits, and met the enemy in a desperate hand-to-hand fight on the summit. The Confederates were driven from their guns and sent flying down the opposite slope, pursued by a shower of stones from the Union forces, who had not time to reload. Before all of Sheridan's men had reached the crest, the demoralized troops of Bragg were seen, with a large train of wagons, flying along the valley, half a mile below.

It was Sheridan's conduct in this brilliant assault which gave Grant the implicit confidence in him which he always afterward felt; and when, a few months afterward, Grant was made general-in-chief, he at once desired to have Sheridan's assistance in Virginia. Thus it was that the great cavalry leader came to win his brilliant victories in the Shenandoah Valley and before Richmond.

In 1864, the Confederate general Early made his famous movement through the Shenandoah Valley and into Maryland, threatening Washington and Baltimore, and even Philadelphia. Disaster seemed imminent. A part of the army before Richmond was detached and sent north to protect Washington; and then Grant dispatched Sheridan with his cavalry to the Valley. Some weeks passed in waiting and maneuvering, Sheridan being determined not to attack until he could get the enemy at a disadvantage. Meantime the country was impatient. Grant visited Sheridan, expecting to suggest a plan of operations; but he found Sheridan ready for battle, and only waiting the proper moment to strike, so he wisely decided to leave him to his own judgment. At last Early unwisely divided his command, and his watchful antagonist attacked him, flanked him right and left, and broke his lines in every direction, and sent his defeated troops, as Sheridan said in his famous despatch, "whirling through Winchester," with a loss of 4500 men. "The results," said Grant, with his quiet humor, "were such that I have never since deemed it necessary to visit General Sheridan before giving him orders."

Sheridan was not content with a partial victory—he *never* was. He pur-

sued Early for nearly thirty miles, and just when he thought himself safe and beyond reach, attacked him at once in front and on the flank, routed him completely, and captured 1100 prisoners and sixteen guns. Again he pursued his antagonist, and drove him completely out of the Valley and into the gaps of the Blue Ridge. "Keep on," said Grant, "and your work will cause the fall of Richmond." This double victory had a startling effect both at the North and South. The Northern people were jubilant; the troops of Early were thoroughly beaten and disheartened. The mob in Richmond, disgusted at Early's repeated defeats, sarcastically labeled the fresh cannon destined for his use,

To General Sheridan,
Care of General Early.

Sheridan, however, had so devastated the Valley that it would not furnish him support, and he retired to Cedar Creek. From this point he was called to Washington for consultation; and while absent, the enemy attacked his forces in camp, drove them back in disorder, and captured eighteen guns and nearly a thousand prisoners. Sheridan, returning from Washington, stopped over night at Winchester. At nine o'clock in the morning, while riding forward to join his army, he heard the sound of heavy firing, and knew at once that a battle was in progress. Soon he began to meet fugitives from the scene of battle. He took in the situation at a glance, and rode forward at a gallop, swinging his hat, and shouting, "Face the other way, boys, face the other way. We're going back to lick them out of their boots!" His presence and words were electrical. The scattered soldiers faced about, and took up the general's cry, "Face the other way!" They followed him to the front, met the enemy's forces, and quickly brought them to a stand. As soon as it was known that Sheridan was again in command, it became impossible to rally the Confederate forces. A terror of the Union general had seized them. The captured guns were all retaken, and twenty-four pieces besides. Of the Confederates 1800 were killed and wounded and 1600 taken prisoners. Early himself escaped with difficulty. This famous battle, celebrated in song and story, was one of the most important successes in the campaign of 1864.

During the winter Sheridan remained near Winchester, and early in 1865 joined the forces in front of Richmond. On the way he met Early at Waynesboro; and there he fought his final battle with the Confederate commander. His attack was impetuous and irresistible. The troops charged over the breastworks and forced their way straight through Early's lines to the rear, where they turned and held the approach to the Shenandoah, with the Confederates surrounded front and rear. Early's entire force laid down their arms and surrendered. Sheridan had destroyed both Early's army and his reputation. Lee relieved him of all command, and he retired in disgrace.

Proceeding on his way to Richmond, Sheridan destroyed forty-six canal locks, forty bridges, twenty-three railroad bridges, and forty-one miles of railroad, besides mills, warehouses, and stores, which would afford support to the enemy. On the 25th of March he joined Grant's forces on the James river, and took a most important part in the final campaign which ended in Lee's surrender.



GENERAL SHERIDAN TURNING DEFEAT INTO VICTORY AT CEDAR CREEK.

Lee evacuated Richmond, and was proceeding to the southwest, intending to join the army of Johnston in North Carolina. That this intention was frustrated is largely due to the skill and activity of Sheridan, who with his cavalry intercepted Lee's forces at Five Forks, cut off his supplies of food, and made it impossible to longer maintain the contest. On April 9th the great Confederate

commander surrendered, and the important part which Sheridan took in the campaign passed into history.

Sheridan was one of the most original and striking characters developed by the war. He was a tireless soldier, always on the alert, always eager for battle, and determined to win it. His enthusiasm and daring were infectious, and he was idolized by the men who served under him. After one of his victories, when the enemy was retreating, General Custer, then a young and romantic soldier, was so filled with admiration for his chief that he threw his



UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH WAGON.

arms around him and kissed him. Sheridan understood and appreciated the tribute; but he was anxious to start in pursuit of the enemy, "and Custer lost time, you know," he said,—"he lost *time*."

Courage and dash always won Sheridan's heart. After a bold movement the words of praise came like a hot torrent from his lips, causing the cheek of their recipient to flush and glow. The influence of his personal presence was extraordinary. It was a grand sight to see him ride swiftly along the lines just before a charge, and raise the enthusiasm of the troops to fever heat. At the battle of Winchester, when the "old Sixth Corps" rode across the field in

splendid array to attack Early's centre, Sheridan rode along their flanks and cried out,—

"Men of the Sixth, our victory to-day depends upon you!"

These electric words passed from lip to lip, and, animated by the confidence of their commander, the veteran troops carried their tattered colors forward and clean through the Confederate centre. Then the forces of Early were completely routed, and sent "whirling through Winchester," as Sheridan expressed it in his famous dispatch.

After the war and during the "reconstruction period" Sheridan was placed in command in Louisiana. In the conflict of President Johnson with Congress he supported the latter, for which he was removed by the President. Grant protested against this injustice, and when he was elected President, Sheridan was made lieutenant-general. Upon Sherman's retirement from the chief command of the regular army, Sheridan took his place, and remained until his death. He died at Nonquitt, Massachusetts, August 5, 1888.



GEORGE G. MEADE.

GEORGE G. MEADE.

THE VICTORIOUS COMMANDER AT GETTYSBURG.



O day in the history of the United States is more memorable than July 4, 1863. That anniversary of the birth of the nation marked the turning of the tide in the great civil war. The army of Lee, pouring into Pennsylvania for the invasion of the North, was met by the Union forces on the field of Gettysburg, and after a three-days battle was defeated and driven back into Virginia, never again to cross the Potomac. For those three days the fate of the nation hung in the balance; and only those who remember that fearful time can fully appreciate what is due to the brave commander of the Union armies, General George G. Meade.

The battle culminated on the third day, beginning with one of the most terrific cannonades of the war. It was Lee's supreme effort. After two days of dreadful but indecisive battle, he sent forth the flower of his army, under General Pickett, to make that attack on Cemetery Hill which has passed into history as one of the greatest charges on record. Five thousand veterans of the Confederate army, tried in the fire of many a desperate battle, formed on Seminary Ridge, and moved with the precision of a machine across the valley which lay between the two armies. As the terrible cannonade from the Union guns made gaps in their ranks, they were quickly closed up, and the column moved forward with swifter steps, but still in perfect order, toward the Union centre on Cemetery Hill. The infantry defending the hill reserved their fire until the charging column was within short range; and then burst forth an awful storm of bullets, before which the advance line of the Confederates withered. The second line, undismayed, rushed forward over the bodies of their comrades, and were close upon the Union gunners at their pieces. For a time the force of the charge seemed irresistible; but now the attacking column became the centre of a converging fire from front and both flanks, which was rapidly annihilating them. The divisions of Wilcox and Pettigrew, which were supporting Pickett, had fallen back, and his column was left to meet the deadly storm alone.

It was clearly impossible to hold their position, and the order was given to withdraw. Of the five thousand men who had advanced in such perfect order, thirty-five hundred were killed, wounded, or prisoners in the hands of the Union army. The remainder of the division fell back, shattered and broken, to the Confederate lines. The tide was turned. Meade had successfully defeated Lee's attack, and the Confederate army, after terrible losses, commenced its retreat through Maryland and across the Potomac, never again to invade the North.

"They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland.

"They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

"God lives; he forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns; he built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still."

In the campaigns before Richmond in 1864, Meade continued in command of the Army of the Potomac, and Grant testified that he always found him "the right man in the right place." In 1866 he received the thanks of Congress for the skill and heroic valor with which, at Gettysburg, he repulsed, defeated, and drove back, dispirited, the veteran army of the rebellion."

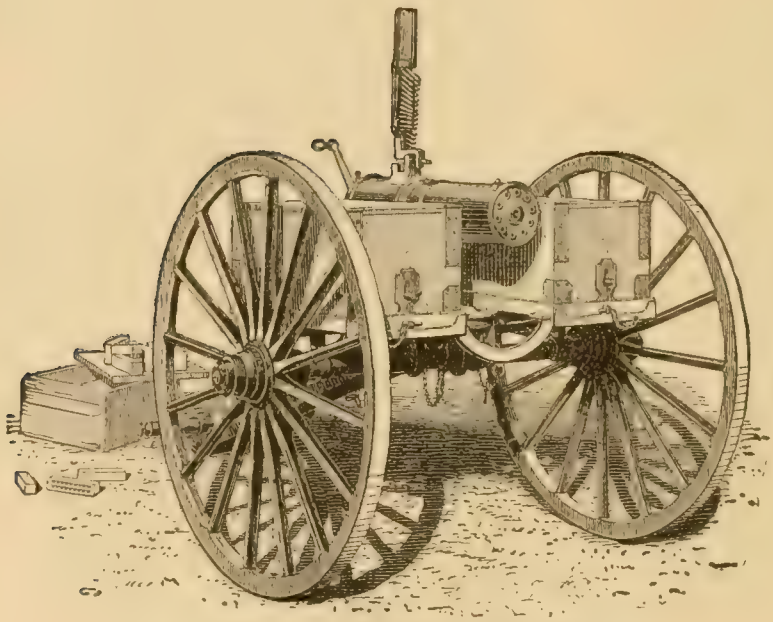
"The country," says Colonel A. K. McClure, writing of "Our Unrewarded Heroes," "has never done justice to General Meade as a military commander. . . . The man who fought and won the battle of Gettysburg should have been the commander-in-chief of the armies of the Union, and held that position during life. It was the great battle of the war; it was the Waterloo of the Confederacy, and the victory then achieved was won by the skill of the commanding general and the heroism of his army. . . . That army was the single hope of the nation, for had it been defeated in a great battle, Washington and the wealth of our Eastern cities would have been at the mercy of the insurgents. It was an occasion for the most skillful and prudent generalship, united with the great courage essential to command successfully in such an emergency. All these high requirements General Meade fully met, and the most critical examination of the record he made in the Gettysburg campaign develops nothing but



PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

what heightens his qualities for the peculiarly grave emergency that confronted him."

General Meade did not receive the promotion to which many thought that his great services at the battle of Gettysburg entitled him; "and he went down to his grave," says Colonel McClure, "one of the sorrowing and unrewarded heroes of the war." He died in Philadelphia in November, 1872, in a house which had been presented to his wife by his countrymen. A fund of one hundred thousand dollars was, after his death, subscribed for his family.



LATEST MODEL OF GATLING FIELD GUN.



GEORGE H. THOMAS.

GEORGE H. THOMAS,

THE GREAT UNION GENERAL.



AME," says Horace Greeley, "is a vapor; popularity an accident." No one of the great commanders whose skill and courage won victory for the nation in the great civil war better exemplifies the truth of Greeley's saying than General Thomas. His abilities were of the very highest order. "He was," says a most competent critic, "one of the very few commanders who never committed a serious military error, who never sacrificed a command, and who never lost a battle." His private character was without a stain. He was the ideal of a soldier and a gentleman. Yet, as he was too modest to seek promotion or conspicuous position, his fame is small indeed in comparison with the value of the services he rendered to the country.

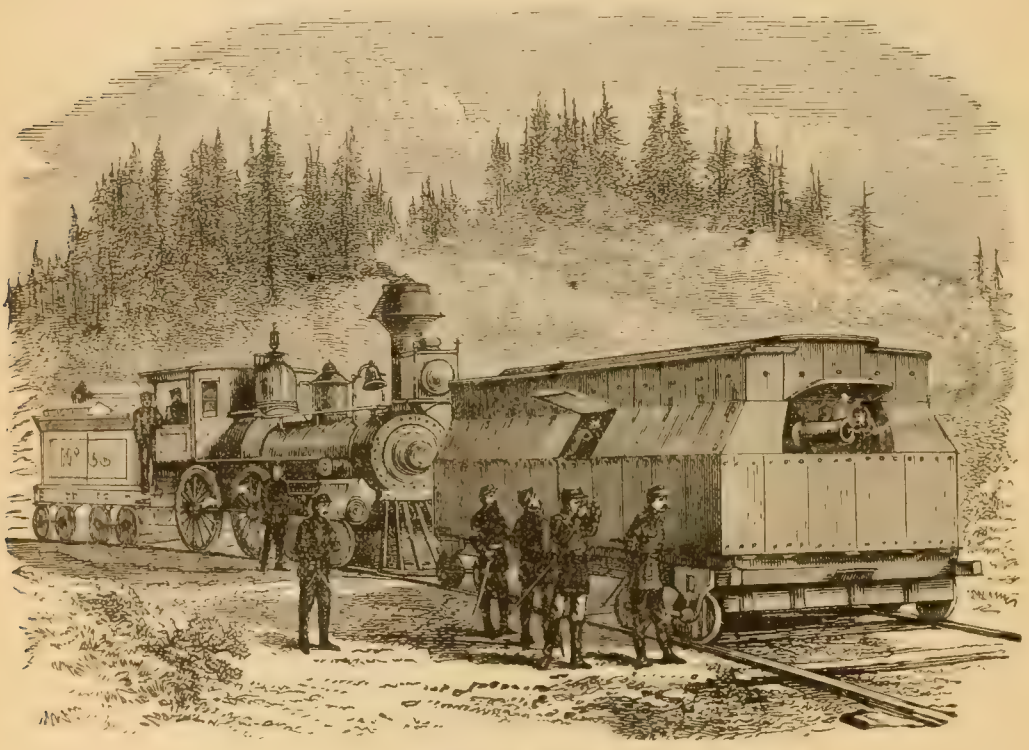
George Henry Thomas was born in Southampton county, Virginia, on July 31, 1816. He was graduated from West Point in 1840, and won promotion for bravery in the Mexican war. At the outbreak of the civil war he was in Texas, but reported at once for duty, and was placed in command of a brigade in Northern Virginia.

General Thomas especially distinguished himself during the war in three great battles,—the first in Kentucky, where, in January, 1862, he defeated the Confederate general, Zollikoffer, at Mill Spring, on the Cumberland river. This was the first real victory of the war; and for it General Thomas received the thanks of the Legislature, but no promotion. The chivalrous generosity with which he refused promotion when it was offered at the expense of others, stood in his way throughout the whole war, and he at no time held the rank to which he was justly entitled.

The second of Thomas's great battles was that of Chickamauga, in September, 1863. In this battle it was Thomas alone who saved the Union army from utter ruin. The scene of the conflict was in the mountains of East Tennessee, when Bragg attempted to capture Chattanooga and the roads leading to it. Again and again the Confederate troops assaulted Thomas's position, behind a rude

breastwork of logs and rails; but their most desperate attacks failed to dislodge him, and his firmness saved the army from disastrous defeat. This battle gave him the name of "The Rock of Chickamauga."

The third of his great campaigns was that of Nashville, which was the only one where he was in full command; and this has been pronounced the most completely successful battle of the war. Hood marched north from Atlanta into Tennessee, leaving Sherman behind him to make the great "march to the sea," and moved against Thomas, who fortified himself in Nashville. His superiors, Sherman, Grant, and Stanton, were impatient for him to attack Hood; but



A RAILROAD BATTERY.

Thomas said he was not yet ready, and refused. Grant called him "slow;" Sherman, writing to Grant, complained of his "provoking, obstinate delay;" Stanton wrote to Grant that "This looks like the McClellan and Rosecrans policy of do nothing, and let the enemy raid the country." But Thomas would not be hurried into action before he was ready, insisting that he ought to know when it was best to fight. An order was actually issued for his removal, but, fortunately, was revoked. When at last he was ready to attack Hood, a storm of rain and sleet covered the ground with a coating of ice, which made it impossible to move. But finally, in January, 1865, he made the attack, and in a two-

days battle won the most complete victory of the war. The army of Hood was not merely defeated, but dispersed and annihilated. Thomas captured over fifty guns, large quantities of stores, and eight thousand prisoners, including one major-general, three brigadier-generals, and more than two hundred commissioned officers.

The stroke administered at Nashville so effectually finished the enemy that little remained to be done in that section. The troops of Thomas participated in the closing scenes of the war, and from June, 1865, to March, 1867, he was in command of the Department of the Tennessee. In 1868 he was placed over the Fourth Military Division, which included Alaska and the territory on the Pacific slope. He declined accepting the rank of lieutenant-general, on the ground that he had done nothing since the war to entitle him to promotion.

General Thomas was a most interesting character. He was a man of method and regularity in everything. He hated to change his habits or his clothes, and to give up an old coat was a severe trial to him. In the early part of the war, when promotion was rapid, he passed quickly through the different stages from colonel to major-general ; and it is told of him that long after he became a brigadier-general he was still wearing his colonel's uniform. He was made a major-general in June, 1862, but he did not arrive at the uniform of his rank until January, 1863,—and even then the change was accomplished only by a trick of his aids, carried out by the help of his body-servant.

"THEY'RE FIGHTING WITHOUT ANY SYSTEM."

His devotion to method had a ludicrous illustration at the battle of Chickamauga. The Confederate forces made a tremendous assault on his position,—an assault which was met with the most admirable skill and bravery. At a critical moment a messenger arrived with word that reinforcements were being sent, and asking at what point they were most needed. "I can't tell," responded Thomas,—"I can't tell ; the d—— scoundrels are fighting without any *system !*" The unsystematic Confederates were repulsed, and the army saved, and General Thomas accepted an invitation from General Scribner to take a cup of coffee at his camp-fire. Thomas sipped his coffee, turned the conversation to indifferent matters, and appeared entirely unconscious of the fact that he had fought one of the most important battles of the war, and saved Rosecrans's army from ruin.

General Thomas was courteous and dignified in manner, and his heavy form and deliberate motions went well with the caution and deliberation which were so prominent in his character. His soldiers had the greatest confidence in and affection for him, which appeared in the various nicknames which they bestowed on him, — "Pap Thomas," "Old Reliable," "Old Pap Safety," "Old Slow-Trot," and "Uncle George." He never joked with them, however,

nor permitted any familiarity, yet few of the commanders in the Union army were so popular with the men who served under them.

"No man in the army," says Colonel McClure, "more perfectly completed the circle of soldier and gentleman. . . . He was one of the most lovable characters I have ever known, but it required exhaustive ingenuity to induce him to speak about any military movements in which he was a prominent participant. Any one might have been in daily intercourse with him for years and never learned from him that he had won great victories in the field."

General Thomas died in San Francisco on March 28, 1870.



FROZEN NIAGARA.



ROBERT E. LEE.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

ROBERT E. LEE,

THE GREAT COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES.



OF ALL the men whose character and ability were developed in the great civil war, there was perhaps not one in either the Union or the Confederate army whose greatness is more generally acknowledged than that of Robert E. Lee. His ability as a soldier and his character as a man are alike appreciated; and while it is natural that men of the North should be unable to understand his taking up arms against the Government, yet that has not prevented their doing full justice to his greatness. It is not too much to say that General Lee is recognized, both North and South, as one of the greatest soldiers, and one of the ablest and purest men, that America has produced.

Robert Edward Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807. He was the son of the famous Revolutionary general, "Light Horse Harry Lee." He was graduated at West Point in 1829, and won high honor in the Mexican war. General Scott attributed the capture of Vera Cruz to his skill. For three years he was in command at the West Point Military Academy, where he made great improvements, and did much to raise its standing and improve its efficiency. When John Brown made his famous raid at Harper's Ferry, in 1859, Lee was hastily dispatched thither with a body of United States troops. When they arrived, Brown had entrenched himself in the arsenal engine-house, which Lee attacked, battered down the door, captured the raiders, and turned them over to the civil authorities.

At the breaking out of the war Lee was much in doubt as to the right course. He disapproved of secession, but was thoroughly pervaded with the idea of loyalty to his State,—an idea which was almost universal in the South, but incomprehensible to the people of the North. He had great difficulty in arriving at a decision; but when at last Virginia adopted an ordinance of secession, he resigned his commission in the United States army. Writing to his

sister, he said, "Though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defense of my native State, . . . I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

LEE'S CLEAR FORESIGHT.

He was quickly called upon to "defend his native State." None realized better than he that a long and bloody war was coming, and that Virginia would be the chief battle-ground. General Imboden has given an interesting account of an interview with Lee in May, 1861, just after he was put in command of the armies of Virginia. General Imboden had gone to Richmond to urge the sending of troops to Harper's Ferry. "It was Sunday," he writes, "and I found the General entirely alone, in a small room on Bank street, near the Capitol. It was the first time I had met him, and I am sure he was the handsomest man I had ever seen. His hair and moustache—he wore no beard—were only slightly silvered with gray, just enough to harmonize freely with his rich, ruddy complexion, a little bronzed, and to give perfect dignity to the expression of his grand and massive features. His manner was grave, but frank and cordial. He wore a simple undress military suit, without badge or ornament of any kind, and there was nothing in his surroundings to indicate high military rank. . . .

"I rose to take my leave, when he asked me to resume my seat, remarking that he wished to talk with me about the condition of the country, and the terrible storm which was so soon to burst upon it in all its fury. . . . He said he desired to impress me . . . with the gravity and danger of our situation, and the imperative necessity for immediate and thorough preparation for defense. Growing warm and earnest, he said, 'I fear our people do not yet realize the magnitude of the struggle they have entered upon, nor its probable duration, and the sacrifices it will impose upon them. The United States Government,' he said, 'is one of the most powerful upon earth. I know the people and the government we have to contend with. In a little while they will be even more united than we are. Their resources are almost without limit. They have a thoroughly organized government, commanding the respect, and, to some extent, the fears of the world. Their army is complete in all its details and appointments, and it will be commanded by the foremost soldier of the country, General Scott, whose devotion to the Union cause is attested by his drawing his sword against his native State. They have also a navy that in a little while



JOHN BROWN AFTER HIS CAPTURE.

will blockade our ports and cut us off from all the world. They have nearly all the workshops and skilled artisans of the country, and will draw upon the resources of other nations to supply any deficiency they may feel. And above all, we shall have to fight the prejudices of the world, because of the existence of slavery in our country. Our enemies will have the ear of other powers, while we cannot be heard, and they will be shrewd enough to make the war appear to be merely a struggle on our part for the maintenance of slavery; and we shall thus be without sympathy, and most certainly without material aid from



THE JAMES RIVER AND COUNTRY NEAR RICHMOND.

other powers. To meet all this we have a government to form, an army to raise, organize, and equip, as best we may. We are without a treasury, and without credit. We have no ships, few arms, and few manufacturers. Our people are brave and enthusiastic, and will be united in defense of a just cause. I believe we can succeed in establishing our independence, if the people can be made to comprehend at the outset that to do so they must endure a longer war and far greater privations than our fathers did in the Revolution of 1776. We will not succeed until the financial power of the North is completely broken,

and this can occur only at the end of a long and bloody war. Many of our people think it will soon be over, that perhaps a single campaign and one great battle will end it. This is a fatal error, and must be corrected, or we are doomed. Above all, Virginians must prepare for the worst. Our country is of wide extent and great natural resources, but the conflict will be mainly in Virginia. She will become the Flanders of America before this war is over, and her people must be prepared for this. If they resolve at once to dedicate their lives and all they possess to the cause of constitutional government and Southern independence, and to suffer without yielding as no other people have been called upon to suffer in modern times, we shall, with the blessing of God, succeed in the end; but when it will all end no man can foretell. I wish I could talk to every man, woman, and child in the State now, and impress them with these views.'

"The prophetic forecast of General Lee became widely known, and as subsequent events verified his judgment, it aided materially in giving him that control over the public mind of the South that enabled him often by a simple expression of his wishes to procure larger supplies and aid for his army than the most stringent acts of Congress and merciless impressment orders could obtain. The people came to regard him as the only man who could possibly carry us through the struggle successfully. The love of his troops for him knew no bounds, because they had implicit faith in his ability, and knew he was a sympathizing friend in all their trials. . . .

THE CONFEDERATE COMMANDER'S DINNER.

"The great simplicity of his habits was another ground of popularity. He fared no better than his troops. Their rough, scant rations were his as well. There were times when for weeks our army had nothing but bread and meat to live on, and not enough of that. When the two armies were on the opposite banks of the Rappahannock, in the winter of 1863–'64, meat was sometimes very scarce in ours. Even the usual half-pound per diem ration could not always be issued. During one of these periods of scarcity, on a very stormy day, several corps and division generals were at headquarters, and were waiting for the rain to abate before riding to their camps, when General Lee's negro cook announced dinner. The General invited his visitors to dine with him. On repairing to the table a tray of hot corn-bread, a boiled head of cabbage seasoned with a very small piece of bacon, and a bucket of water constituted the repast. The piece of meat was so small that all politely declined taking any, expressing themselves as 'very fond of boiled cabbage and corn-bread,' on which they dined. Of course, the General was too polite to eat meat in the presence of guests who had declined it. But later in the afternoon, when they had all gone, feeling very hungry, he called his servant and asked him to bring him a piece of bread and

meat. The darkey looked perplexed and embarrassed, and after scratching his head some time said in a deprecating tone, 'Lord, Mas' Robert, dat meat what I sot before you at dinner warn't ours. I had jest borrowed dat piece of middlin' from one of de couriers to season de cabbage in de pot, and seein' as you was gwine to have company at dinner, I put on de dish wid de cabbage for looks. But when I seed you an' none of de genelmen toche it I 'cluded you all knowed it was borrowed, and so after dinner I sont it back to de boy what it belong to. I's mighty sorry, Mas' Robert, I didn't know you wanted some, for den I would 'a' tuck a piece off'n it anyhow 'fore I sont it home.' "

In the latter part of 1861, General Lee was sent to the coast of South



LIBBY PRISON IN 1884, BEFORE ITS REMOVAL TO CHICAGO.

Carolina, where he planned the defenses which so long proved impregnable to all attacks of the Union forces, and which were held until the northward march of Sherman's army in 1865 compelled the evacuation of Charleston. Lee then returned to Virginia, and in June, 1862, he took command of the Confederate forces defending Richmond. On June 26th, he met McClellan at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill; and then began that long and terrible series of battles between his forces and the Army of the Potomac, which so splendidly displayed his magnificent abilities as a commander. In defensive warfare he was almost invincible. He defeated McClellan on the Peninsula, Burnside at Fredericksburg, and Hooker at Chancellorsville. Not until Grant took command in 1864 had a general been found who could successfully cope with Lee; and even

Grant accomplished Lee's final defeat not so much by superior generalship as by steadily taking advantage of his own superior resources.

After the great conflict at Gettysburg, in July, 1863, the great resources of the North, so far superior to those of the South, began to tell against the Confederacy. It became almost impossible to recruit the Southern armies, or to properly supply the men who were already in the field. Henceforth Lee's operations were confined to the defense of Virginia; and it is hard to overrate the masterly ability with which this was done, under almost insuperable difficulties and discouragements. It was love and devotion to their commander which held together the armies of the Confederacy; and this, coupled with their confidence in his skill, long made his ragged and half-starved soldiers more than a match for the superior armies of McClellan and Grant. General Grant perceived this, and saw that it was really a question of endurance,—that the Confederacy could be overcome only when the resources of the South were so far exhausted that the war could no longer be carried on; and it was with this idea in his mind that he took command of the Union armies in 1864.

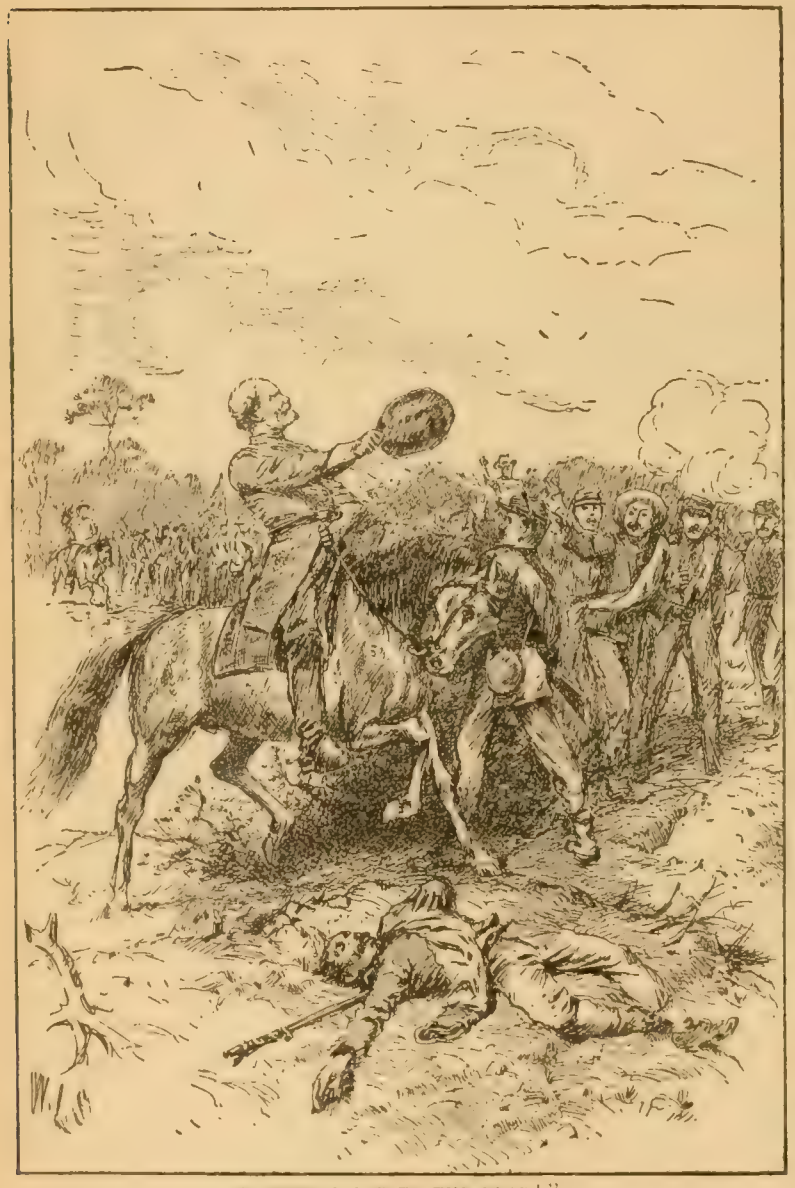
The battle of the Wilderness, on May 5th, was the beginning of the end. Spottsylvania followed, and then Cold Harbor, where the frightful losses of the Union armies gave terrible proof of Lee's ability to take swift advantage of the least mistake of his antagonist. Then came the siege of Petersburg, and after a spring and summer of persistent fighting, Lee seemed as able as ever to keep the Union armies at bay. But, as Grant had foreseen, the struggle had told heavily upon his resources; and when the triumphant march of Sherman through Georgia had exposed the hopelessly exhausted condition of the South, the end of the struggle was seen to be approaching.

The deprivation and poverty in Virginia in the last year of the war were extreme. The railroad communications of Richmond being often destroyed by the Union cavalry, it was impossible to keep the city supplied, and many of the people were on the verge of starvation. Pea soup and bread were the food of large numbers. Confederate money had so depreciated that it was often said that it took a basketful to go to market. A barrel of flour cost several hundred dollars. Boots were four and five hundred dollars a pair.

Still Lee held out, and in the spring of 1865 maintained with persistent skill and courage the hopeless defense of Richmond; but his army was melting away; it was impossible to supply them even with food; the men themselves saw that further conflict was a useless sacrifice, and were ready to accept the result which came at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865.

The universal affection and respect which the people of the South felt for General Lee was, if possible, increased after the close of the war. The confiscation of his property had rendered him homeless. The people of Virginia offered him homes almost without number, and relatives also who lived in Eng-

land were desirous that he should take up his abode there; but General Lee would not consent to be separated from the country he loved. He was deeply attached to the people of the South, as they to him; and of the many homes offered him, he chose one in Powhatan County, a small and simple country place, where he gathered his wife and children around him, expecting to lead a retired and quiet life. He was also offered many positions, in which he would receive a liberal salary for little or no labor; but these his pride would not permit him to accept. Finally a proposition was made by the trustees of Washington College that he should become president of that institution. This offer, much to the gratification of his friends, he concluded to accept, believing, as he said, that he could be of influence and use in that position. This expectation was not disappointed. The University quickly became one of the most popular educational institutions of the South, which was no doubt largely in consequence of the fact that he was at the head of it. The number of students increased ten-fold within a comparatively short time after General Lee became its president. His wisdom and skill in managing the



"GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR!"

students of the University was remarkable. His appeal to the higher sentiments of the young men seemed never to fail of a response. They were ashamed to do anything less than their best when feeling that General Lee's eye was upon them. He was accustomed to remind them on entering the college of the loving solicitude with which their course would be watched by their mothers; and this appeal to their highest feelings seldom failed to have great effect upon their conduct and character.



LEE AND THE FERRYMAN.

One consequence of the filial feeling which the people of the South entertained for General Lee was that he was flooded with letters upon every conceivable subject, from all parts of the country. At a time when he had in charge five hundred young men, with a corps of twenty-five instructors under him, he was receiving daily almost innumerable letters from old soldiers, their widows or children, and from those who had not even this claim upon him; many asking for money, and nearly all appealing for advice or assistance in some form. A friend once said to him, "You surely do not feel obliged to answer all of these letters?" "Indeed I do," he replied. "Think of the trouble that many of these poor

people have taken to write me. Why should I not be willing to take the trouble to reply? That is all I can give, and that I give ungrudgingly."

In 1867, in company with his daughter Mildred, he rode on horseback to the Peaks of Otter, fifty miles from Lexington. At a ferry on the route the boatman chanced to be an old soldier. When the usual charge was tendered, the rough mountaineer's eyes filled with tears, and he shook his head, saying, "I could not take pay from you, Master Robert: I have followed you in many a battle."



LEE AND THE UNION SOLDIER.

Bitterness or resentment seemed to have no place in General Lee's nature. When the fate of war went against him, he accepted its result in good faith, and thenceforward did his best to restore good feeling between the North and the South. Even toward men who exhibited the most intense bitterness against him he seemed to have no other feeling than kindness and good-will. This was the case even with those who sought to have him tried and punished for treason. During the war it was noticeable that he never spoke of the Union soldiers as "Yankees," the common expression in the Southern army. They

were always mentioned as "Federals," or "the enemy." He regretted and condemned the harsh and bitter language which characterized the Southern newspapers. "Is it any wonder," he said, "that Northern journals should retort as they do, when those in the South employ such language against them?"

LEE AND THE UNION SOLDIER.

A touching story, illustrating this noble trait of General Lee's character, was told years after the war by a Union veteran who was viewing the great panorama, "The Battle of Gettysburg." He said, "I was at the battle of Gettysburg myself. I had been a most bitter anti-South man, and fought and cursed the Confederates desperately. I could see nothing good in any of them. The last day of the fight I was badly wounded. A ball shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As they came along I recognized him, and, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for the Union!' The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came toward me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly and looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.'

"If I live a thousand years I shall never forget the expression on General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by! As soon as the general had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."

The value of General Lee's example in restoring good feeling between the North and South can hardly be overestimated. He was so universally looked up to by the Southern people that his opinions and example could not fail to have the greatest effect. It is no small part of his title to fame that his great influence should have been used as it was toward reuniting the country after the war, rather than in perpetuating strife and hatred.

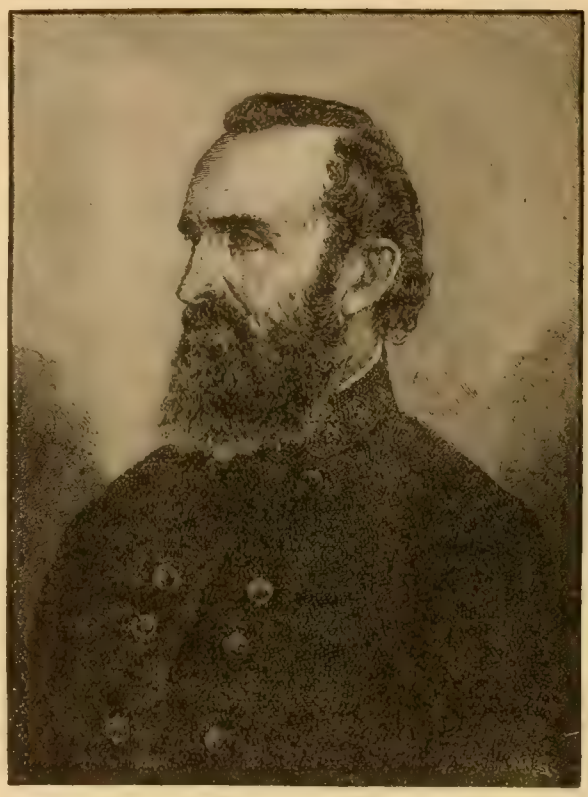
General Lee's domestic life was an almost ideal one. During his last years, his wife was an invalid, suffering from rheumatic gout, and his devotion to her was unfailing. Her health rendered it necessary for her to travel to the medicinal springs in different parts of Virginia, and he used often to precede her on the journey, in order to have everything in readiness on her arrival. He contrived an apparatus whereby she could be lowered into the baths in her chair, in order to avoid ascending and descending the steps. His love for his children

manifested itself in a tender and delicate courtesy which was beautiful to see, and which was repaid on their part by the strongest attachment.

General Lee died at Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870. After his death the name of the college over which he had presided was changed, in his honor, to "Washington and Lee University," and stands a worthy monument of the great soldier, whose noble qualities were shown as conspicuously in peace as in war. The issues which divided our country into hostile sections have happily passed away; and North and South can join in cherishing his memory and doing honor to his spotless fame.



MONUMENT TO GENERAL LEE, AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.



THOMAS J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON,

THE GREAT CONFEDERATE GENERAL.



MANY remarkable characters were developed on both sides in the great civil war of 1861. The war brought out in men qualities and powers which had never before been known or suspected. One of the most striking of such characters was the brave and able but eccentric man known as Stonewall Jackson, who fell in the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born in Clarksburg, Virginia, January 21, 1824. At the age of eighteen he was appointed to the West Point Military Academy. Owing to the fact that he was poorly prepared to enter that institution, he never took a high standing in his classes. He was graduated in 1847 and ordered to Mexico. He took part in Scott's campaign from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice brevetted for gallant conduct, at Churubusco and Chapultepec, finally attaining the rank of first lieutenant of artillery. After the Mexican war he was on duty at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, and subsequently at Fort Meade, Fla., but in 1851 ill health caused him to resign his commission in the army and return to his native State, where he was elected professor of natural sciences and artillery tactics in the Virginia Military Institute.

Of Jackson's life at the Institute many stories are told, illustrating the peculiarities of his character. He was commonly called "Old Jack," and sometimes "Fool Tom Jackson," by the students, who were better able to perceive his eccentricities than his merits. His extreme conscientiousness is illustrated by his walking a long distance through snow and sleet one winter night to apologize to a cadet whom he had sent to his seat in class for a mistake in recitation. It proved that there was an error in the text-book, and that the student was correct. Most men would have thought it sufficient to rectify the error on the following day. Not so Jackson. As soon as he discovered that he was

wrong, his conscience would not permit him to rest a moment until he had sought the student's room and set himself right.

Jackson was above all things a religious man. At all times and places, in every act of his life, religion was his first thought. A friend was once conversing with him about the difficulty of the Scripture injunction, "Pray without ceasing," and Jackson insisted that we could so accustom ourselves to it that it could be easily obeyed. "When we take our meals, there is grace. When I take a drink of water I always pause, as my palate receives the refreshment, to lift up my heart in thanks to God for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter in the box at the post-office, I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to pray to God that he may prepare me for its contents and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my class-room and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so with every other familiar act of the day."

"But," said his friend, "do you not often forget these seasons, coming so frequently?"

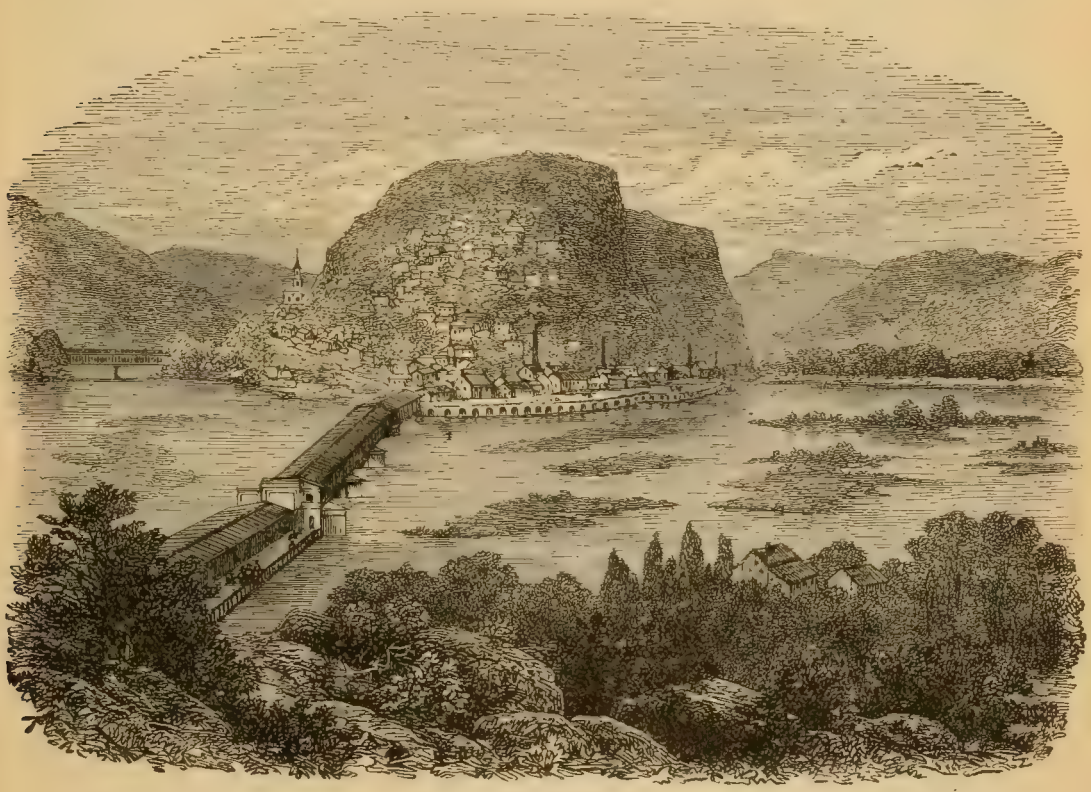
"No," said he; "I have made the practice habitual, and I can no more forget it than forget to drink when I am thirsty."

Upon the secession of Virginia Jackson was among the first to answer the call to arms, and wrote to Governor Letcher, offering to serve in any position to which he might be assigned. The Governor immediately commissioned him a colonel of Virginia volunteers. He was placed in command of the troops at Harper's Ferry, and upon the formation of the Army of the Shenandoah he was placed in charge of the famous "Stonewall Brigade," with which his name was thenceforth identified. That singular appellation of a body of troops originated in this wise:—

In the early part of the battle of Bull Run the Confederates had decidedly the worst of it. Bartow's and Bee's brigades were terribly cut up and driven from the field for a time, and all seemed lost, when Jackson suddenly appeared upon the scene with his splendid brigade. With magical rapidity he took in the situation, and formed his lines to resist the advance of the enemy. Bee and Bartow had succeeded in rallying fragments of their brigades. To re-assure his soldiers, Bee addressed them briefly, and, pointing to Jackson's men as a worthy example of courage and coolness, he exclaimed, "Look at those Virginians! They stand like a stone wall." The next day Bee's compliment was repeated all over the camp, and the name stuck to the brigade and its commander ever after.

One of Jackson's peculiarities was a passion for exact justice. He would not permit his rank to give him the smallest advantage over the common sol-

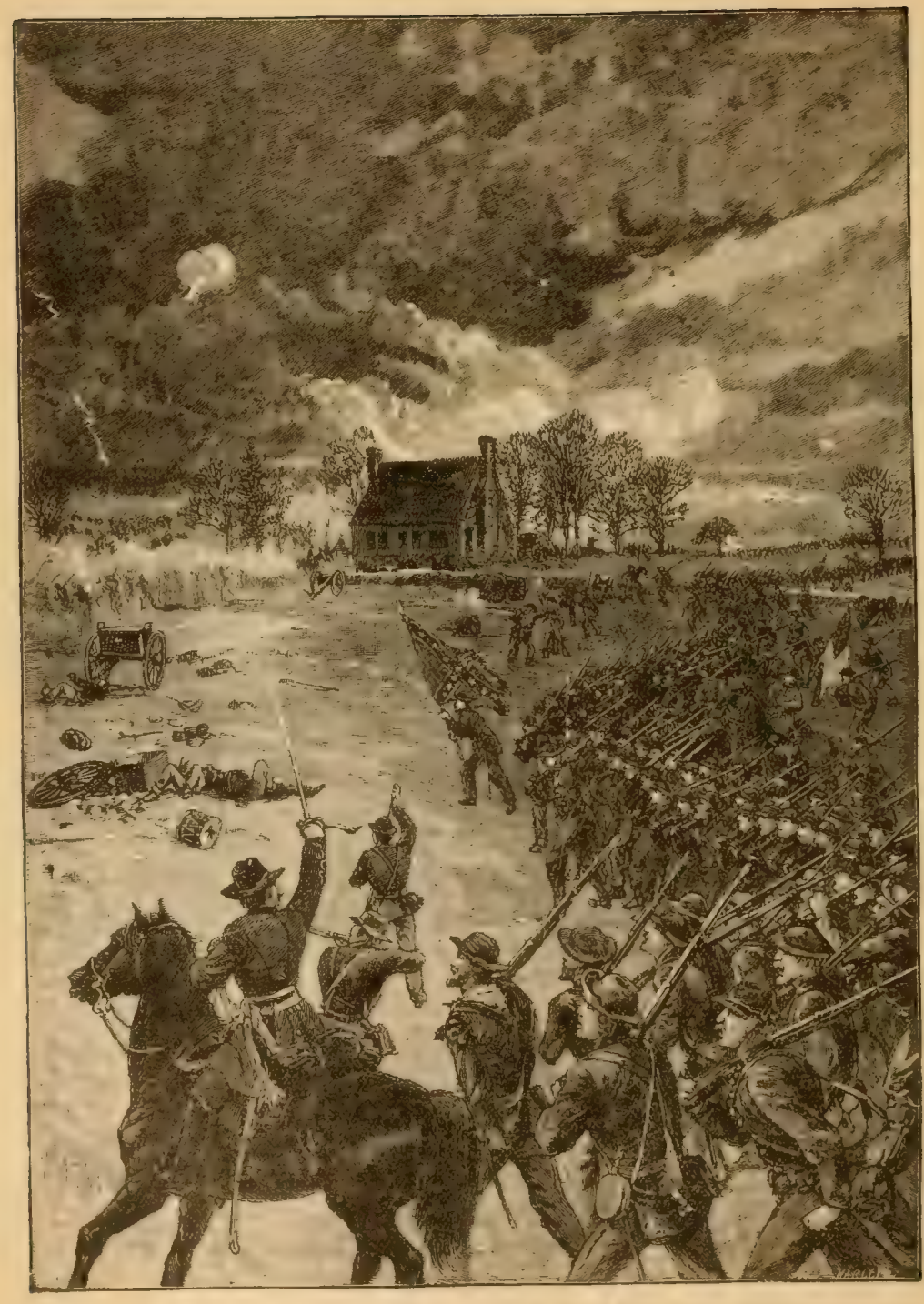
diers of his command. When at Bull Run he made the celebrated charge which turned the fortunes of the day, he raised his left hand above his head to encourage the troops, and while in this position a ball struck a finger, broke it, and carried off a piece of the bone. He remained upon the field, wounded as he was, till the fight was over, and then wanted to take part in the pursuit, but was peremptorily ordered back to the hospital by the general commanding. The chief surgeon was busily engaged with the wounded, but left them and asked Jackson if he was seriously hurt. "No," he answered, "not half as badly



HARPER'S FERRY.

as many here, and I will wait." And he forthwith sat down on the bank of a little stream near by, and positively declined any assistance until "his turn came."

In October, 1861, Jackson was commissioned a major-general, and sent to take command in the Shenandoah Valley. In the course of the winter he drove the Federal troops from the district, and early in the following March was there when Banks was sent against him. He fell back before Banks some forty miles, then suddenly turned, and with only thirty-five hundred men attacked him so fiercely that he retreated with all his troops. His campaign in April, 1862,



BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. JACKSON'S ATTACK ON THE RIGHT WING.

when he whipped Milroy, Banks, Shields, and Fremont, one after another, and then suddenly descended upon McClellan at Gaines's Mill, when the Union generals thought he was still in the Valley, constitutes one of the most brilliant chapters in modern warfare. He took part in the operations against McClellan, and in July he was again detached and sent to Gordonsville to look after his old enemies in the Valley, who were gathering under Pope. On August 9th he crossed the Rapidan and struck Banks another crushing blow at Cedar Run. On August 25th he passed around Pope's right flank and forced him to let go his hold upon the Rappahannock. By stubborn fighting he kept him on the ground until Longstreet could get up, and routed Pope at the second battle of Bull Run, in August, 1862.

Two weeks later, in the beginning of the Maryland campaign, Jackson invested and captured Harper's Ferry with eleven thousand prisoners, many stands of arms, and seventy-two guns, and by a terrible night march reached Sharpsburg on September 16th. The next morning he commanded the left wing of the Confederate army, repulsing with his thin line the corps of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner, which were in succession hurled against him. At Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, Jackson commanded the Confederate right wing, and in May, 1863, made his Chancellorsville movement, which resulted in his death. On May 3d he received a severe wound in the arm, which rendered amputation necessary. Pneumonia supervened, and he died on the 10th of May.

In person Jackson is described by an intimate friend as "a tall man, six feet high, angular, strong, with rather large feet and hands." He rather strode along than walked. There was something firm and decided even in his gait. His eyes were dark blue, large, and piercing. He looked straight at you, and *through* you almost, as he talked. He spoke in terse, short sentences, always to the point. There was never any circumlocution about what he had to say. His hair was inclined to auburn. His beard was brown. He was as gentle and kind as a woman to those he loved. There was sometimes a softness and tenderness about him that was very striking.

Jackson was exceedingly fond of children, and seldom failed to win their love in return. A story is told of him that illustrates both his love of children and his distaste for pomp and show. When encamped at Fredericksburg, he received a gift of a fine new cap, resplendent in a band of dazzling gold braid. This was one day greatly admired by a child of whom he was fond, whereupon Jackson took her on his knee, ripped the gold band off of his cap, bound it around the little one's curls, and sent her away delighted.

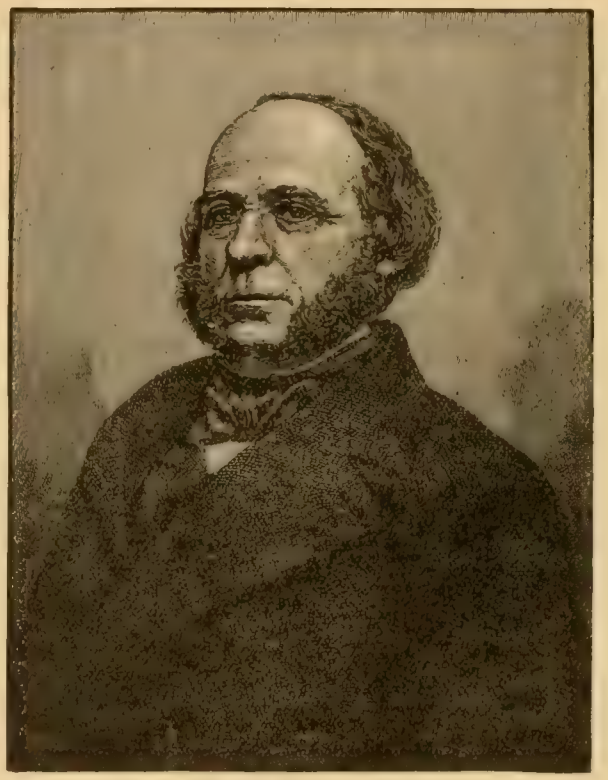
Jackson was carefully temperate in his habits. On one occasion, when he was wet and fatigued, his physician gave him some whiskey. He made a wry face in swallowing it, and the doctor inquired if it was not good whiskey. "Oh, yes," he replied, "it's good. I like liquor; *that's why I don't drink it.*"

One of the most curious peculiarities of Jackson was a fashion he had of raising his right hand aloft, and then letting it fall suddenly to his side. He often held his hand, sometimes both hands, thus aloft in battle, and his lips were seen to move, evidently in prayer. Not once, but many times, has the singular spectacle been presented of a commander sitting on his horse silently as his column moved before him, his hands raised to heaven, his eyes closed, his lips moving in prayer. At Chancellorsville, as he recognized the corpse of any of his veterans, he would check his horse, raise his hands to heaven, and utter a prayer over the dead body.



HOUSE IN WHICH STONEWALL JACKSON DIED, RICHMOND, VA.

Jackson was a great hero and favorite throughout the South among both soldiers and people. They had the most implicit faith in his abilities, and the greatest love and reverence for his character. Their sentiments were well expressed in the prayer of old "Father Hubert," of Hays' Louisiana Brigade, who, in his prayer at the unveiling of the Jackson monument in New Orleans, said as his climax: "And Thou knowest, O Lord! that when Thou didst decide that the Confederacy should not succeed, Thou hadst first to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson."



JOHN ERICSSON.

JOHN PAUL JONES,

AND THE GIANTS OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

THE origin of the American navy dates from the commencement of the struggle for national independence. Up to that time the colonies had looked to the mother country for protection on the seas. So the outbreak of the Revolution found them entirely without a navy. Their maritime interests were great, and their fishing craft and merchant vessels were numerous and were manned by singularly able and daring mariners. But fighting ships they had none, while their opponent was not only the greatest naval power of the world, but was doubtless, at sea, stronger than all others put together. England was therefore able not only to command the American coasts with her fleet, but also largely to thwart whatever feeble efforts toward the construction of a navy were made by the haggling and incompetent Continental Congress. Nevertheless the American navy did then come into existence, and wrought at least one deed as immortal in the history of the sea, as Bunker Hill in that of the war upon the land.

In the fall of 1775, the building of thirteen war-cruisers was begun; but only six of them ever got to sea. Only one ship-of-the-line was built, the "America," and she was given to France before she was launched. During the whole war, a total of twenty small frigates and twenty-one sloops flew the American flag; and fifteen of the former and ten of the latter were either captured or destroyed. What cockle-shells they were, and how slight in armament, compared with the floating fortresses of to-day, may be reckoned from the fact that twelve-pounders were their heaviest guns. Beside these, of course, there were many privateers, sent out to prey upon the enemy's commerce. These swift fishing craft ventured even to cruise along the very coast of England, and down to the time of the French alliance captured more than six hundred English vessels.

In the annals of the regular navy, there are but three great captains' names: Wickes, Conyngham, and Jones. It was Lambert Wickes who, on his little sixteen gun "Reprisal," first bore the American war-flag to the shores of Europe.

and made it a terror to the great power that claimed to "rule the waves." After a brilliant cruise the "Reprisal" went down, with all hands, in the summer of 1777, on the treacherous banks of Newfoundland. Then Gustavus Conyngham took up the work, with his "Surprise" and "Revenge," and that very summer so scourged the might of England in the North Sea and in the British Channel itself, that the ports were crowded with ships that dared not venture out, and the rates of marine insurance rose to fabulous figures.

But the one splendid name of that era was that of a canny young Scotchman, John Paul Jones. Eighteenth he stood on the list of captains commissioned by the Congress, but on the scroll of fame, for those times, first—and there is no second. Coming to Virginia in boyhood, he entered the mercantile marine. When the war broke out he offered his services to the Congress, and was made a captain. And in 1778 he was sent with the "Ranger," of eighteen guns, to follow where Wickes and Conyngham had led. He swept with his tiny craft up and down the Irish Channel, entered Whitehaven and burned the shipping at the docks; captured off Carrickfergus the British war-sloop "Drake," larger than his own ship, and then made his way to Brest with all his prizes in tow.

Next year he set out on his immortal cruise, with a squadron of five ships. His flagship was an old merchantman, the "Duras," fitted up for fighting and renamed the "Bon Homme Richard," in honor of Franklin and his "Poor Richard's Almanac." She was a clumsy affair, armed with thirty-two twelve-pounders and six old eighteen-pounders not fit for use, and manned by 380 men of every race, from New Englanders to Malays. The "Pallas" was also a merchantman transformed into a thirty-two gun frigate. The "Vengeance" and the "Cerf" were much smaller; quite insignificant. The "Alliance" was a new ship, built in Massachusetts for the navy, but unhappily commanded by a Frenchman named Landais, half fool, half knave. Indeed, all the vessels save the flagship were commanded by Frenchmen, who were openly insubordinate, refusing half the time to recognize the commodore's authority, and often leaving him to cruise and fight alone. Yet the motley squadron did much execution along the shores of Britain. It all but captured the city of Leith, and entered Humber and destroyed much shipping.

But the crowning glory came on September 23, 1779. On that immortal date Jones espied, off Flamborough Head, a fleet of forty British merchantmen, guarded by two frigates, bound for the Baltic. At once he gave chase. He had, besides his own ship, only the "Pallas" and the "Alliance," but they would be sufficient to capture the whole fleet. But the miserable Landais refused to obey the signal, and kept out of the action. So the fight began, two and two. Jones, with the "Bon Homme Richard," attacked the "Serapis," Captain Pearson, and the "Pallas" engaged the "Countess of Scarborough." The "Serapis" had fifty guns and was much faster and stronger than Jones's ship. The

"Countess of Scarborough," on the other hand, was much inferior to the "Pallas" and proved an early victim.

It was growing dark, on a cloudy evening, and the sea was smooth as a mill-pond, when the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis" began their awful duel. Both fired full broadsides at the same instant. Two of Jones's old eighteen-pounders burst, killing twelve men, and the others were at once abandoned. So all through the fight, after that first volley, he had only his thirty-two twelve-pounders against the fifty guns—twenty of them eighteen-pounders, twenty nine-pounders, and ten six-pounders—of the "Serapis." For an hour they fought and manœuvred, then came together with a crash. An instant, the firing ceased. "Have you struck your colors?" demanded Pearson. "I have not yet begun to fight!" replied Jones. Then with his own hands Jones lashed the two ships together, and inseparably joined, their sides actually touching, they battled on. Solid shot and canister swept through both ships like hail, while musketmen on the decks and in the rigging exchanged storms of bullets. For an hour and a half the conflict raged. Then Landais came up with the "Alliance" and began firing equally on both. Jones ordered him to go to the other side of the "Serapis" and board, and his answer was to turn helm and go out of the fight altogether. Now the fighting ships were both afire, and both leaking and sinking. Most of the guns were disabled, and three-fourths of the men were killed or wounded. The gallant Pearson stood almost alone on the deck of the doomed "Serapis," not one of his men able to fight longer. Jones was as solitary on the "Bon Homme Richard," all his men still able-bodied being at the pumps, striving to keep the ship afloat. With his own hands he trained a gun upon



PAUL JONES.

the mainmast of the "Serapis," and cut it down; and then Pearson surrendered. The "Pallas" and "Alliance" came up and took off the men, and in a few hours the two ships sank, still bound together in the clasp of death.

This was not only one of the most desperate and deadly naval battles in history. Its moral effect was epoch-making. John Paul Jones was the hero of the day, and Europe showered honors upon him. The American flag was hailed as a rival to that of England on the seas, and all Europe was encouraged to unite against England and force her to abate her arrogant pretensions, and to accede to a more just and liberal code of international maritime law than had before prevailed. In view of this latter fact, this battle must be ranked among the three or four most important in the naval history of the world. It was this battle that inspired Catharine of Russia to enunciate the doctrine of the rights of neutrals in maritime affairs; and the tardy acquiescence of England, eighty years later, in that now universal principle, was brought about by the blow struck by John Paul Jones off Flamborough Head.

There were no other naval operations of importance during the Revolution, save those of the French fleet at Yorktown. But soon after the declaration of peace, new complications arose, threatening a war at sea. England and France were fighting each other, and commerce was therefore diverted to the shipping of other nations. A very large share of Europe's carrying trade was done by American vessels. But these were between two fires. England insisted that she had a right to stop and search American ships and take from them all sailors of English birth; actually taking whom she pleased; and France made free to seize any American ships she pleased, under the pretext that there were English goods aboard; and when she captured an English ship and found on board an American seaman who had been impressed, instead of treating him as a prisoner of war, like the others, she hanged him as a pirate.

Naturally indignation rose high, and preparations were made for war with France. In July, 1798, the three famous frigates, the "Constellation," the "United States," and the "Constitution," best known as "Old Ironsides," were sent to sea, and Congress authorized the navy to be increased to include six frigates, twelve sloops, and six smaller craft. Among the officers commissioned, were the illustrious Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Rodgers, and Stewart. Actual hostilities soon began. French piratical cruisers were captured, and an American squadron sailed for the West Indies to deal with the French privateers that abounded there, in which work it was generally successful. In January, 1799, Congress voted a million dollars, for building six ships of the line and six sloops. Soon after, on February 9, occurred the first engagement between vessels of the American and French navies. The "Constellation," Captain Truxton, overhauled "L'Insurgente," at St. Kitts, in the West Indies, and after a fight of an hour and a quarter forced her to surrender. The "Constellation" had three

men killed and one wounded; "L'Insurgente" twenty killed and forty-six wounded.

Again, on February 1, 1800, Truxton with the "Constellation" came up, at Guadeloupe, with the French Frigate "La Vengeance." After chasing her two days he brought on an action. The two ships fought all night. In the morning, "La Vengeance," completely silenced and shattered, drew away and escaped to Curacoa, where she was condemned as unfit for further service. The "Constellation" was little injured save in her rigging. For his gallantry, Truxton received a gold medal from Congress. Later in that year there were some minor engagements, in which Americans were successful.

By the spring of 1801, friendly relations with France were restored. The President was accordingly authorized to dispose of all the navy, save thirteen ships, six of which were to be kept constantly in commission, and to dismiss from the service all officers save nine captains, thirty-six lieutenants, and one hundred and fifty midshipmen. At about this time ground was purchased and navy-yards established at Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Norfolk, and half a million dollars was appropriated for the completion of six seventy-four gun ships.

Now came on real war. For many years the pirate ships of the Barbary States, Algeria and Tripoli, had been the scourge of the Mediterranean. The commerce of every land had suffered. European powers did not venture to suppress the evil, but some of them basely purchased immunity by paying tribute to the pirates. America, too, at first followed this humiliating course, actually thus paying millions of dollars. In September, 1800, Captain Bainbridge went with the frigate "George Washington" to bear to the Dey of Algeria the annual tribute. The Dey took the money, and then impressed Bainbridge and his ship into his own service for a time, to go on an errand to Constantinople. Bainbridge reported this to Congress, adding, "I hope I shall never again be sent with tribute, unless to deliver it from the mouth of our cannon." However, Bainbridge was received courteously at Constantinople, and his ship was the first to display the American flag there.

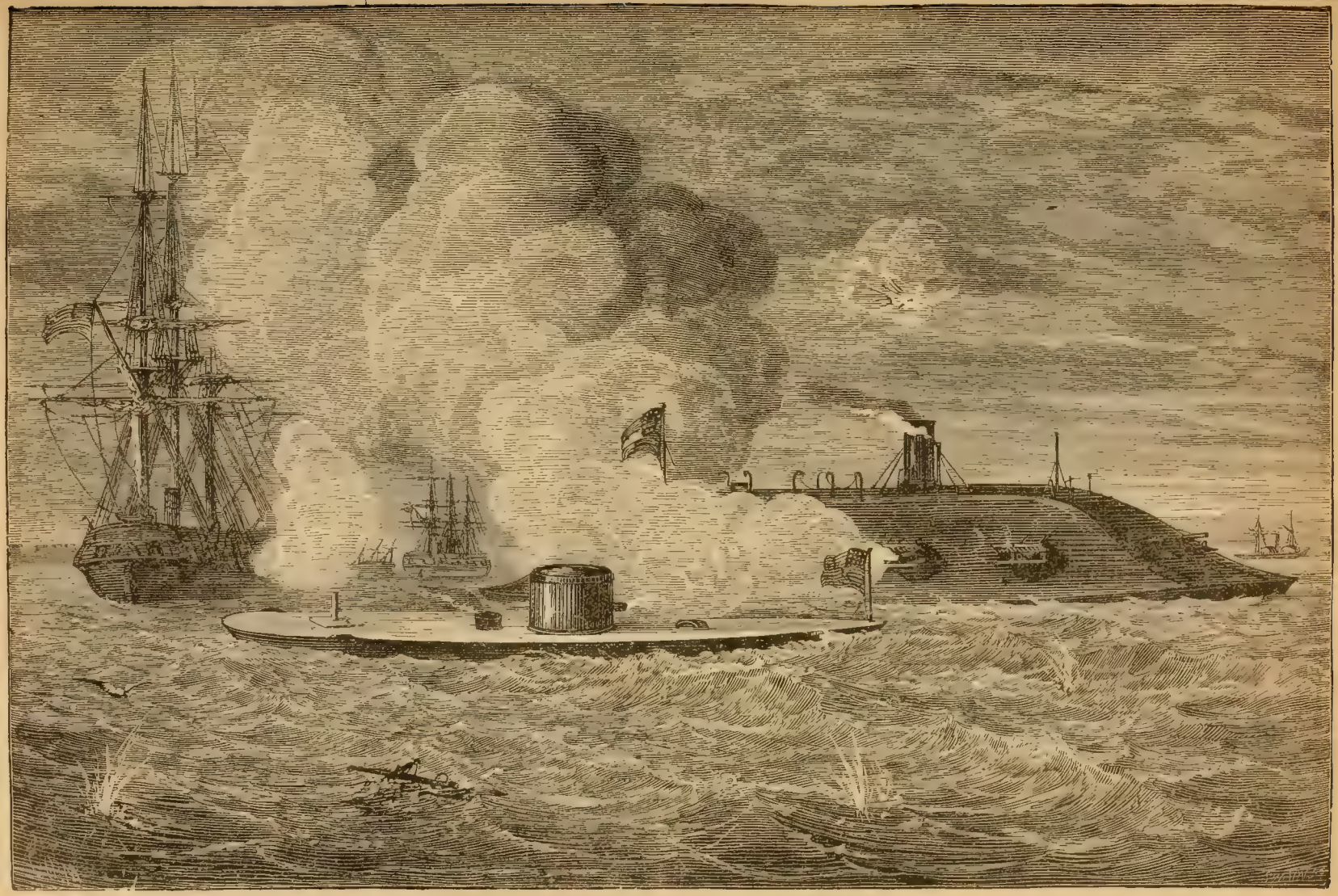
Captain Dale was sent with a squadron to the Mediterranean in 1801, to repress the pirates of Tripoli. One of his ships, the schooner "Experiment," captured a Tripolitan cruiser, and this checked for a time the ardor of the pirates. But open war was soon declared between the two countries, and Congress authorized the sending of a larger fleet to the Mediterranean. The gallant Truxton was offered the command of it, but declined because the cheese-paring Administration was too parsimonious to allow him a proper staff of subordinates. Thereupon he was dismissed from the service, and Captain Morris sent in his place. But false economy had so enfeebled the navy that the fleet was able to do little. One Tripolitan ship was captured, however, and another destroyed.

Then the Government woke up, and began building new ships, and sent another squadron over, led by Preble with the "Constitution." He went first to Morocco, whose Sultan at once sued for peace; and then proceeded to Tripoli. Here he found that the frigate "Philadelphia," with Bainbridge and three hundred men aboard, had been captured and was being refitted by the Tripolitans for their own use. Decatur, commanding the "Enterprise," under Preble, determined upon a bold counter-stroke. Taking a small vessel, the "Intrepid," which he had captured from Tripoli, he sailed boldly into the harbor, flying the Tripolitan flag and pretending to be a merchant of that country. Running alongside the "Philadelphia," he boarded her, set her afire, and sailed away in safety, though amid a storm of shot and shell. The "Philadelphia" was burned to the water's edge.

Nothing more was done at the time, however, save to keep up a blockade, and Bainbridge and his men remained in captivity. In August, 1804, Preble and Decatur made a vigorous attack upon the harbor, and destroyed two and captured three vessels. A few days later other attacks were made. Then a new squadron under Commodore Barron came to the scene, and Preble was superseded. No other naval operations of importance occurred, and peace was finally concluded in 1805.

Troubles with England now grew more serious. That country persisted in searching American ships and taking from them all whom she chose to call deserters from the British service. And so the two powers drifted into the war of 1812. In that struggle, the Americans were badly worsted on land, but won victories of the first magnitude on the lakes and ocean. America had only nine frigates and a score of smaller craft, while England had a hundred ships of the line. Yet the honors of the war on the sea rested with the former. Her triumphs startled the world. The destruction of the "Guerriere" by the "Constitution," Captain Hull, marked an epoch in naval history. Then the "United States," Captain Decatur, vanquished the "Macedonian;" the "Wasp," Captain Jones, the "Frolic;" the "Constitution," Captain Bainbridge, the "Java;" and the "Hornet" the "Peacock." On Lake Erie, Commodore Perry won a great victory, which he announced in the famous message, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Equally brilliant was the victory of MacDonough on Lake Champlain. The most deplorable reverse was the destruction of the "Chesapeake" by the British ship "Shannon," the "Chesapeake's" commander, Lawrence, losing his life, but winning fame through his dying words, "Don't give up the ship!"

The conflicts of this war are more fully detailed elsewhere in this volume. It is needful here only to mention them briefly, as we have done. The cause of the surprising successes of the Americans may well be explained, however. It was due to that very inventive ingenuity that has made the history of the



FIGHT BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC."

world's industrial progress so largely a mere chronicle of "Yankee notions." The Americans had invented and were using sights on their cannon. That was all. But the result was that their aim was far more accurate and their fire far more effective than that of their opponents. This advantage, added to courage and skill in seamanship equal to any the world had known, gave them their victory.

This war was ended in February, 1815, and a month later another was begun. This was against the Dey of Algeria, who had broken the peace and seized an American ship, despite the fact that America had continued down to this time to pay tribute to him. It was now determined to make an end of the business; so Bainbridge was sent, as he had requested, to deliver the final tribute from his cannons' mouths. Before he got there, however, Decatur, did the work. He captured an Algerine vessel; sailed into port and dictated an honorable peace; and then imposed like terms on Tripoli and Tunis, thus ending the tyranny of the Barbary States over the commerce of the world.

Thereafter for many years the navy had not much to do. Some vessels were used for purposes of exploration and research, and much was thereby added to the scientific knowledge of the world. During the Mexican war, naval operations were unimportant. But in 1846 complications with Japan were begun. In that year two ships were sent to the Island empire, on an errand of peaceful negotiation, which proved fruitless. Three years later another went, on a sterner errand, and rescued at the cannon's mouth a number of shipwrecked American sailors who had been thrown into captivity.

Finally the task of "opening Japan" to intercourse with the rest of the world, a task no other power had ventured to assume, was undertaken by America. On November 24, 1852, Commodore Perry set sail thither, with a powerful fleet. His commission was to "open Japan"; by peaceful diplomacy if he could, by force of arms if he must. The simple show of force was sufficient, and in 1854, he returned in triumph, bearing a treaty with Japan.

The most extended and important services of the United States navy were performed during the War of the Rebellion At the outbreak of that conflict, in 1861, the whole navy comprised only forty-two vessels in commission. Nearly all of these were scattered in distant parts of the world, where they had been purposely sent by the conspirators at Washington. Most of those that remained were destroyed in port, so that there was actually for a time only one serviceable war-ship on the North Atlantic coast. But building and purchase soon increased the navy, so that before the end of the year it numbered two hundred and sixty-four, and was able to blockade all the ports of the Southern Confederacy. They were a motley set, vessels of every imaginable type, ferry-boats and freight steamers, even, being pressed into use; but they served.

The first important naval action was that at Hatteras Inlet, in August, 1861.

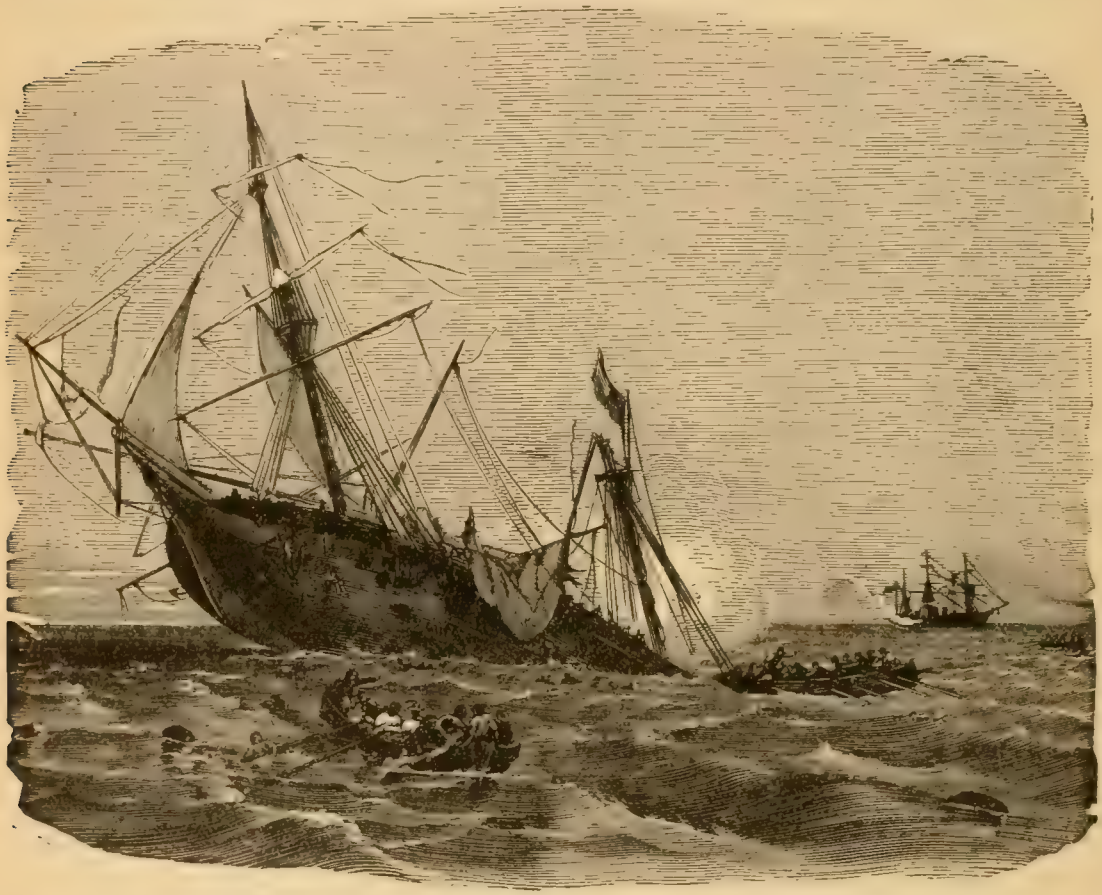
There Commodore Stringham, with a fleet of steam and sailing craft, bombarded a series of powerful forts and forced them to surrender, without the loss of a single man aboard the ships. Next came the storming of Port Royal. At the end of October Commodore Dupont and Commander Rodgers went thither with a strong squadron. They entered the harbor, and formed with their ships an ellipse, which kept constantly revolving, opposite the forts, and constantly pouring in a murderous fire. It was earthworks on land against old-fashioned wooden ships on the water; but the ships won, and the forts surrendered. A small flotilla of rebel gunboats came to the assistance of the forts, but were quickly repulsed by the heavy fire from the ships.

The next year saw much naval activity in many quarters. The blockade of all Southern ports was rigorously maintained, and there were some exciting engagements between the national ships and blockade runners. On the Cumberland, Ohio, Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers the gunboats of Foote and Porter greatly aided the land forces, in the campaigns against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, at Island No. 10, and Vicksburg. Roanoke Island and New Berne, on the Carolina coast, were taken by a combined naval and military expedition.

One of the most striking events of the war was the entrance of the Mississippi and capture of New Orleans by Admiral Farragut. He had a fleet of forty vessels, all told. Opposed to him were two great and strong land forts, Jackson and St. Philip, one on each side of the river, mounting two hundred and twenty-five guns. From one to the other stretched a ponderous iron chain, completely barring the passage, and beyond this was a fleet of iron-clad gun-boats, fire-ships, etc. Military and naval authorities scouted the idea that Farragut's wooden ships could ever fight their way through. But Farragut quietly scouted the authorities. Making his way up to within range of the forts he began a bombardment. On the first day his guns threw 2000 shells at the enemy. A huge fire-raft was sent against him, but his ships avoided it and it passed harmlessly by. Another was sent down that night, a floating mountain of flame. But one of Farragut's captains deliberately ran his ship into it, turned a hose upon it, and towed it out of the way!

For a week the tremendous bombardment was kept up, 16,800 shells being thrown at the forts. Then Farragut cut the chain, and started to run the fiery gauntlet of the forts with his fleet. Before daylight one morning the mortar-boats opened a furious fire, under cover of which the ships steamed straight up the river. The forts opened on them with every gun, a perfect storm of shot and shell, and the ships replied with full broadsides. Five hundred cannon were thundering. One ship was disabled and dropped back. The rest swept on in a cloud of flame. Before they were past the forts, fire-ships came down upon them, and iron-clad gunboats attacked them. The "Varuna," Captain

Boggs, was surrounded by five rebel gunboats, and sank them all. As the last of them sank, a sixth, a huge iron-clad ram, came rushing upon the "Varuna." Boggs saw he could not escape it, so he turned the "Varuna" so as to receive the blow squarely amidships. The ram crushed her like an egg-shell, and in a few minutes she sank. But her fearful broadsides, at such close range, riddled the ram, and the two went down together. In an hour and a half, eleven rebel gunboats were sent to the bottom, and the fleet was past the forts. Next



SINKING OF THE ALABAMA.

morning Farragut raised the national flag above the captured city of New Orleans.

This tremendous conflict was not, however, the most significant of that year. There was another which, in a single hour, revolutionized the art of naval warfare. When, at the outbreak of the war, the Norfolk Navy-yard had been destroyed to keep it from falling into rebel hands, one ship partially escaped the flames. This was the great frigate "Merrimac," probably the finest ship in

the whole navy. The Confederates took her hull, which remained uninjured, and covered it completely with a sloping roof of iron plates four inches thick, backed with heavy timbers, put a great iron ram at her bow, and fitted her with large guns and powerful engines. Then, to protect her further, she was coated thickly with tallow and plumbago. She was regarded as entirely invulnerable to cannon-shot, and her builders believed she would easily destroy all ships sent against her and place New York and all Northern seaports at the mercy of her guns. At the same time a curious little craft was built, hurriedly enough, in New York. It was designed by John Ericsson, and was called the "Monitor." It consisted of a hull nearly all submerged, its flat iron deck only a few inches above the water, and upon this a circular iron tower, which was turned round and round by machinery and which carried two large guns. Naval experts laughed at the "cheese-box on a plank," as they called it, and thought it unworthy of serious consideration.

A REVOLUTION IN NAVAL WARFARE.

At noon of Saturday, March 8, the mighty "Merrimac," a floating fortress of iron, came down the Elizabeth River to where the National fleet lay in Hampton Roads. The frigate "Congress" fired upon her, but she paid no attention to it, but moved on to the sloop-of-war "Cumberland," crushed her side in with a blow of her ram, riddled her with cannon-balls, and sent her to the bottom. The solid shot from the "Cumberland's" ten-inch guns glanced from the "Merrimac's" armor, harmless as so many peas. Then the monster turned back to the "Congress" and destroyed her. Next she attacked the frigate "Minnesota" and drove her aground, and then retired for the night, intending the next day to return, destroy the entire fleet, and proceed northward to bombard New York.

That night the "Monitor" arrived. She had been hurriedly completed. She had come down from New York in a storm, and was leaking and her machinery was out of order. She was not in condition for service. But she was all that lay between the "Merrimac" and the boundless destruction at which she aimed. So she anchored at the side of the "Minnesota" and waited for daylight. It came, a beautiful Sunday morning; and down came the huge "Merrimac" to continue her deadly work. Out steamed the tiny "Monitor" to meet her. The "Merrimac" sought to ignore her, and attacked the "Minnesota." But the "Monitor" would not be ignored. Captain Worden ran her alongside the "Merrimac," so that they almost touched, and hurled his 160-lb. shot at the iron monster as rapidly as the two guns could be worked. Those shots, at that range, told, as all the broadsides of the frigates had not. The "Merrimac's" armor began to yield, while her own firing had no effect upon the "Monitor." It was seldom she could hit the little craft at all, and when she did the shots glanced off without harm. Five times she tried to

ram the "Monitor," but the latter eluded her. A sixth time she tried it, and the "Monitor" stood still and let her come on. The great iron beak that had crushed in the side of the "Cumberland" merely glanced on the "Monitor's" armor and glided upon her deck. The "Merrimac" was so lifted and tilted as to expose the unarmored part of her hull to the "Monitor's" deadly fire, while the "Monitor" quickly slid out from under her, uninjured. Then the "Merrimac" retreated up the river, and her career was ended. She was a mere wreck. But the "Monitor," though struck by twenty-two heavy shots, was practically uninjured. The only man hurt on the "Monitor" was the gallant Captain Worden. He was looking through the peep-hole when one of the "Merrimac's" last shots struck squarely just outside. He was stunned by the shock and half-blinded by splinters; but his first words on regaining consciousness were, "Have we saved the 'Minnesota'?"

The "Monitor" had saved the "Minnesota," and all the rest of the fleet, and probably many Northern cities. But, more than that, she had, in that grim duel, revolutionized naval warfare. In that hour England saw her great ships of the line condemned. The splendid frigates, with their tiers of guns, were thenceforth out of date and worthless. The "cheese-box on a plank" in a single day had vanquished all the navies of the world.

The success of Farragut in passing the Mississippi forts led Dupont, in April, 1863, to attempt in like manner to enter Charleston harbor; but in vain. The fire from the forts was too fierce, and his fleet was forced to fall back with heavy losses. But in August, 1864, Farragut repeated his former exploit at Mobile. Forming his ships in line of battle, he stood in the rigging of the "Hartford," glass in hand, and directed their movements. As Dupont had done at Port Royal, he swept round and round in a fiery ellipse. At a critical point in the battle the lookout reported, "Torpedoes ahead!" A cry arose to stop the ship. "Go ahead! Damn the torpedoes!" roared the great Admiral, and the ship went on. Then the huge iron ram "Tennessee" came forward, to crush them as the "Merrimac" had crushed the "Cumberland." But Farragut, with sublime audacity, turned the bow of his wooden ship upon her and ran her down. Thus the Mobile forts were silenced and the harbor cleared. Nor must the storming of Fort Fisher be forgotten. The first attack was made in December, 1864. Admiral Porter bombarded the place furiously, and then General Butler attempted to take it with land forces. He failed, and returned to Fortress Monroe, saying the place could not be taken. But Porter thought otherwise, and remained at his post with his fleet. General Terry then went down with an army, Porter renewed the bombardment, the fort was captured, and the last port of the Confederacy was closed.

While the National navy was thus carrying all before it along the coast, the Confederates were active elsewhere. Their swift, armed cruisers, fitted out

in English ports, scoured the seas and preyed upon American commerce everywhere, until the American merchant flag was almost banished from the ocean. The most famous of all these cruisers was the "Alabama," commanded by Raphael Semmes. During her career she destroyed more than ten million dollars' worth of American shipping. For a long time her speed and the skill and daring of her commander kept her out of the hands of the American navy. But at last, in June, 1864, Captain Winslow, with the ship "Kearsarge," came up with her in the neutral harbor of Cherbourg, France. Determined to make an end of her, he waited, just outside the harbor, for her to come out. Semmes soon accepted the challenge, and the duel occurred on Sunday, June 19. The shore was crowded with spectators, and many yachts and other craft came out, bearing hundreds anxious to see the battle. The vessels were not far from equal in strength. But the "Kearsarge" had two huge eleven-inch pivot guns, that made awful havoc on the "Alabama." The "Alabama," on the other hand, had more guns than the "Kearsarge." But the famous cruiser's time had come. As the two ships slowly circled round and round, keeping up a constant fire, every shot from the "Kearsarge" seemed to find its mark, while those of the "Alabama" went wide. And soon the "Alabama" sank, leaving the "Kearsarge" scarcely injured.

A volume might be filled with accounts of notable exploits of the navy which there is not room even to mention here. But one more must be named, so daring and so novel was it. In April, 1864, the great iron-clad ram, "Albemarle," was completed by the Confederates and sent forth to drive the National vessels from the sounds and harbors of the North Carolina coast. She came down the Roanoke River and boldly attacked the fleet, destroying one ship at the first onset and damaging others, while showing herself almost invulnerable. It was feared that she would actually succeed in raising the blockade, and extraordinary efforts were made to destroy her, but without avail.

At last the job was undertaken by a young officer, Lieutenant Cushing, who had already distinguished himself by his daring. He took a small steam launch, manned by himself and fifteen others, armed with a howitzer, and carrying a large torpedo. The "Albemarle" was at her dock at Plymouth, some miles up the river, and both banks of the narrow stream were closely lined with pickets and batteries. On a dark, stormy night the launch steamed boldly up the river and got within a short distance of the "Albemarle" before it was seen by the pickets. Instantly the alarm was given, and a hail of bullets fell upon the launch, doing, however, little harm. Cushing headed straight for the huge iron-clad, shouting at the top of his voice, in bravado, "Get off the ram! We're going to blow you up!" Running the launch up till its bow touched the side of the "Albemarle," he thrust the torpedo, at the end of a pole, under the latter and fired it. The explosion wrecked the "Albemarle"

and sank her. The launch was also wrecked, and the sixteen men took to the water and sought to escape by swimming. All were, however, captured by the Confederates, save four. Of these, two were drowned, and the other two—one of them being Cushing himself—reached the other shore and got safely back to the fleet.

We have said that in the spring of 1861 there were only 42 vessels in commission in the navy. There were also 27 serviceable ships not in commission, and 21 unserviceable, or 90 in all. During the four years of the war there were built and added to the navy 125 unarmored and 68 armored vessels, most of the latter being of the "Monitor" type. A few figures regarding some of the engagements will give a vivid idea of the manner in which the ships fought. In the futile attack of the iron-clads on the forts in Charleston harbor, April 7, 1863, nine vessels took part, using 23 guns and firing 139 times, at from 500 to 2100 yards range. They hit Fort Wagner twice, Fort Moultrie 12 times, and Fort Sumter 55 times, doing little damage. Against them the forts used 77 guns, firing 2229 times, and hitting the vessels 520 times, but doing little damage except to one monitor, which was sunk. In the second bombardment of Fort Fisher 21,716 projectiles, solid shot and shell, were thrown by the fleet.

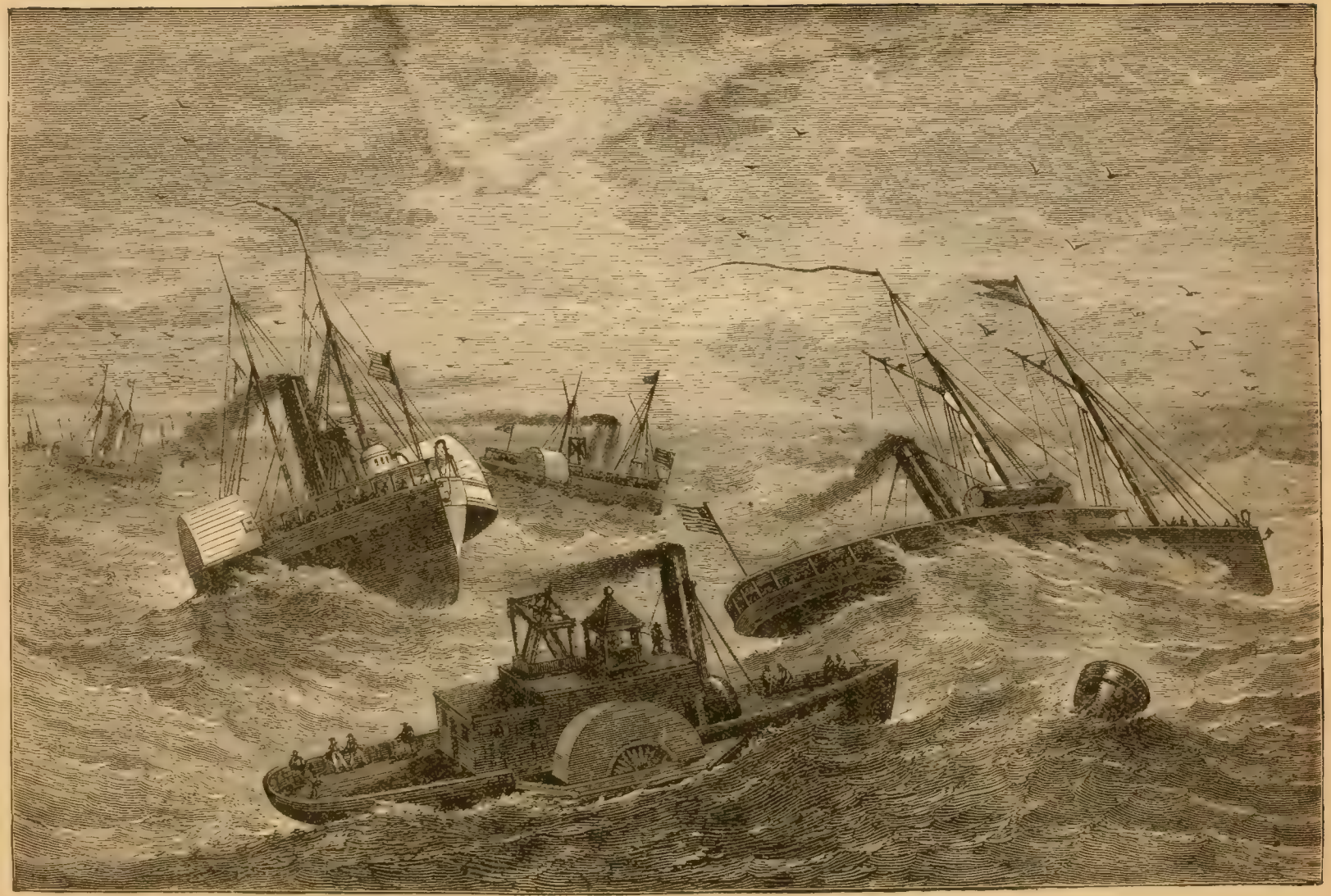
But the most important thing achieved was the entire transformation effected in naval science. Hitherto the war-ship had been simply an armed merchant-ship, propelled by sails or, latterly, by steam, carrying a large number of small guns. American inventiveness made it, after the duel of the "Monitor" and "Merrimac," a floating fortress of iron or steel, carrying a few enormously heavy guns. The glory of the old line-of-battle ship, with three or four tiers of guns on each side and a big cloud of canvas overhead, firing rattling broadsides, and manœuvring to get and hold the weather-gauge of the enemy—all that was relegated to the past forever. In its place came the engine of war, with little pomp and circumstance, but with all the resources of science shut within its ugly, black iron hull.

John Paul Jones, with his "Bon Homme Richard," struck the blow that made universal the law of neutrals' rights. Hull, with the "Constitution," sending a British frigate to the bottom, showed what Yankee ingenuity in sighting guns could do. Ericsson and Worden, with the "Monitor," sent wooden navies to the hulk-yard and ushered in the era of iron and steel fighting-engines. These are the three great naval events of a century.

One of the most thrilling events in naval history occurred in a time of peace. It was in the harbor of Apia, Samoa, in March, 1889. A great storm struck the shipping and destroyed nearly every vessel there. Three German war-ships were wrecked. One English war-ship, by herculean efforts, was saved. Two American war-ships were wrecked, and one was saved after being run on the beach. This was the "Nipsic." The wrecked vessels were the

"Trenton" and the "Vandalia." The combined strength of their engines and anchors was not enough to keep them from being driven upon the fateful reefs. The "Vandalia" was already stranded and pounding to pieces, and the "Trenton" was drifting down upon her. "Suddenly," says a witness of the scene, "the Stars and Stripes were seen flying from the gaff of the 'Trenton.' Previous to this no vessel in the harbor had raised a flag, as the storm was raging so furiously at sunrise that that ceremony was neglected. It seemed now as if the gallant ship knew she was doomed, and had determined to go down with the flag of her country floating above the storm. Presently the last faint ray of daylight faded away, and night came down upon the awful scene. The storm was still raging with as much fury as at any time during the day. The poor creatures who had been clinging for hours to the rigging of the 'Vandalia' were bruised and bleeding, but they held on with the desperation of men who hang by a thread between life and death. The ropes had cut the flesh of their arms and legs, and their eyes were blinded by the salt spray which swept over them. Weak and exhausted as they were, they would be unable to stand the terrible strain much longer. They looked down upon the angry water below them, and knew that they had no strength left to battle with the waves. Their final hour seemed to be upon them. The great black hull of the 'Trenton' could be seen through the darkness, almost ready to crush into the stranded 'Vandalia' and grind her to atoms. Suddenly a shout was borne across the waters. The 'Trenton' was cheering the 'Vandalia.' The sound of 450 voices broke upon the air and was heard above the roar of the tempest. 'Three cheers for the "Vandalia!"' was the cry that warmed the hearts of the dying men in the rigging. The shout died away upon the storm, and there arose from the quivering masts of the sunken ship a response so feeble that it was scarcely heard on shore. The men who felt that they were looking death in the face aroused themselves to the effort and united in a faint cheer to the flagship. Those who were standing on shore listened in silence, for that feeble cry was the saddest they had ever heard. Every heart was melted to pity. 'God help them!' was passed from one man to another. The sound of music next came across the water. The 'Trenton's' band was playing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The thousand men on sea and shore had never before heard strains of music at such a time as this." And so the good ships went to wreck, and many a life was lost; but a standard of endurance and of valor was there set up that shall command the reverence and wonder of the world as long as time shall endure.

During fifteen years of peace, following the War of the Rebellion, the navy was much neglected. No new ships were built, and the old ones fell into decay. In 1881, however, William H. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy appointed an Advisory Board to plan the building of a new navy adequate to the needs of the



BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION CROSSING HATTERAS BAR.

nation. From the deliberations of this Board and its successor, appointed by Secretary Chandler, sprang the splendid new fleet. The Board recommended the construction of four steel vessels: the "Chicago," of 4500 tons displacement; the "Boston" and "Atlanta," of 3189 tons displacement each, and the "Dolphin," of 1485 tons displacement. The dates of the acts authorizing these vessels were August 5, 1882, and March 3, 1883, and the contracts were taken for all four vessels by John Roach & Sons in July, 1883.

The pioneer of the new steel navy was the "Dolphin." Although classed as a "dispatch boat" in the Navy Register, she has well earned the title of a first-class cruiser, and would be so classed if she had the tonnage displacement, since she made a most successful cruise around the world, traversing 52,000 miles of sea without a single mishap. The "Dolphin" was launched April 21, and she was finished in November, 1884, and although no material changes were made in her she was kept in continuous service for nearly six years. After her trip around Cape Horn, and after ten months hard cruising, she was thoroughly surveyed, and there was not a plate displaced, nor a rivet loosened, nor a timber strained, nor a spar out of gear. At the end of her cruise around the world she was pronounced "the stanchest dispatch-boat in any navy of the world."

The "Dolphin" is a single-screw vessel of the following dimensions: Length over all, 265½ feet; breadth of beam, 32 feet; mean draught, 14¼ feet; displacement, 1485 tons. Her armament consists of two four-inch rapid-firing guns; two six-pounder rapid-firing guns; four forty-seven-millimeter Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and two Gatling guns. She is also fitted with torpedo tubes. Her cost, exclusive of her guns, was $315,000. Her complement of crew consists of 10 officers and 98 enlisted men.

The first four vessels were called the "A, B, C, and D of the New Navy," because of the first letters of their names—the "Atlanta," "Boston," "Chicago," and "Dolphin." The "Atlanta" and "Boston" are sister ships—that is, they were built from the same designs and their plates, etc., were moulded from the same patterns and they carry the same armament—hence a description of one is a description of the other. They followed the "Dolphin" in service, the "Atlanta" being launched on October 9, 1884, and the "Boston" on December 4, 1884. The "Atlanta" cost $619,000 and the "Boston" $617,000. The official description of these vessels is that they "are central superstructure, single-deck, steel cruisers." Their dimensions are: Length over all, 283 feet; breadth of beam, 42 feet; mean draught, 17 feet; displacement, 3189 tons; sail area, 10,400 square feet. The armament of each consists of two eight-inch and six six-inch breech-loading rifles; two six-pounder, two two-pounder, and two one-pounder rapid-firing guns; two 47-millimeter and two 37-millimeter Hotchkiss revolving cannon, two Gatling guns, and a set of torpedo-firing tubes.

Larger and finer still is the "Chicago," the flagship of the fleet, which was launched on December 5, 1885. She was the first vessel of the navy to have heavy guns mounted in half turrets, her four eight-inch cannon being carried on the spar-deck in half turrets built out from the ship's side, the guns being twenty-four and a-half feet above the water and together commanding the entire horizon. There are six six-inch guns in the broadside ports of the gun-deck and a six-inch gun on each bow. There are also two five-inch guns aft in the after portion of the cabin. Her secondary battery is two Gatlings, two six-pounders, two one-pounders, two 47-millimeter revolving cannon, and two 37-millimeter revolving cannon.

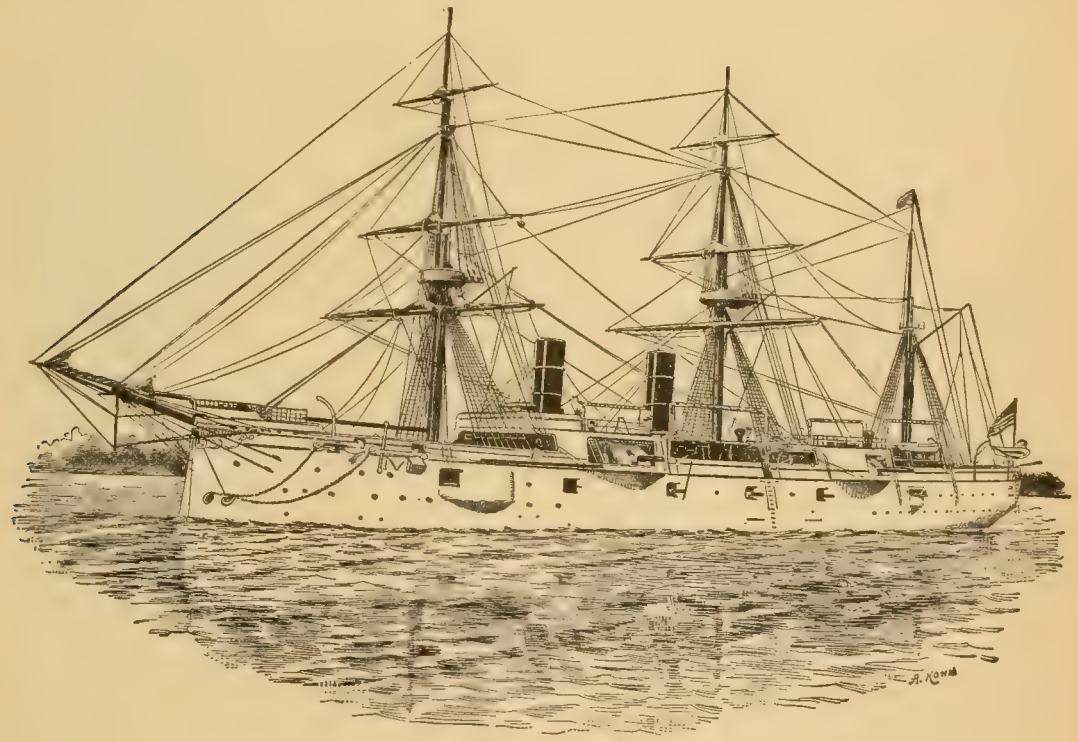
This auspicious start being made, the work of building the new navy went steadily on. Next came the protected cruisers "Baltimore," "Charleston," "Newark," "San Francisco," and "Philadelphia," big steel ships, costing from a million to nearly a million and a half dollars each. Much smaller cruisers, or gunboats, were the "Yorktown," "Concord," and "Bennington," and, smallest of all, the "Petrel." All these ships, though varying in size, are of the same general type. They are not heavily armored, and are not regarded as regular battle-ships, yet could doubtless give a good account of themselves in any conflict. They are chiefly intended, however, as auxiliaries to the real fighters, and as cruisers, commerce destroyers, etc.

The "Vesuvius," launched in April, 1888, is a "dynamite cruiser," a small, swift vessel, carrying three huge guns, each of fifteen inches bore, pointing directly forward and upward. From these, charges of dynamite are to be fired by compressed air. The "Cushing" is a swift torpedo boat, with three tubes for discharging the deadly missiles. It was launched in 1890, and named after the intrepid destroyer of the "Albemarle," whose feat has already been described. The "Stiletto" is a very small, wooden torpedo boat, of very great speed.

The new navy also contains a number of vessels intended for coast-defense, heavily armored for hard fighting. The "Monterey" is a vessel of the "Monitor" type invented by Ericsson. It has two turrets, or barbettes, each carrying two twelve-inch guns, and protected by from eleven to thirteen inches of armor. The bow is provided with a ram. The "Puritan" is a vessel of similar design, with fourteen inches of armor. Besides the four big guns there is a secondary battery of twelve rapid-firing guns, four Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and four Gatling guns. The "Miantonomah" is another double-turreted monitor. Her four ten-inch rifles have an effective range of thirteen miles, and she has a powerful secondary battery. Her big guns can send a five hundred-pound bolt of metal through twenty inches of armor, and she is herself heavily armored. This is a singularly powerful battle-ship, and would probably

prove a match for any war-ship in the world. Several similar vessels are now under construction.

The "Maine" is a heavily-armored cruiser, and while intended for sea-going, is really a battle-ship. It has eleven inches of armor and carries four ten-inch rifles, besides numerous smaller guns. The "Texas" is a similar ship. The "Detroit," "Montgomery," and "Marblehead," not yet completed, are small, partially armored cruisers. The "New York" is a mighty armored cruiser, believed to surpass any other ship ever built in the combination of offen-



"CHICAGO," U. S N., ONE OF THE NEW "WHITE SQUADRON" WAR SHIPS.

sive and defensive power, coal endurance, and speed. She is 380 feet 6½ inches long; steams 20 knots per hour; can go 13,000 miles without coaling; has from six to eight inches of armor, and carries six eight-inch and twelve four-inch rifles, and numerous smaller guns.

The "Raleigh" and "Cincinnati" are protected cruisers of medium size. There are several other cruisers, not yet named, especially designed as commerce-destroyers, having great speed, and being made to look as much like merchant-ships as possible. Other gunboats and battle-ships are also being built; one practice cruiser, intended for a school-ship, and a harbor-defense

ram, carrying no guns, but provided with a particularly ugly beak at the bow. Altogether, the new navy, built or building, down to the present date comprises thirteen armored battle-ships, seventeen unarmored but "protected" cruisers, and six gunboats, all of them fully equal to any ships of their class in the world.

In scarcely any department of human industry are the changes produced by the progress of civilization more strikingly seen than in the navy. When America was discovered, the galleon and the caravel were the standard war-ships of the world—clumsy wooden tubs, towering high in air, propelled by sails and even oars, with a large number of small cannons, and men armed with muskets and cross-bows. Such was the famed Armada, "that great fleet invincible," that was vanquished by the smaller, lighter crafts of Britain. Four hundred years have passed, and what is the war-ship of to-day? A low-lying hulk of iron and steel; armed with a few big guns, one of which throws a heavier shot than a galleon's whole broadside; driven resistlessly through the water by mighty steam engines; lighted and steered by electric apparatus, and using an electric search-light that makes midnight as bright as day. All the triumphs of science and mechanic arts have contributed to the perfection of these dreadful sea monsters, a single one of which could have destroyed the whole Armada in an hour, and laughed to scorn the might of Nelson in Trafalgar Bay. What the locomotive is to the stage-coach, that is the "Miantonomah" or the "New York" to the "San Philip" or the "Revenge."

OLIVER H. PERRY,

THE HERO OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

AMONG the "Giants of the American Navy" there are few more remarkable than the commander who fought the singular but glorious battle of Lake Erie, in September, 1813. Oliver Hazard Perry was a Rhode Island boy, born in 1785. His mother, Sarah Alexander, was noted for her strength of character and intellect, and her children were trained with rare ability. She taught him how and what to read, told him stories of the deeds of her military ancestors, and "fitted him to command others by teaching him early to obey." After the battle on Lake Erie, when the country was ringing with Perry's praises, some Rhode Island farmers, who knew his mother well, insisted that it was "Mrs. Perry's victory."

Perry entered the navy as a midshipman when only fourteen. He gave the details of his profession the most thorough study, and by incessant training of his crews, and practicing his ships in the various evolutions, he brought them up to a wonderful degree of efficiency. In the years preceding the War of 1812 he was in command of the Newport flotilla of gunboats; and he practiced sham fights by dividing his fleet into two squadrons, manœuvering them as if in battle, and thus acquired the ability to take advantage of critical moments and situations.

When war against England was at last declared, Perry applied repeatedly for a sea command, but, being disappointed, finally offered his services to Commodore Chauncey, on the lakes. There he had to begin by building his ships. The shores of Lake Erie were a wilderness. The squadron was to be built from the trees standing in the forest. Traveling to Lake Erie in sleighs, he met there a party of ship carpenters from Philadelphia, and after months of the most incessant toil, they constructed the little fleet of nine vessels with which Perry was to meet the enemy. He had to create not only his ships but the force to man them. While the vessels were being built he was drilling his men, a collection of some five hundred, many of whom had never seen salt water.

Five months of his excellent training converted them into thoroughly drilled artillerists.

While Perry was building his ships, the English commander, Commodore Barclay, was likewise building the fleet which was to encounter them. By August both were ready, and after some manœuvering they met in battle on September 10th, near the western end of the lake. The fight was hardly begun when Perry's ship, the *Lawrence*, became separated from the rest, and was so furiously attacked by Barclay's flag-ship, the *Detroit*, that in a short time she was in a sinking condition. Leaving her in charge of a lieutenant, Perry embarked in a small boat, and passing under his enemy's guns, boarded the *Niagara*, where he hoisted his flag, and renewed the attack with such vigor that by four o'clock in the afternoon every one of the British vessels had surrendered.

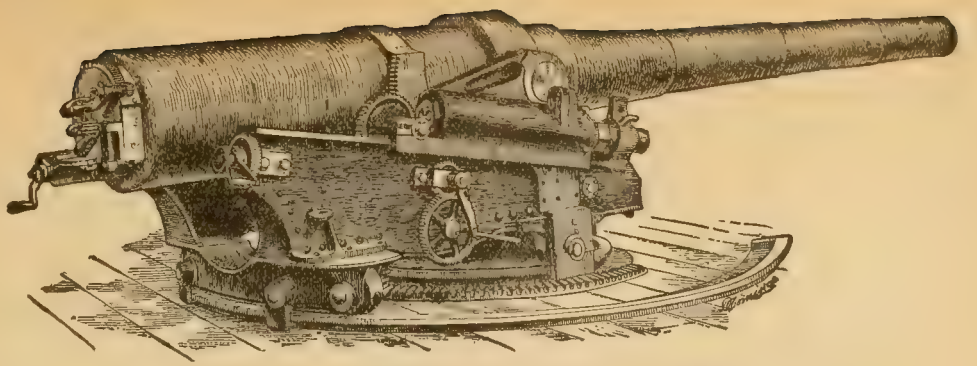
Few naval victories in history are more notable than that of Lake Erie, won by the genius and heroism of a young man of only twenty-seven. The letter which he sent to General Harrison, commander of the army, from the deck of his triumphant ship, has become immortal :—

> We have met the enemy, and they are ours,—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. Yours with very great respect and esteem,
>
> O. H. PERRY.

Perry won great honors by his victory, Congress voting him thanks, a medal, and the rank of captain. He afterward took an important part in military operations at Detroit, in the battle of the Thames, Canada, and in defense of Baltimore. While in command of a squadron in the West Indies, he was attacked by yellow fever, and died suddenly at Trinidad, in August, 1819.



DAVID G. FARRAGUT.



EIGHT-INCH GUN AND CARRIAGE OF THE "BALTIMORE."
(*Built at the Washington Navy-Yard, of American Steel.*)

DAVID G. FARRAGUT,

THE GREAT UNION NAVAL COMMANDER.

ONE of the naval heroes of the great civil war is better remembered than David G. Farragut. The figure of the brave admiral, in the fight in Mobile Bay, standing in the rigging of the *Hartford*, with his glass in his hand, directing the movements of the fleet, is one of the most familiar pictures of the war; and no braver man or better sailor than Farragut ever took the deck of a vessel.

The naval career of Farragut began in the War of 1812, when he was a boy only eleven years old. He was in that famous battle in the harbor of Valparaiso between the *Essex* and the British war-vessels *Phebe* and *Cherub*, when the two British vessels attacked the *Essex* while disabled by a sudden squall, and after she had taken refuge in neutral waters. The *Essex*, her sails blown away and crippled by the storm, was unable to change her position, and lay helpless at the mercy of her enemies' guns. After a bloody battle of two hours and a half, under such fearful odds, the flag was lowered. In such desperate battles as this, which gave to the American navy lasting renown, the naval career of Farragut began.

In January, 1862, the government fitted out an expedition for the capture of New Orleans, and put it under Farragut's command. His fleet comprised forty-eight vessels, large and small, and all of wood, as the iron-clad vessels of later date were not yet developed. The river was defended by Forts Jackson

and St. Philip, lying on opposite sides of the Mississippi, about seventy miles below the city; and many gunboats and rams lay near the forts.

Before attempting to pass the forts, Farragut determined to bombard them from his fleet; and careful preparations were made on all the vessels. It was a grand spectacle when, on the 16th of March, this formidable fleet at last opened fire. The low banks of the river on both sides seemed lined with flame. All day long the earth trembled under the heavy explosions, and by night two thousand shells had been hurled against the forts.

The rebels had not been idle during the delays of the previous weeks, but had contrived and constructed every possible instrument of destruction and defense. On the first morning of the bombardment they set adrift a fire-ship made of a huge flatboat piled with lighted pitch-pine cordwood. The blazing mass, however, kept in the middle of the stream, and so passed the fleet without inflicting any damage. At night another was sent adrift. Small boats were sent to meet it, and, in spite of the intense heat, grappling irons were fastened in it, and the mass was towed to the shore and left to burn harmlessly away.

Having at last made all the preparations that he could with the means allowed him, and the mortar-boats having accomplished all that was in their power to do for the present, the 26th day of April was fixed for the passage of the forts. The chain across the channel had been cut a few nights before. It was determined to start at two o'clock in the morning, and the evening before Farragut visited his ships for a last interview with the commanders.

THE PASSAGE OF THE FORTS.

At length, at two o'clock, two lanterns were seen to rise slowly to the mizzen peak of the *Hartford*. The boatswain's shrill call rung over the water, and the drums beat to quarters. The enemy was on the lookout, and the vessels had scarcely got under way when signal-lights flashed along the batteries. Then a belt of fire gleamed through the darkness, and the next moment the heavy shot came shrieking over the bosom of the stream. All eyes were now turned on the *Hartford*, as she silently steamed on,—the signal "close action" blazing from her rigging. In the meantime the mortar-boats below opened fire, and the hissing shells, rising in graceful curves over the advancing fleet, dropped with a thunderous sound into the forts above. In a few minutes the advanced vessels opened, firing at the flashes from the forts. The fleet, with full steam on, was soon abreast of the forts, and its rapid broadsides, mingling with the deafening explosions on shore, turned night into fiery day.

While the bombardment was in progress, a fire-raft, pushed by the ram *Manassas*, loomed through the smoke, and bore straight down on the *Hartford*. Farragut sheered off to avoid the collision, and in doing so ran aground, when the fire-ship came full against him. In a moment the flames leaped up the rig-

ging and along the sides. There was no panic; every man was in his place, and soon the hose was manned and a stream of water turned on the flames. The fire was at length got under, and Farragut again moved forward at the head of his column.

And now came down the rebel fleet of thirteen gunboats and two iron-clad rams to mingle in the combat. Broadside to broadside, hull crashing against hull, it quickly became at once a gladiatorial combat of ships. The *Varuna*, Captain Boggs, sent five of the Confederate vessels to the bottom one after another, and finally was herself sunk. When the sun rose through the morning



BAILEY'S DAM ON THE RED RIVER.

mist, he looked down on a scene never to be forgotten while naval deeds are honored by the nation. There lay the forts, with the Confederate flags still flying. But their doom was sealed. And there, too, driven ashore, wrecked, or captured, were thirteen of the enemy's gunboats, out of the seventeen brought down to assist the forts in resisting the Union fleet.

New Orleans was now at Farragut's mercy. Lovell, commanding the Confederate troops in the city, evacuated the place and left it under the control of the mayor, Monroe. Farragut took possession of the city, and raised the national flag on the City Hall, Mint, and Custom House, which were the

property of the United States. He then turned it over to General Butler, and proceeded with his fleet up the river.

THE BATTLE IN MOBILE BAY.

In January, 1864, Farragut sailed for Mobile Bay. Morgan and Gaines were the chief forts barring it. Fort Morgan mounted some thirty guns, and Fort Gaines twenty-one. There were three steamers and four rams inside, waiting to receive any vessels that might succeed in passing the forts. Batteries lined the shore, and torpedoes paved the bed of the channel. On the 1st of March, also, before his preparations for the attack were complete, he saw the Confederate iron-clad ram *Tennessee* steam up the channel and anchor near the forts.



ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.

This complicated the situation very much. The contest between wooden vessels on one side, and an iron-clad and strong forts on the other, was so unequal that it was almost foolhardy to enter it. After weeks of waiting, however, the Union iron-clad *Tecumseh* at last arrived, and on August 5, 1864, Farragut proceeded to attack the forts.

The vessels were arranged two by two, and lashed strongly together. The fleet, with the *Brooklyn* ahead, steamed slowly on, and at a quarter to seven the *Tecumseh* fired the first gun. Twenty minutes later the forts opened fire, when the *Brooklyn* replied with two 100-pounder Parrott rifles, and the battle fairly commenced.

Farragut had lashed himself near the maintop of the Hartford, so as to be able to overlook the whole scene. While watching with absorbing anxiety the progress of the fleet through the tremendous fire now concentrated upon it, suddenly, to his utter amazement, he saw the *Brooklyn* stop and begin to back. The order to reverse engines passed down through the whole fleet, bringing it to a sudden halt just as it was entering the fiery vortex. "What does this mean?" had hardly passed the lips of Farragut, when he heard the cry, "Torpedoes! The *Tecumseh* is going down!" Glancing toward the spot where she lay, he saw only the top of her turrets, which were rapidly sinking beneath the water. Right ahead were the buoys which had turned the *Brooklyn* back, indi-

cating where torpedoes were supposed to be sunk, ready to lift his ship into the air as they had the *Tecumseh*.

But now Farragut's sailor blood was up. "D—— the torpedoes!" he shouted; "go ahead!" Pointing between the threatening buoys, the order was given to move on, and with the foam dashing from the bows of his vessel, he swept forward, "determined," he said, "to take the chances." Wheeling to the northwest as he kept the channel, he brought his whole broadside to bear on the fort, with tremendous effect.

The other vessels following in the wake of the flag-ship one after another swept past the batteries, the crews loudly cheering, and were signaled by Farragut to come to anchor. But the officers had scarcely commenced clearing decks, when the *Tennessee* was seen boldly standing out into the bay, and steering straight for the fleet, with the purpose of attacking it.

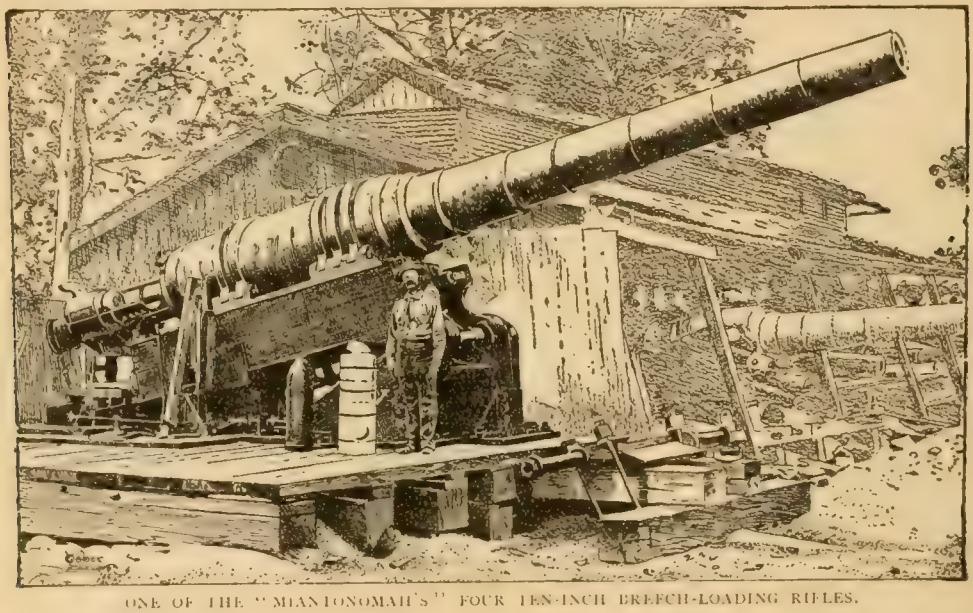
RAMMING AN IRONCLAD RAM.

It was a thrilling moment. There was a fleet of frail wooden vessels, attacked by a ram clad in armor impervious to their guns. The moment Farragut discovered it, he signaled the vessels to run her down, and, hoisting his own anchor, ordered the pilot to drive the *Hartford* full on the iron-clad. The *Monongahela*, under the command of the intrepid Strong, being near the rear of the line, was still moving up the bay when he saw the ram heading for the line. He instantly sheered out, and, ordering on a full head of steam, drove his vessel with tremendous force straight on the iron-clad structure. Wheeling, he again struck her, though he had carried away his own iron prow and cutwater. The *Lackawanna* came next, and, striking the ram while under full headway, rolled her over on her side. The next moment, down came Farragut in the *Hartford*, but just before the vessel struck, the ram sheered, so that the blow was a glancing one, and the former rasped along her iron-plated hull and fell alongside. Recoiling for some ten or twelve feet, the *Hartford* poured in at that short distance a whole broadside of nine-inch solid shot, hurled with charges of thirteen pounds of powder. The heavy metal, though sent with such awful force, and in such close proximity, made no impression, but broke into fragments on the mailed sides or dropped back into the water. The shot and shell from the *Tennessee*, on the other hand, went crashing through the wooden sides of the *Hartford*, strewing her deck with the dead.

Farragut now stood off, and began to make a circuit in order to come down again, when the *Lackawanna*, which was driving the second time on the monster, by accident struck the *Hartford* a little forward of the mizzen-mast, and cut her down to within two feet of the water. She was at first thought to be sinking, and "The Admiral! the Admiral! Save the Admiral!" rang over the shattered deck. But Farragut, seeing that the vessel would still float, shouted

out to put on steam, determined to send her, crushed and broken as she was, full on the ram.

By this time the monitors had crawled up and were pouring in their heavy shot. The *Chickasaw* got under the stern and knocked away the smokestack, while the *Manhattan* sent one shot clean through the vessel, and disabled her stern port shutter with a shell, so that the gun could not be used, while a third carried away the steering gear. Thus, with her steering-chains gone, her smokestack shot away, many of her port shutters jammed, the *Tennessee* stood amid the crowding gunboats like a stag at bay among the hounds. The Ossipee was driving toward her under full headway ; and a little farther off, bearing down on the same errand, were coming the *Hartford*, *Monongahela*, and *Lackawanna*.



ONE OF THE "MIANTONOMAH'S" FOUR TEN-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

The fate of the iron-clad was sealed, and her commander hoisted the white flag, but not until the *Ossipee* was so near that her commander could not prevent a collision, and his vessel rasped heavily along the iron sides of the ram. He received her surrender from Commander Johnson—the admiral, Buchanan, having been previously wounded in the leg. This ended the morning's work, and at ten minutes past ten Farragut brought his fleet to anchor within four miles of Fort Morgan.

The loss of the Union iron-clad *Tecumseh*, with her commander and crew, tempered the exultation over this splendid victory. A torpedo was exploded directly under the vessel, almost lifting her out of the water, and blowing a hole in her bottom so large that she sank before her crew could reach the deck. Farragut's impetuous bravery, however, and the picturesque novelty of wooden

vessels ramming an iron-clad, made this one of the most famous naval battles of the war, and gave to the brave admiral a wide and lasting renown. Officers and men, too, seemed to catch the spirit of the commander, and fought with the most splendid bravery. Several of the wounded refused to leave the deck, but continued to fight their guns; others retired and had their wounds dressed, and then returned to their posts.

A few days later, after a severe bombardment from the Union fleet, both

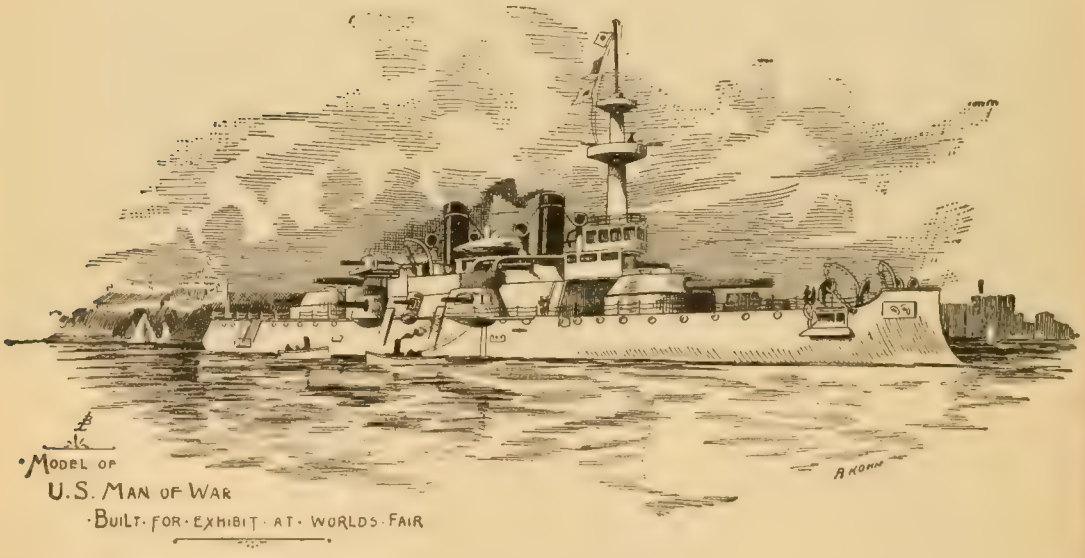


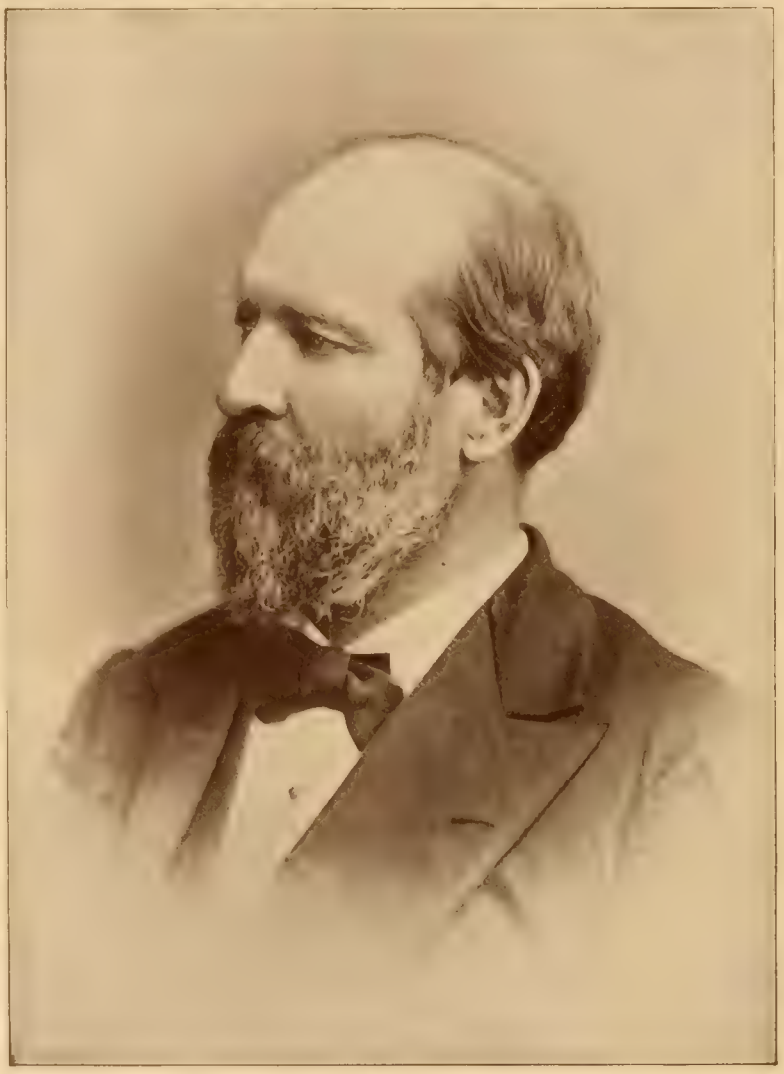
MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, AT WASHINGTON.

the Confederate forts were surrendered. This completed the Union victory, and put the harbor and city of Mobile again under the control of the government. Soon after this, his health demanding some relaxation, Farragut obtained leave of absence, and sailed for New York in his flagship, the now famous *Hartford*. At New York he was welcomed with impressive ceremonies, and received the highest testimonials of appreciation of his services to the nation, a number of wealthy men of New York presenting a gift of $50,000 as a token of their esteem. The rank of vice-admiral was created for him by

Congress. His services were not again required during the war, and he returned to his home at Hastings, on the Hudson.

Farragut had just the qualities for a popular hero. Brave almost to the point of recklessness, he was simple and unassuming in appearance and deportment, and kind and genial in manner. A story is told of him that once when traveling in the White Mountains, a man brought his little daughter, at her own urgent request, some fifteen miles to see him, for she would not be content till she had looked on the great admiral. Farragut took the child in his arms, kissed her, and talked playfully with her. He was dressed in citizen's costume, and looked in her eyes very much like any other man, and totally unlike the hero whose praises had been so long ringing over the land. In her innocent surprise, she said, "Why, you do not look like a great general. I saw one the other day, and he was covered all over with gold." The admiral laughed, and, to please her, actually took her to his room, and put on his uniform, when she went away satisfied.





JAMES A. GARFIELD.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

CITIZEN, STATESMAN, PRESIDENT.



URING the long, sultry days of the summer of 1881, at almost every newspaper and telegraph office stood a group of people, which sometimes swelled into a great crowd, watching eagerly for the slips of paper which from time to time were posted in a conspicuous place on the front of the building. In the intervals they would gather in little knots and talk together in low tones. To one who did not know what had happened on July 2d, it would have been hard to guess what gathered these waiting crowds, day after day, throughout the land. With intense, foreboding suspense fifty millions of people were watching for the news from the bedside of the President of the United States, who had been stricken down by the bullet of an assassin. Who that lived through that long summer can forget those anxious days and nights? And when at last the brave struggle for life was ended, and the silent form was borne from the seaside to rest on the shores of Lake Erie, who can forget the solemn hush which seemed to prevail everywhere as the tomb opened to receive all that was mortal of the beloved President, James A. Garfield?

To some not well acquainted with Garfield's history, it may seem that the tragic and pathetic circumstances of his illness and death were the chief cause of the universal love and grief which were manifested for him; but a study of his life will correct this impression. Few public men of our time have had a career which was so gradual and steady a growth; and few indeed attain to the full, ripe, well-rounded completeness which made him a really great statesman. Steadily, inch by inch, he had worked his way up, never falling back, until the topmost round of the ladder was reached; and never was success more fully deserved or more bravely won.

James Abram Garfield was born in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, on November 19, 1831. He was but two years old when his father died suddenly, leaving his mother with four children, and her only source of support a small farm, encumbered by debt, in the half-cleared forests of northern Ohio. She worked

early and late, the children helping her. James had "not a lazy bone in his body." When hardly more than a baby, he picked cherries, planted corn, gathered vegetables, and helped in a hundred ways. He early developed a great aptitude for the use of tools, and as he grew up made an excellent carpenter. There was hardly a barn, shed, or building of any kind put up in the neighborhood but bore the marks of his skill. The money earned by the use of his tools in summer helped to pay for his schooling in the winter.

James early developed a great love for books. Stories of battle, tales of adventure, the lives of great men, all such were irresistibly fascinating to him. Two books, Weems's "Life of Marion" and Grimshaw's "Napoleon," stirred



THE HOME OF GARFIELD'S CHILDHOOD.

in him a great desire for the military career on which he entered with so much promise in later life; and stories of the sea at last aroused an irresistible longing for a sailor's life. He went to Cleveland and tried to secure employment on one of the lake vessels, but was unsuccessful. The only opening in the line of maritime commerce was on the Ohio and Pennsylvania canal, and James accepted the position of driver, at twelve dollars a month. Such was his capacity and attention to duty that in the first round trip he had learned all there was to be learned on the tow-path. He was promptly promoted from driver to bowsman, and accorded the proud privilege of steering the boat instead of steering the mules.

During his first trip he fell overboard fourteen times, by actual count. In this way he contracted malaria, which long remained with him. He could not swim a stroke. One dark, rainy night he again fell into the canal, when no help was at hand, and was saved as by a miracle, the rope at which he caught "kinking" and holding fast while he drew himself on deck. Believing that he was providentially saved for something better than steering a canal-boat, he returned home, resolved to obtain an education and make a man of himself.

EARNING AN EDUCATION.

In the winter of 1849 he attended Geauga Seminary, where he and three other young men "boarded themselves," living on about fifty cents a week each.



GARFIELD ON THE TOW-PATH.

Here he met a quiet, studious girl, Lucretia Rudolph, the daughter of a Maryland farmer, who afterward became his wife. He was an intense student. He had an insatiable appetite for knowledge, and would make any sacrifice to obtain it. At the close of the session he worked through the vacation, and also taught a country school, to earn money for the following winter. He was a capital teacher. He stirred a new life and ambition in his scholars, and roused in them an enthusiasm almost equal to his own.

In August, 1851, Garfield entered a new school established at Hiram, Portage county, by the religious society to which he belonged, the Disciples of Christ, or "Campbellites." Here he resolved to prepare himself for college. He lived in a room with four other pupils, and studied harder than ever. When

he went to Hiram he had studied Latin only six weeks, and just begun Greek; and was, therefore, just in a condition to fairly begin the four years' preparatory course ordinarily taken by students to enter college in the freshman class. Yet in *three* years' time he fitted himself to enter the *junior* class, and at the same time earned his own living, thus crowding six years' study into three, and teaching for support at the same time. After some debate he resolved to go to Williams College, in Berkshire, Massachusetts, and entered there in 1854.

Study at Williams was easy for Garfield. He had been used to much harder work at Hiram. His lessons were always perfectly learned. One of the professors called him "the boy who never flunked," and he did much extra reading and studying.



GARFIELD AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

In the summer of 1856, after only two years of study, Garfield graduated at Williams College, and returned to his Ohio home. In the autumn he entered Hiram College as a teacher of ancient languages and literature. The next year, at the age of twenty-six, he was made president of the institution. This office he held for five years. Under his management the attendance was doubled; he raised the standard of scholarship, strengthened its faculty, and inspired everybody connected with it with something of his own zeal and enthusiasm. In 1858 he married his old schoolmate, Miss Rudolph, and they began life in a little cottage fronting on the grounds of the college.

Garfield's political career may be said to have fairly begun in the campaign of 1857–'58, when he made a number of political speeches. In 1859 he was elected to the State Senate of Ohio, and became a noted member of that body. When the war broke out in 1861, and President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 men, Garfield moved in the Ohio Senate to make 20,000 troops and $3,000,000 the quota of the State. In August Governor Dennison, the famous "war governor" of Ohio, offered him the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 42d Ohio Regiment, which was then being organized. Most of the regiment were old students of Hiram College, so that he would be surrounded in the field by the same faces among whom he had taught. He soon decided to accept the

commission. His way of proceeding to drill his company was characteristic of the teacher as well as the soldier. He made soldiers of wooden blocks, fashioned in different forms to represent the officers, and with these blocks he carried on with his subordinates games of military tactics, until, when the regiment was ready to go into service, it was pronounced one of the most thoroughly drilled in the whole army.

FIGHTING IN KENTUCKY.

In December of 1861 Garfield's regiment was ordered into service in Kentucky and West Virginia. At that time the destiny of Kentucky was still in doubt. Though much attached to the Union, it was a slave State, and strong



HIRAM COLLEGE.

influences were at work to draw it within the vortex of secession. Two Confederate armies were marching northward through the State, one under Zollikoffer and the other under Humphrey Marshall. Garfield was dispatched against Marshall's forces. He met them on the banks of Middle Creek, a narrow and rapid stream, flowing into the Big Sandy, through the sharp spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. His force amounted to only 1100 men; they met at least 5000, and defeated them. Marshall's force was driven from Kentucky, and made no further attempt to occupy the Sandy Valley. This campaign was conducted under the greatest possible difficulties, and it has received the highest praise from military critics.

After his success in Kentucky, Garfield was sent with his regiment to join

Grant in Mississippi. He arrived, with the other forces under Buell, just in time to help in the second day's battle at Shiloh, and to turn the tide in favor of the Union army. After this battle he was for some time employed in rebuilding railroads and bridges. In midsummer, however, he was obliged to return home on sick-leave. As soon as he recovered, he was ordered to join General Rosecrans, then in command of the Army of the Cumberland. He was made the commander's chief-of-staff, and acted in this position during the following year.

On September 19, 1863, was fought the great battle of Chickamauga, which but for the bravery and steadiness of General Thomas would probably have resulted in the destruction of the Union army. Rosecrans, accompanied by his chief-of-staff, had left the battle-field, and gone hastily to Chattanooga, to provide for the retreat which he then thought inevitable. On reaching Chattanooga, Garfield, at his urgent request, was permitted to return to the battle-field, where he found Thomas still engaged in resisting the attack of the Confederate forces. Immediately after his arrival a fresh assault was made, lasting half an hour, when the Confederates finally broke, and abandoned the attack. Garfield remained on the field with General Thomas until night, and accompanied him in his retreat to Chattanooga.

Soon after the battle of Chickamauga Garfield was nominated for Congress from the Northern District of Ohio. Almost at the same time he received his promotion to the grade of major-general for his gallant services in the Chattanooga campaign. His salary as major-general would be more than double that which he would receive as Congressman; but he was convinced that he could do the country more service in the latter position, and accordingly took his place in Congress, where he remained until, sixteen years later, he was nominated for President.

Garfield's career in Congress was one of steady advancement. At its beginning he was noted as an efficient and original public man. He was exceedingly industrious and attentive to legislative business, and the measures which he originated and advocated in Congress gave him a wide and lasting reputation. In his second term, during the latter part of the war, his financial ability had become so apparent that the Secretary of the Treasury requested the Speaker to make him a member of the Ways and Means Committee, that the country might have the benefit of his ability and experience. Throughout his whole term of service, his influence steadily increased, and when in 1877 Mr. Blaine was transferred from the House to the Senate, Garfield was by common consent made the leader of the Republican party in the House.

In 1880 Garfield was nominated and elected United States Senator by the Ohio Legislature, and on June 10th of the same year he was nominated at Chicago for the Presidency.

The meeting of the Republican National Convention in Chicago, in June,

1880, was one of the most memorable in the history of the party. The popularity of General Grant had been immensely increased by the honors showered upon him by all nations in his trip around the world, from which he had recently returned; and his powerful supporters, Conkling of New York, Cameron of Pennsylvania, and Logan of Illinois, were bent upon nominating him for a third term. His great rival was James G. Blaine, whose popularity was almost as great as that of Grant; and Senators Sherman and Edmunds were also strongly supported, especially by those who disliked the "third term" idea. Garfield was himself a delegate from Ohio. Sherman was the man of his choice, and he worked with all his might to secure his nomination.

For a full week the convention continued in session. Thirty-five ballots were cast without a majority for any one of the candidates. On the morning of the last day the thirtieth ballot resulted in 306 votes for Grant; 279 for Blaine; 120 for Sherman; 33 for Washburne; 11 for Edmunds; 4 for Windom; and 2 for Garfield. Nothing could change the vote of Grant's famous "306;" but neither could the best efforts of his friends increase the ranks of that faithful band; and 378 was the number required for a nomination. It became evident also that Blaine could not be nominated, although his supporters were almost as steady as those of Grant. His vote, which on the first ballot was 284, remained nearly the same until the last day. Evidently the vote of those opposed to Grant must be massed upon some other candidate. Who that candidate was did not appear until the thirty-fourth ballot, when 17 votes were cast for Garfield. As soon as this result was announced, the end of the long struggle was foreseen. On the next ballot his vote increased to 50, and on the thirty-sixth and last, nearly all the delegates except Grant's immovable 306 came over to Garfield with a rush. He received 399 votes, which made him the choice of the convention for President.



HON. JOHN SHERMAN.

Garfield's opponent in the canvass was General Winfield S. Hancock, one of the bravest soldiers of the civil war, who had been wounded at the great battle of Gettysburg. The tariff question was the chief issue of the campaign; and on this and similar questions of national policy Garfield was admirably equipped and perfectly at home; while to General Hancock, whose training

was altogether that of a soldier, they were new and unfamiliar. After an active and ably-fought contest, Garfield was elected by a vote of 214, to 155 for his competitor.

Garfield's administration began with war,—political war,—war with the elements in his own party which had supported Grant at the Chicago convention, and which now transferred the contest to the Senate. So peculiar was this well-remembered struggle, and so far-reaching in its effects, that the story deserves to be briefly told.

The very first question that met Garfield on his accession was that of appointments. Mr. Conkling, the senior senator from New York, had been the chief and most determined advocate of Grant's nomination. By the practice known as the "courtesy of the Senate," it was customary for that body to decline to confirm nominations made by the President to offices in any State which were distasteful to the senators from that State. In making nominations for New York offices the President had in most cases named men unobjectionable to Senator Conkling; but following these was one of William H. Robertson to be collector of customs at New York, which was especially obnoxious to him. Judge Robertson had been one of the New York delegates to the Chicago convention, and had led in organizing the final "bolt" to Garfield. An effort was made to get the President to withdraw this nomination; but he declined. Mr. Conkling then brought about an arrangement with the Democratic senators by which all nominations opposed by a senator from the nominee's State should "lie over" without action, but others should be confirmed. The effect of this was to force Mr. Robertson's nomination to go over until the following December. With this result Mr. Conkling was highly pleased, for he had succeeded in driving the senators into a support of him without making an open rupture between them and the President. Mr. Conkling, it seemed that night, had the best of it.



CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR, GARFIELD'S SUCCESSOR.

The President, however, was not yet beaten. With magnificent pluck, that was hailed by the people everywhere with applause, he dealt Mr. Conkling a fatal blow. The next morning, May 5th, all the nominations that were pleasing to Mr. Conkling were withdrawn; that of Judge Robertson was not. This defined the issue sharply, and obliged senators to choose between the President and the New York senator. They declined to follow Mr. Conkling, and Robertson's nomination was confirmed. Then Mr. Conkling and his colleague, Mr. Platt, in the most sensational manner resigned their seats in the Senate, evidently believing that they would be promptly re-elected, and thus secure a "vindication" of their course from their own State.

But they reckoned without their host. The fight was now transferred to Albany; but Mr. Conkling's power over the New York Legislature was gone. Public opinion sustained the President. The two senators resorted to every expedient known to politics to secure their re-election, but their efforts were in vain; Messrs. Miller and Lapham were chosen to fill the vacant seats, and the two ex-senators were allowed to remain in private life. But before this result was reached, and while the ignoble struggle was still going on in the New York Legislature, the great tragedy occurred which plunged the whole country into deep sorrow.

THE TRAGEDY OF 1881.

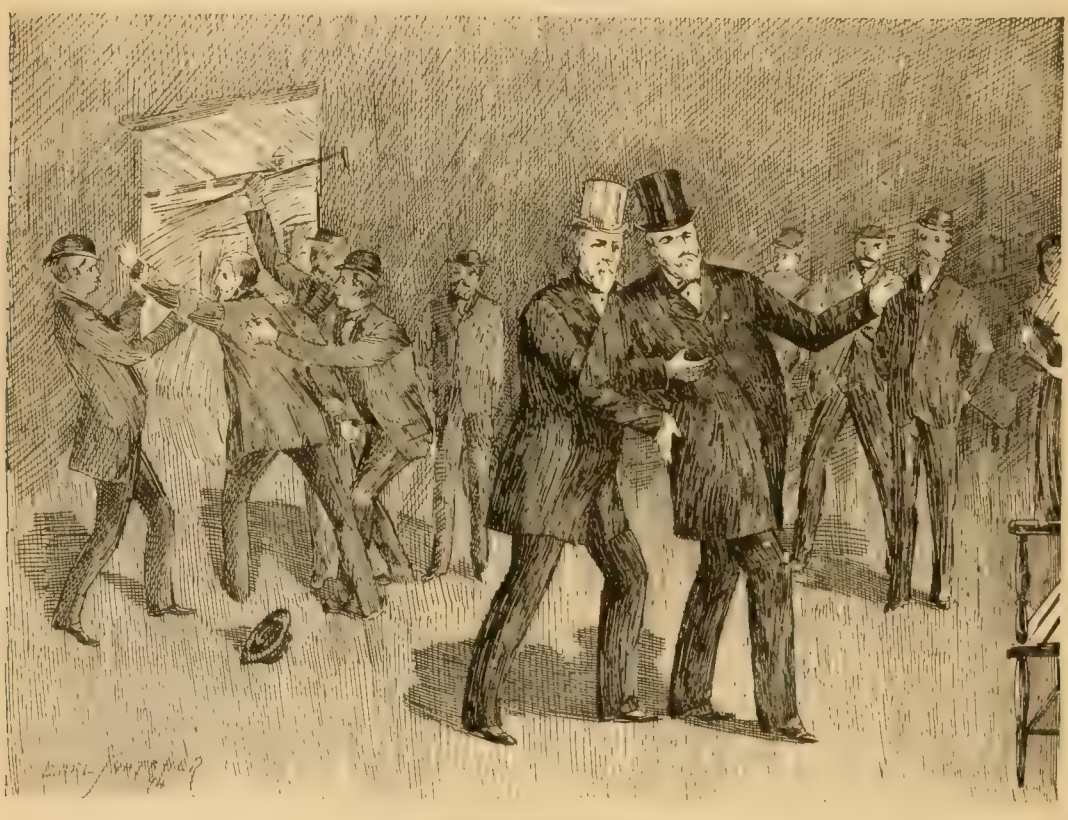
Saturday, July 2, 1881, was a fair, hot midsummer day. The inmates of the White House were astir early. The President was going to Massachusetts to attend the commencement exercises at his old college at Williamstown, and afterward to take a holiday jaunt through New England, accompanied by several members of the Cabinet and other friends. His wife, who was at Long Branch, New Jersey, just recovering from a severe attack of malarial fever, was to join him at New York. He had looked forward with almost boyish delight to his trip, and was in high spirits as he and Secretary Blaine drove off to the railway station.

There was no crowd about. Most of those who were to take the train had already gone on board. Among the few persons in the waiting-room was a slender, middle-aged man, who walked up and down rather nervously, occasionally looking out of the door as if expecting some one. There was nothing about him to attract special notice, and no one paid much attention to him. When President Garfield and Mr. Blaine entered, he drew back, took a heavy revolver from his pocket, and, taking deliberate aim, fired. The ball struck the President on the shoulder. He turned, surprised, to see who had shot him. The assassin recocked his revolver and fired again, and then turned to flee. The President fell to the floor, the blood gushing from a wound in his side.

In a moment all was confusion and horror. Secretary Blaine sprang after the assassin, but, seeing that he was caught, turned again to the President.

The shock had been great, and he was very pale. A mattress was brought, his tall form was lifted tenderly into an ambulance, and he was swiftly borne to the Executive Mansion. His first thought was for his wife,—the beloved wife of his youth, just recovering from sickness, expecting in a few hours to meet him. How would she bear the tidings of this blow?

"Rockwell," he said, faintly, to a friend, "I want you to send a message to 'Crete'" (his pet name for his wife, Lucretia). "Tell her I am seriously hurt,



GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION.

how seriously I cannot yet say. I am myself, and hope she will come to me soon. I send my love to her."

A swift train brought Mrs. Garfield to her husband's side that evening; and then began the long struggle for life, with its fluctuations between hope and dread, which lasted for almost three months. Just after Mrs. Garfield's arrival there was a sudden collapse which seemed to be the end, and the family of the President were hastily summoned to his bedside; but, to the surprise of every one, the crisis passed, and for three weeks he seemed to improve. Then came a turn for the worse, and from that time the President lost ground. The hot summer days, hard to bear even for those in full health, wasted and weakened

him terribly. He sank steadily; and it was seen that unless relief from the intense heat could be had, he would inevitably die within a few days. It was decided to remove him to Elberon, on the ocean shore, near Long Branch, New Jersey; and on September 7th, accompanied by his family and the members of the cabinet, he was borne by a swift special train northward to the seaside. A summer cottage had been offered for his use, and there for two anxious weeks lay the man who, it may be truly said, had become

> The pillar of a people's hope,
> The centre of a world's desire.

The cooling breezes of the seaside brought some relief, and the change no doubt prolonged his life; but it could not be saved. In the night of September 19th, almost without warning, the end came; the feeble flame of life, so anxiously watched and cherished, flickered a moment, and then went out in the darkness.

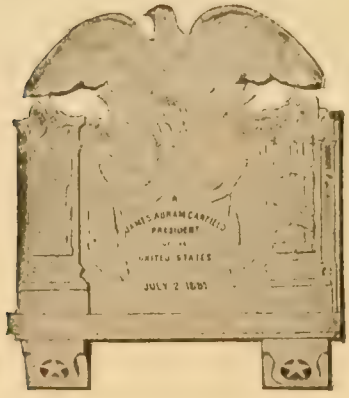
The President's body was borne back to Washington, where it lay in state, viewed by great throngs of mourning people; then it was taken westward to Cleveland, and laid in the tomb by the shores of Lake Erie, almost in sight of his old home. The journey was one long funeral pageant. For almost the entire distance the railway tracks were lined with crowds of people, who, with uncovered heads, stood in reverent silence as the train passed. Not since the day when that other dead President, the great Lincoln, was borne to his last resting-place, had such an assembly been gathered; and the love and grief which followed Garfield to his grave are the best tribute to the worth of his character.

Five months later, in the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, amid such a throng as that chamber has seldom seen, Secretary Blaine delivered his eulogy of the dead President; and from that splendid and pathetic address we take the concluding words, which will fitly close this brief sketch:—

> Great in life, he was surpassingly **great** in death. . . Through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell!—what brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toils and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death.

With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.



TABLET IN THE WAITING-ROOM OF THE RAILWAY STATION WHERE GARFIELD WAS SHOT.



SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

SAMUEL J. TILDEN,

THE GREAT REFORM GOVERNOR.



IN 1876, the great Centennial Year of the Republic, occurred an event unprecedented in our history, and so portentous and alarming that for a time it threatened civil war and the destruction of our government. This was the disputed presidential contest of Hayes against Tilden, which was finally settled by the Electoral Commission, which decided the election in favor of Mr. Hayes. Mr. Tilden had received a large majority of the popular vote, and he and his supporters sincerely believed that he was duly and legally elected; and it is not too much to say that his self-command and his patriotic efforts to quiet public excitement and promote acquiescence in the decision of the commission went far to save the country from anarchy and possible war.

Samuel Jones Tilden was born February 9, 1814, in Columbia county, New York,—one of the counties lying between the Hudson and the western border of Massachusetts. He was a born politician. From boyhood he took a keen interest in political and economic questions, studied them thoroughly, and discussed them eagerly. Near the home of his boyhood lived Martin Van Buren,—the "Sage of Kinderhook," as he was called,—the successor of Jackson, and one of the ablest political leaders of his time. For Van Buren young Tilden conceived a profound admiration, and throughout his whole career that shrewd statesman was his model. When only eighteen, he was so stirred by the political discussions of his elders, in the hot campaign of 1832, that he wrote an "Address to the People," a shrewd and forcible appeal on the pending issues, which so struck Mr. Van Buren that he advised that it should be published in the newspapers. This was done, and its ability was so marked that it was attributed to Van Buren himself, and he was at last obliged to deny being its author. Tilden, also, when only twenty-three, appeared suddenly one day on the platform to answer a speech of Senator Tallmadge, an old and practiced politician; and so effective was his impromptu reply that it was greeted with wild applause by friends and foes alike. His interest in politics, and his

ability both as a statesman and a practical campaign manager, continued and increased to the end of his life.

After completing his college course, Tilden studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1841, beginning a long career of uninterrupted success and growing fame. He was a "born lawyer," no less than a born politician. He had a genius for analysis, an insight into motives, an ability to untangle and make clear what was intricate or perplexed, which is possessed by very few. These qualities he exhibited in a high degree in the Flagg contested election case, in 1856. Flagg, the Democratic candidate for Comptroller of New York city, had 20,313 votes, and Giles, his opponent, had 20,134. Giles contested the election, and brought witnesses who swore that in one ward, which gave Flagg 316 votes and Giles 186, the numbers had been transposed on the return-sheet, and that the vote was really 186 for Flagg and 316 for Giles. The tally-sheet of "straight" votes had disappeared—conveniently for the prosecution; and the tally-sheets of split votes corroborated the testimony of their witnesses. There was no evidence to be had but that offered by the prosecution. The defence seemed to be absolutely helpless. But Tilden took the remaining tally-sheets, and spent the night in working over them; and by a process of reasoning from them and the "straight" ballots cast, he was able to actually reconstruct the missing tallies, with absolutely certain proof that the transposition claimed was impossible. In his opening speech he gave his astounded opponents the first notion of the evidence which he had built up, seemingly from nothing, to destroy their case:—

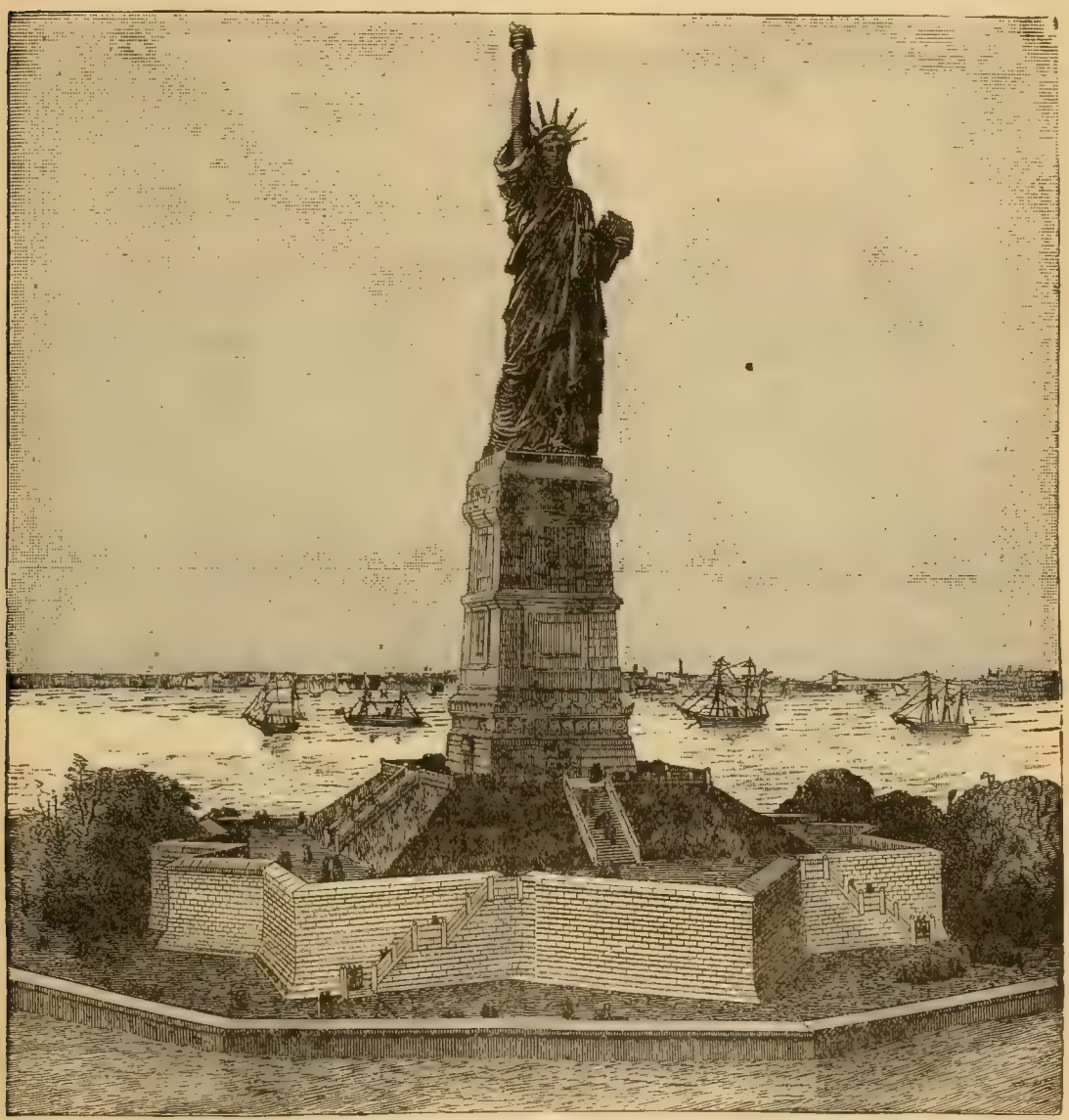
> If, by a violent blow (he said), I should break out the corner of this table, and split a piece off, the fractured and abraded fibers of the wood would be left in forms so peculiar that, though all human ingenuity might be employed to fashion a piece that would fit in the place from which the fragment had been broken, it could not be done. Those things that are the work of God are so much superior in texture to anything we can do, that when they are broken up our ingenuity cannot restore them.

He then placed in the hands of the court and jury printed copies of his reconstructed tallies, and of all the regular tickets, and went over them step by step, by which process they were enabled to perceive and demonstrate, each for himself, the impossibility of the alleged transposition. Within fifteen minutes after the case was submitted to the jury, they returned with a verdict in his favor.

Mr. Tilden's wonderful powers of perception and analysis gave him great success in the management of legal business of great corporations, where intricate accounts and statistics, and the conflict of many different interests, hid and confused the real questions. So able was he in rescuing them from ruinous litigation, reorganizing their administration, and re-arranging their affairs, that it is said that more than half the great railway companies between the Hudson

and Missouri rivers have at some time been his clients. In this practice he acquired both extensive fame and a large fortune.

But it was as a reformer in politics that Mr. Tilden acquired his greatest



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

and most lasting fame. In 1869 the "Tweed ring" of thieves and adventurers had secured the absolute control of New York city. To illustrate their power over the city finances, it may be mentioned that at one meeting of the Board of Special Audit, three men ordered the payment of over six million dollars, hardly

ten per cent. of which in value was realized by the city. Nearly fifteen millions of dollars in fraudulent bills against the city were paid in a single day! The thieves had so securely intrenched themselves that they defied any one to dislodge them. "What are you going to do about it?" was Tweed's famous reply to criticism.

But there was one man who knew what to do about it. A combination of citizens was formed to attack the ring, and to this work Mr. Tilden gave his best powers. By obtaining from banks the checks which had been paid, and comparing them with accounts in the Comptroller's office, he was able to lay bare the details of the conspiracy. He proved that two-thirds of the whole amount



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.

of bills audited had been divided among public officers and their accomplices, and was able to show what amount of public plunder was in the hands of each. With the proofs thus furnished the ring was at length broken up, its power destroyed, and the most prominent of the thieves brought to justice. Tweed fled to Europe, was brought back, and died miserably in prison.

In consequence largely of Tilden's good work in the overthrow of the Tweed ring, he was elected, in 1874, Governor of New York. In this position he soon found work ready to his hand in the exposure and overthrow of the "Canal ring," a body of corrupt men who had secured control of the Erie and Champlain canals, and by a system of immense expenditures and false accounts

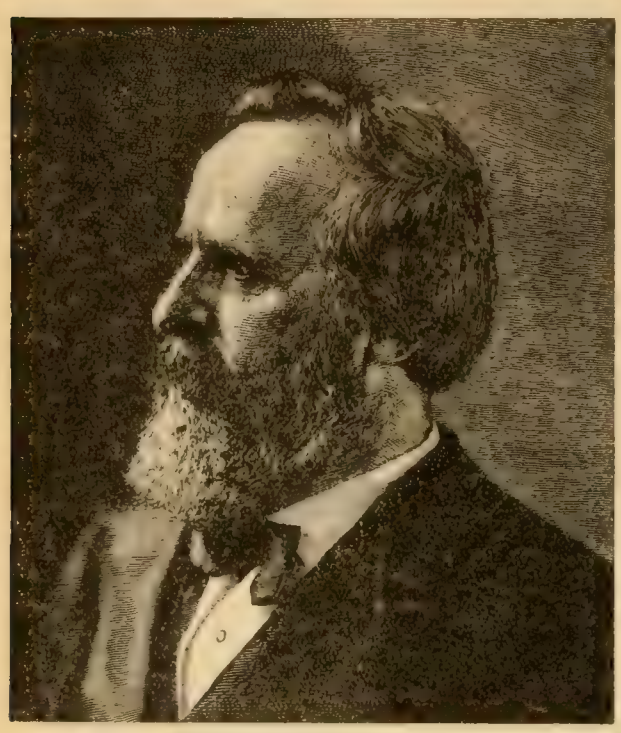
had robbed the State of large sums. Tilden's vigorous efforts resulted in overthrowing the ring, recovering large amounts of stolen money, and completely reforming the whole system of canal administration and management.

Tilden had now gained a most enviable position. By his great reforms he had overthrown two powerful "rings," had reduced State taxation nearly one-half, and as Governor of the greatest State of the Union he stood at the head of the Democratic party, with a national fame as a reformer and a statesman. It was natural that, in 1876, all eyes should have turned to him as the man to head the Democratic ticket in the coming election. He was nominated by the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis in June, 1876, amid great enthusiasm.

The campaign of 1876 was most ably conducted. Mr. Tilden brought into the contest his unsurpassed sagacity and shrewdness as a political manager, and the result was astounding to his opponents. For some days after the election there seemed no doubt of his complete triumph. But soon it appeared that in the States of Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, where the colored vote was a principal factor, the result was disputed. If the Republican candidate secured *all* of these three States it would give him 185 electoral votes, or just one more than Mr. Tilden would have. It soon became evident that there would be two sets of returns from these States, and then the question would be, Which set shall be received and counted? The Senate was Republican, the House Democratic. Either House could, by objecting to a return, put a stop to the count before Congress, and thus the country would drift on into anarchy. The excitement was intense. Finally, it was proposed to establish an Electoral Commission of fifteen members,—three Republican and two Democratic senators. three Democratic and two Republican representatives, and five justices of the Supreme Court, two of whom should be Republican and two Democratic; and these fourteen members were to choose the fifteenth, who, it was expected, would be Judge David Davis, of Illinois, who was classed as an independent. Thus the commission would be evenly divided politically, and yet there could be no tie. To this commission was to be submitted the returns from any disputed State, and their decision was to be final.

In spite of opposition, the bill creating the commission was passed; and then occurred one of the trifling accidents which sometimes decide the fate of nations. Judge Davis was elected to the Senate, and resigned from the Supreme bench. He was thus disqualified to sit on the commission, and Justice Bradley, a Republican, was chosen the fifteenth member. In every case of dispute, the commission decided by a party vote—eight to seven—to count the Republican returns. The three doubtful States were thus all given to the Republican candidate. The count was completed only two days before March 4th; and thus, by the narrowest possible majority, Mr. Hayes was seated in the executive chair.

Never did Mr. Tilden appear to better advantage than during this exciting contest. He was entirely convinced of his election; he had millions of supporters; a word from him would have precipitated anarchy. It is to his lasting honor that, at that critical moment, his every word and act was such as to preserve peace and order, even at the expense of the Presidency.



RUTHERFORD BURCHARD HAYES.

After the contest of 1876, Mr. Tilden retired from public life. In both 1880 and 1884 the greatest pressure was brought upon him to again accept the nomination for the Presidency; but this he firmly resisted, maintaining that by long and arduous service he had earned the right to retirement. The last work of his life was a plan for a great public library, to found which he left by his will the bulk of his large fortune. His beneficent design was frustrated, however, by legal flaws in his will, which his relations successfully contested, thus depriving him of the monument which his noble purpose and useful life deserved. He died in New York on August 4, 1886.



JAMES G. BLAINE.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

JAMES G. BLAINE,

THE BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL STATESMAN.



THE close of the great civil war of 1861 marked a new era in American politics. The nation which was then restored to the people was a new nation. Freed from the blight of slavery, the country began to grow and expand with a rapidity which was absolutely startling. The South and West especially moved forward with giant strides. The permanence of the government being assured, the questions of the hour became those of reconstruction and pacification, of the rights of the freedmen, of internal peace and security, of foreign and domestic commerce, of tariffs and finance. Of the many able men who won their fame in the period since the war, there is none more prominent nor more widely admired and beloved than James G. Blaine.

Two States of the Union claim Blaine as a son. During most of his manhood and later life he lived in Maine; but he was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and the latter State always cherished for him the warmest affection, giving him in the presidential election of 1884 a popular majority unprecedented in the history of the State. He was, however, familiarly known as "The Man from Maine," and by that name will live in the memory of the people with that other great leader, Henry Clay, with whom he has often been compared. His life began on January 31, 1830. His father, Ephraim Blaine, was a farmer and justice of the peace, whose fortunes had become impaired by too generous living and lack of thrift. James was a healthy, happy, intelligent boy, showing, even in early childhood, some of the traits which afterward distinguished him as a man. His courage and pugnacity are illustrated by a story told of him at that time. A well was being dug near the house, and little James, then three or four years old, was led by curiosity to lean over and peer down into the "big hole." One of the workmen, fearing that he would fall in, tried to frighten him away by making faces and glaring at him, and making threatening gestures with a shovel. But little Jim was not so easily scared. To him it was a case for fighting, not for running. Picking up clods from

the heap of dirt by the well, he began to heave them in upon the enemy. This vigorous bombardment was more than the workman had bargained for; he feared that stones would follow next, and called for help. The boy's mother heard him, and came and led the pugnacious little fellow away.

When Blaine was about eleven, he lived for a time at Lancaster, Ohio, with his uncle, Thomas Ewing, then Secretary of the Treasury,—the same large-hearted statesman who a few years before had taken into his family young William T. Sherman, the boy who was to become one of the great generals of the civil war. Mr. Ewing's home was a resort of statesmen and politicians,



MR. BLAINE'S BIRTHPLACE, WEST BROWNSVILLE, PA.

and in that atmosphere no doubt the mind of young Blaine received a strong impulse toward a political career.

In 1843 he returned to his father's home, and entered Washington College, at Washington, Pennsylvania. He was an ardent student, and made rapid progress. Logic and mathematics were his favorite studies, but he also delighted in history and literature. He was always a leader among the boys, especially in debate. It is related that on one occasion, when he was ambitious to be elected president of the literary society, he committed "Cushing's Manual" to memory in one evening, in order to qualify himself on parliamentary practice. He had also a strong love for history, and it is said that he could recite from memory many of the chapters in "Plutarch's Lives."

From Washington College Mr. Blaine went to Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, where he became a teacher in the Western Military Institute, in which there were about 450 boys. A retired army officer, who was a student there, relates that Mr. Blaine was a thin, handsome, earnest young man, with the same fascinating manners that were characteristic of him throughout his whole career. He was popular with the boys, who trusted him and made friends with him from the first. He knew the full name of every one, and discerned his shortcomings and his strong points. While teaching here, Mr. Blaine met Miss Harriet Stanwood, who belonged to an excellent Maine family, and a few months afterward they were married.

In 1851 Mr. Blaine returned to Pennsylvania, bringing with him an intense hatred of slavery, which greatly influenced his future career. Going to Philadelphia, he became a teacher in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind. There he had charge of the higher classes in literature and science. An interesting memorial of his work in Philadelphia is still to be seen, in the shape of the journal of the institution, which bears the inscription :—

JOURNAL
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION
FOR THE
INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND,
FROM ITS FOUNDATION.

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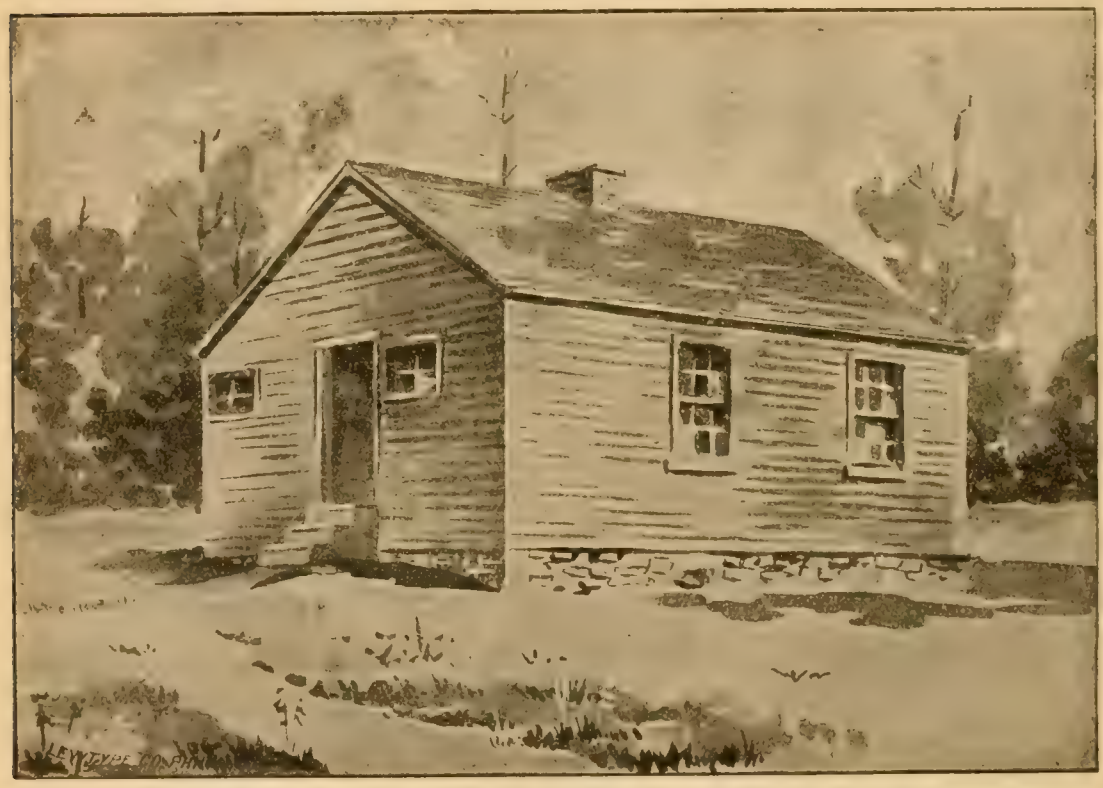
COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS
BY
JAMES G. BLAINE,
1854.

After two years work in teaching the blind, Mr. Blaine yielded to his wife's desire that he should make Maine his home. The young couple moved, in 1853, to Augusta. In the following year Mr. Blaine entered into partnership with Joseph Baker, a prominent lawyer of Augusta, and together they purchased *The Kennebec Journal*, of which Mr. Blaine at once became the editor, his ready intelligence and trenchant style being peculiarly adapted to this field. *The Journal* was a weekly paper, one of the organs of the Whig party, and exercised considerable political influence. Mr. Blaine speedily made his impress, and within three years he was a master spirit in the politics of the State.

When the old Whig party went to pieces, Mr. Blaine joined hands with Governor Anson P. Morrill in organizing the Republican party in the Pine Tree State. He entered into this work with all his energy, and his earnest and incisive discussion in, *The Journal*, of the rising conflict between freedom and

slavery attracted wide attention. In 1856 he was a delegate to the first Republican National Convention, held in Philadelphia, which nominated General Fremont for President. On his return home he made a report at a public meeting. His speech on this occasion, begun with hesitation and embarrassment, but advancing to confident and fervid utterance, first illustrated his capacity on the platform, and gave him standing as a public speaker.

In 1858 Blaine was elected to the Maine House of Representatives, and re-elected in 1859 and 1860. During the last two years he was chosen Speaker



SCHOOL HOUSE, BROWNSVILLE, PA., WHERE MR. BLAINE BEGAN HIS EDUCATION.

of the House, and there began his training for the higher post in Congress which the future held for him. He distinguished himself both on the floor and in the chair. He was a hard worker, a fine speaker, and a dignified and impartial presiding officer. He became very popular in his State, and was seen to be a "rising man."

In 1860 Mr. Blaine was a delegate to the memorable convention at Chicago which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency; and when he returned, he took an active part in the campaign. He was in great demand in his own State as a political speaker. Whenever a call was made upon the State

Committee for help in a local contest, the demand was almost sure to be, "Send us Blaine!"

In 1862 Blaine was elected a member of the famous Thirty-eighth Congress; and then began that long career in the national legislature which made him one of the best known and most popular public men of the United States. He took his seat in 1863, in the midst of the civil war. He was a strong admirer and earnest supporter of the great President, who depended upon him for confidential information and aid regarding his own State. In the Presidential election of 1864, which for a time was very doubtful, Lincoln sent Blaine on a special mission to Maine, to ascertain if there was any adverse movement there. As far back as 1858, at the time of the Douglas debates, Blaine had prophesied in his paper that Douglas would beat Lincoln in that contest, but that Lincoln would defeat Douglas for the Presidency in 1860. This prophecy, copied in Illinois papers, was noticed by Lincoln, who cut it out and kept it in his memorandum book until long after. It naturally led to a confidential friendship between the two men. The election of 1864 resulted in the re-election of Blaine to Congress, and he took a prominent part in the difficult legislation of the "reconstruction era," and the stormy times which followed the war.

In 1869, Schuyler Colfax, who had been elected Vice-President, was thus transferred to the Senate chamber, and Blaine was chosen to succeed him as Speaker of the House, and was re-elected in 1871 and 1873. He was one of the most popular officers who ever filled that exacting position, being elected for each of his three terms without opposition. He was always courteous and fair, and especially quick in the discharge of his functions. It was one of the sights of the time for visitors to watch Mr. Blaine facing a standing House to count the ayes and noes. With the head of his gavel clasped in his right hand, using the handle as a pointer, he swept it from right to left so rapidly that it was hardly possible to believe that he had counted the throng correctly; but if his announcement of the vote was disputed, the count of the tellers always verified his declaration.

By the election in 1874 the Democrats secured a majority in the House of Representatives, and of course Mr. Blaine's term as Speaker came to an end. This election really marked a new period in political history. During the civil war and the years following it, the Republican party had held almost undisputed supremacy. It had re-established the power of the national government, had freed the negro, and had secured the adoption of the amendments to the Constitution. But its long lease of power had brought about the inevitable result. Base men had attached themselves to the party for corrupt purposes, and tried to shield themselves under the cloak of patriotism and loyalty to the Union. When threatened with exposure and punishment, such men of course sought to make the party responsible for their deeds, and to involve it in the

consequences. The result was the "era of scandal" of Grant's second administration, when the "Credit Mobilier," the "Whiskey Ring" frauds, and the Belknap episode were brought to light. A passion for "investigation" followed. Every prominent public man who manifested any unwillingness to have his private affairs made public fell under suspicion. Mr. Blaine was too shining a mark to be missed. He was accused of having been bribed with a gift of Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad bonds, by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, when Speaker of the House, to give a decision favoring that company. He was accused of stealing letters—his own letters—which would have incriminated him; and for years he was pursued with charges of various sorts of cor-



WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, PA.

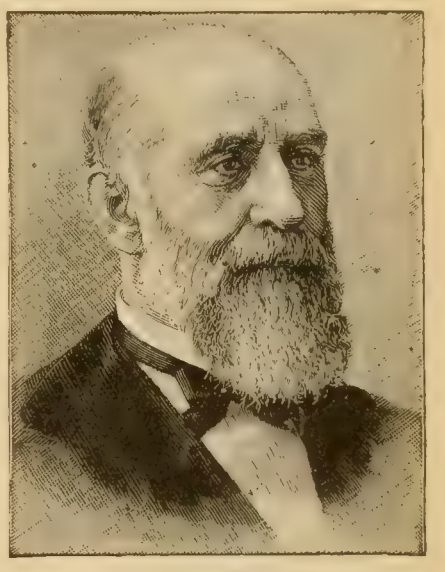
ruption. These charges he completely disproved on the floor of the House, showing that he had bought the bonds, and had lost over $20,000 by their purchase. After meeting and disproving the slanders against him, he said:—

"Having now noticed the two charges that have been so extensively circulated, I shall refrain from calling the attention of the House to any others that may be invented. To quote the language of another, 'I do not propose to make my public life a perpetual and uncomfortable flea-hunt, in the vain efforts to run down stories which have no basis in truth, which are usually anonymous, and whose total refutation brings no punishment to those who have been guilty of originating them.'"

The first charge against him, however, served its purpose. It was made a short time before the Republican convention of 1876, when Blaine was the most prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination. For several weeks Mr. Blaine was kept busy, under the pressure of excitement, repelling the attacks upon him, and at the same time attending to his public duties. One intensely hot Sunday in June, three days before the meeting of the convention, while on his way to church, he suffered a sunstroke, and for some days was greatly prostrated. This and the various charges which had been brought were made use of against him before the convention. Nevertheless, his vote grew steadily larger until the very end, and he was only defeated by a combination of all the other delegates upon Hayes, on the final ballot, which stood, Hayes 384, Blaine 351, and Bristow 21.

One of the episodes which made the convention of 1876 memorable was the speech of Robert G. Ingersoll, made in presenting Blaine's name as a candidate. The vast audience was stirred to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by Ingersoll's vindication of the great leader. Referring to Blaine's dramatic defense and his sudden attack on his accusers, on the floor of Congress, Ingersoll said :—

"Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle."



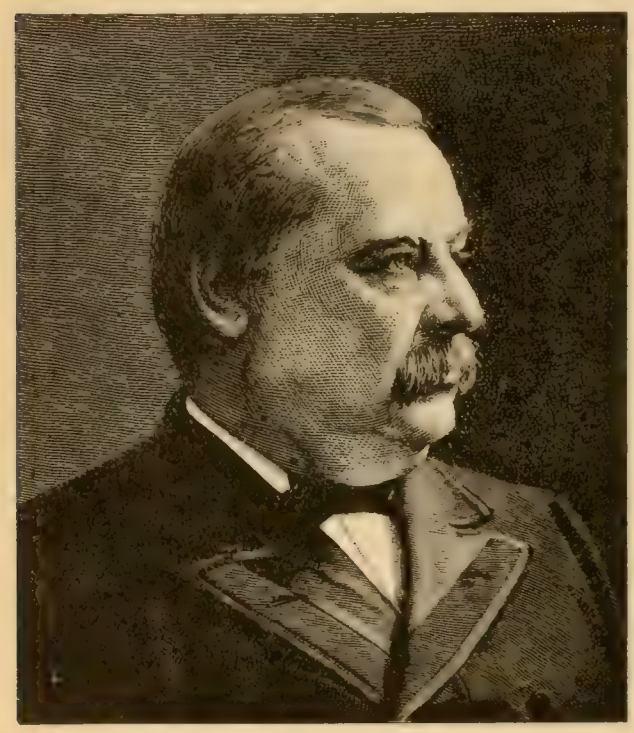
GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

This speech gave to Blaine the title of the "Plumed Knight,"—a name which clung to him to the end of his life.

The winter of 1876–'77 was the time of the great struggle over the disputed election, which was finally settled by the creation of the Electoral Commission. Mr. Blaine was not in favor of the commission, believing that the regular machinery of government was adequate to meet the situation ; but he did not strongly oppose it, and rejoiced at the peaceful settlement of the contest.

During the winter Blaine was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Maine, by a unanimous vote. This unprecedented honor, in which his political opponents in the Legislature all joined, showed what had been the effect of the slanders against him upon those who knew him best. He took his seat in the Senate at the special session called in October, 1877.

As the close of Hayes' administration approached, it became evident that Blaine would again be a leading candidate for the Presidential nomination. It was in this year that the famous effort was made by the supporters of General Grant to nominate him for a third term. Mr. Blaine was the most prominent candidate in opposition to Grant; but beside him there were Sherman, Edmunds, and Washburne, who had considerable strength. The proceedings of that memorable convention, resulting in the nomination of Garfield, are more fully told elsewhere. (See JAMES A. GARFIELD.) Blaine became Garfield's Secretary of State, upon his inauguration in March, 1881.



GROVER CLEVELAND.

Almost immediately upon the accession of the new administration the famous contest over the government patronage in New York began, and did not end until after that fatal day of July 2, 1881, when the bullet of the assassin laid Garfield low. During the long, hot days of that weary summer, Blaine's burden was heavy and hard to bear. The President's disability threw much extra work upon the Secretary of State, and when at last the drama closed at the tomb of Garfield in Cleveland, Blaine was much worn down. He continued in office for a time, however, at President Arthur's request, and in order to accomplish a great measure on which he had set his heart. This was the inviting of all the American Republics to join in a Peace Congress at Washington, for the purpose of strengthening amicable relations, and especially to establish a tribunal of arbitration for the settlement of disputes without war. Differences of opinion, however, separated him from the administration, and in December, 1881, Mr. Blaine resigned his portfolio and retired to private life.

On February 27, 1882, Blaine delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives his great eulogy upon President Garfield, one of the finest and most pathetic orations ever heard within that Chamber. The audience assembled comprised the members of both Houses of Congress, the President and his Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the representatives of foreign govern-

ments, and great numbers of distinguished men and women. It was a beautiful winter day; business houses everywhere were closed, and all through the morning hours throngs of people traversed the avenues converging on the Capitol. The touching words in which he bore tribute to his dead friend were listened to with breathless attention by the great throng which filled the house, and when he pronounced that passage of sublime beauty with which the oration closed, the solemn hush which fell upon the great assembly deepened the impression felt by every one present, that he had listened to one of the greatest oratorical efforts of history.

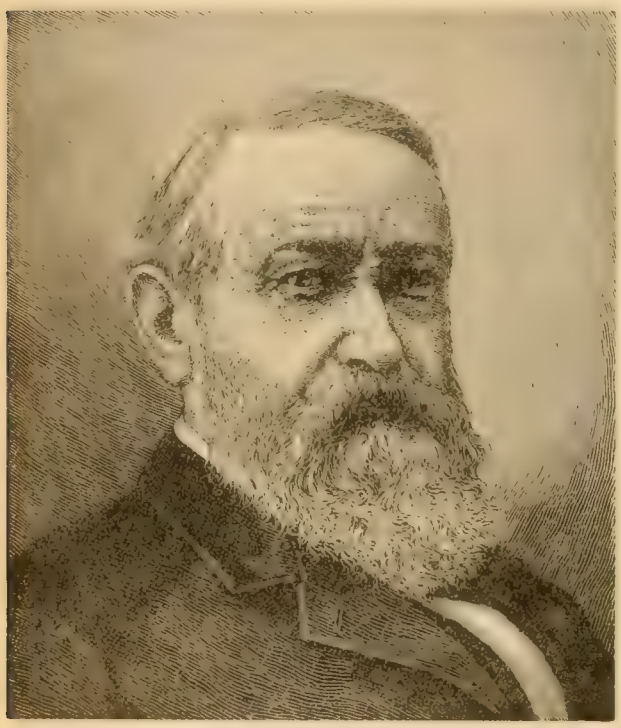


THE BLAINE RESIDENCE AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

When the Republican National Convention of 1884 met, Blaine's nomination was almost a foregone conclusion. The only prominent candidate beside Blaine was President Arthur, whose administration had been so acceptable to the country as to produce a considerable movement in his favor. On the fourth ballot, however, Blaine was triumphantly nominated. General John A. Logan was nominated for Vice-President, and the convention adjourned.

Into the campaign of 1884 Blaine threw himself with intense enthusiasm. Strong efforts were made to defeat him upon personal grounds. These ques-

tions he refused to discuss, throwing his whole strength into the issues of the campaign. He took strong ground in favor of protection, and made that question the chief basis of his argument. It is nearly certain that he would have been triumphantly elected but for an accident occurring at the eleventh hour, which no care could possibly have foreseen or provided against. This is what has passed into history as the "Burchard incident." In the last week of the campaign, Mr. Blaine was visited at his hotel by a large gathering of clergymen of different denominations, who assembled for the purpose of making a formal address to him. After adopting resolutions stating their reasons for supporting Mr. Blaine, a committee was appointed to introduce him to the meeting. The entire body of clergymen went out into the main corridor of the hotel, and presently Mr. Blaine came down the stairway on the arm of Dr. King, with his wife and daughters. He stopped a few steps from the foot of the stairway, and the Rev. Dr. Burchard approached, addressing him as follows :—



BENJAMIN HARRISON.

"We are very happy to welcome you to this city. You see here a representation of all denominations of this city. You see the large number that are represented. We are your friends, Mr. Blaine, and, notwithstanding all the calumnies that have been urged in the papers against you, we stand by your side. (Shouts of 'Amen.') We expect to vote for you next Tuesday. We have higher expectations, which are that you will be the President of the United States, and that you will do honor to your name, to the United States, and to the high office you will occupy. We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion. We are loyal to our flag. We are loyal to you."

Mr. Burchard's alliterative phrase of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" accomplished Mr. Blaine's defeat. His words were immediately taken up by the Democrats, who saw in them the opportunity to defeat Mr. Blaine. They were industriously circulated among members of the Catholic Church everywhere, as indicating the hatred of Mr. Blaine to members of that communion. The result was to give Mr. Cleveland the State of New York by only 1000

majority. Mr. Blaine received 182 electoral votes, and Mr. Cleveland 219. If the vote of New York alone had been reversed, the result would have been to elect Mr. Blaine by 218 votes to 183 for Mr. Cleveland.

During Mr. Cleveland's administration Mr. Blaine remained in private life. Some of his time was spent in literary work and some in European travel. He took a keen interest in political affairs, and frequently expressed his views on the issues of the day through the public press; but he had now made up his mind that he would never again be a candidate for the Presidency, and he made this intention clear to the succeeding conventions of the Republican party, where a strong desire for his candidacy still existed. One of his most remarkable utterances was made in reply to President Cleveland's message to Congress, in December, 1887. In this message Mr. Cleveland took strong ground in favor of tariff reform and freer trade. All other interests were entirely ignored, and the message confined to this one point. Its effect was tremendous. It was regarded as the platform on which Mr. Cleveland would appeal for re-election in the following year. The Republicans received the message with great satisfaction, for the tariff was the very issue on which they were most anxious to fight the next campaign. Mr. Blaine was at the time in Paris. An abstract of the President's message was published in the European newspapers the morning after its delivery, and in the form of an interview Mr. Blaine made, in Paris, a full reply to President Cleveland's message, in which he supported the protection view as opposed to that of free trade. These two documents were, in reality, the platform upon which the contest of 1888 was fought. Mr. Blaine declined a nomination so positively as to leave no doubt of his intention, and gave Mr. Harrison substantial aid in the campaign. The result was Mr. Harrison's triumphant election; and on his accession to office, Mr. Blaine a second time took the post of Secretary of State, and proceeded to carry out the policy which had been interrupted eight years before by the death of President Garfield.

Mr. Blaine took an active part during President Harrison's administration in many important measures, among which were the Reciprocity amendment to the McKinley Tariff Bill, the settlement of the dispute with England over the seal fisheries in Bering Sea, the securing of indemnity from Chili for the killing of American sailors, and the adjustment of a diplomatic difficulty with Italy in consequence of the lynching of a number of Italians in New Orleans. The event which he considered most important, however, was the assembling of the Pan-American Conference, in 1889. This was a conference of representatives of the different American governments, to consider measures for promoting peace and international good feeling, and the fostering of trade and ocean commerce; and while it had no powers of legislation, great good was accomplished by its sessions.

In the last two years of Mr. Blaine's life, troubles fell upon him, "not singly, but in battalions." In January, 1890, Walker Blaine, his eldest son and trusted assistant, died suddenly, of pneumonia. Within a month afterward his daughter Alice died. A few weeks later he was himself prostrated by an attack of what proved to be paralysis, and from this time forward his health declined. He resigned his office in the spring of 1892, and returned to his home in Maine. Then another sorrow came to him in the death of his son Emmons. In December he became suddenly worse, and died on January 27, 1893.

There are few public men whose death caused so wide a sense of personal loss as that of Blaine. Few people are able to win the feeling of familiar attachment and affectionate loyalty which was so generally felt for him. "He had the rare faculty," says Chauncey M. Depew, "of never forgetting a face or a name. It is said that Henry Clay possessed it; but beyond Mr. Blaine, Mr. Thurlow Weed, and the Prince of Wales, I have never known any man in public or private life who had it. Mr. Blaine would be introduced at some mass-meeting, or a reception in Washington, or at the railway station, to a farmer or a mechanic or a lawyer, and to hundreds of them. Subsequently one of these men would be in his presence at some place distant from the town where the introduction occurred. Mr. Blaine would take him by the hand, call him by name, recall the circumstances of the introduction, and with a cordial grasp and a peculiar look state some incident of their brief conversation; and that man was ready for the rest of his life to be burned at the stake for James G. Blaine. . . .



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

"He will stand in our history as the ablest parliamentarian and most skillful debater of our Congressional history. . . . He had an unusual combination of boundless audacity with infinite tact. No man during his active career has disputed with him his hold upon the popular imagination and his leadership of his party. He has left no successor who possesses, in any degree such as he possessed it, the affection and the confidence of his followers."



ROBERT FULTON.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

ROBERT FULTON,

THE PIONEER OF STEAM NAVIGATION.



IT is a curious and remarkable fact in the history of invention that between conception and achievement lies a gulf which many men of the greatest genius fail to bridge. The difficulty commonly lies not in making the invention, but in adapting it to the conditions,—in a word, in making it *practical.* Robert Fulton is distinguished as an inventor who has this great title to fame. He was not the inventor of steam navigation; he was not even the first man to build a steamboat; but he was the man who brought steamboats into *practical use*, doing successfully the work which needed to be done.

Fulton was the son of a farmer of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1765. He was a dull boy at study, but very expert at drawing, and always fond of machinery, for which he often neglected his lessons. His teacher once remonstrated with him upon his course, and, failing to convince him by argument, rapped him sharply over the knuckles with a ruler, telling him he would *make* him do something. Looking his tutor sternly in the face, he replied, "Sir, I came here to have something beat into my brains, not into my knuckles."

Having determined to be an artist, Fulton went to Philadelphia, where he formed a friendship with Franklin. His success was rapid, and when only twenty-one he went to England to study. There he met Watt, who had just produced his steam engine, which Fulton studied enthusiastically; and he was persuaded to give up the profession of art and become an engineer. Convinced that the steam engine could be applied to navigation, he plunged into experiments, in which he was joined by Robert R. Livingston, then minister to France, whose daughter Harriet afterward became Fulton's wife. Several models made by Fulton convinced Mr. Livingston that he had overcome the cause of the failure of other inventors, and it was finally agreed between them to build a large boat for trial on the Seine. This experimental steamer was furnished with paddle-wheels, and was completed early in 1803. On the very

morning appointed for the trial, Fulton was aroused from his sleep by a messenger, who rushed into his chamber, pale and breathless, exclaiming, "Oh, sir, the boat has broken in pieces and gone to the bottom!" Hurrying to the spot, he found that the weight of the machinery had broken the boat in half and carried the whole structure to the bottom of the river. He at once set to work to raise the machinery, devoting twenty-four hours, without resting or eating, to the undertaking, and succeeded in doing so, but inflicted upon his constitution a strain from which he never entirely recovered. The machinery was very slightly damaged, but it was necessary to rebuild the boat entirely. This was accomplished by July of the same year, and the boat was tried in August with triumphant success, in the presence of the French National Institute and a vast crowd of the citizens of Paris.

This steamer was very defective, but still so great an improvement upon all that had preceded it, that Messrs. Fulton and Livingston determined to build one on a larger scale, in the waters of New York. Having resolved to return home, Fulton set out as soon as possible, stopping in England on his return, to order an engine for his boat from Watt and Boulton. Scientific men and amateurs all agreed in pronouncing Fulton's scheme impracticable; but Fulton went on with his work, his boat attracting great attention and exciting no less ridicule. The steam engine ordered from Watt and Boulton was received in the latter part of 1806; and in the following spring the boat was launched from the ship-yard of Charles Brown, on the East river. Fulton named her the "Clermont," after the country seat of his friend and partner, Chancellor Livingston. She was one hundred and thirty feet long, eighteen feet wide, and seven feet deep. The boat was completed about the last of August, and she was moved by her machinery from the East river into the Hudson, and over to the Jersey shore. This trial, brief as it was, satisfied Fulton of its success, and he announced that in a few days the steamer would sail from New York for Albany.

THE TRIAL TRIP.

Monday, September 11, 1807, the time set for sailing, came, and expectation was at its highest. The friends of the inventor were in a state of feverish anxiety lest the enterprise should come to grief, and the scoffers on the wharf were all ready to give vent to shouts of derision. Precisely as the hour of one struck, the moorings were thrown off, and the "Clermont" moved slowly out into the stream. Volumes of smoke rushed forth from her chimney, and her wheels, which were uncovered, scattered the spray far behind her. The spectacle was certainly novel to the people of those days, and the crowd on the wharf broke into shouts of ridicule. Soon, however, the jeers grew silent, for it was seen that the steamer was increasing her speed. In a little while she was fairly under way, and making a steady progress up the stream at the rate of

five miles per hour. The incredulity of the spectators had been succeeded by astonishment, and now this feeling gave way to undisguised delight, and cheer after cheer went up from the vast throng. In a little while, however, the boat was observed to stop, and the enthusiasm at once subsided. The scoffers were again in their glory, and unhesitatingly pronounced the boat a failure. Their chagrin may be imagined when, after a short delay, the steamer once more proceeded on her way, and this time even more rapidly than before. Fulton had discovered that the paddles were too long, and took too deep a hold on the water, and had stopped the boat for the purpose of shortening them.

Having remedied this defect, the "Clermont" continued her voyage during the rest of the day and all night, without stopping, and at one o'clock the next day ran alongside the landing at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston. She lay there until nine the next morning, when she continued her voyage toward Albany, reaching that city at five in the afternoon. On her return trip, she reached New York in thirty hours running time—exactly five miles per hour.

The river was at this time navigated entirely with sailing vessels. The surprise and dismay excited among the crews of these vessels by the appearance of the steamer was extreme. These simple people beheld what they supposed to be a huge monster, vomiting fire and smoke from its throat, lashing the water with its fins, and shaking the river with its roar, approaching rapidly in the face of both wind and tide. Some threw themselves flat on the decks of their vessels, where they remained in an agony of terror until the monster had passed, while others took to their boats and made for the shore in dismay, leaving their vessels to drift helplessly down the stream.

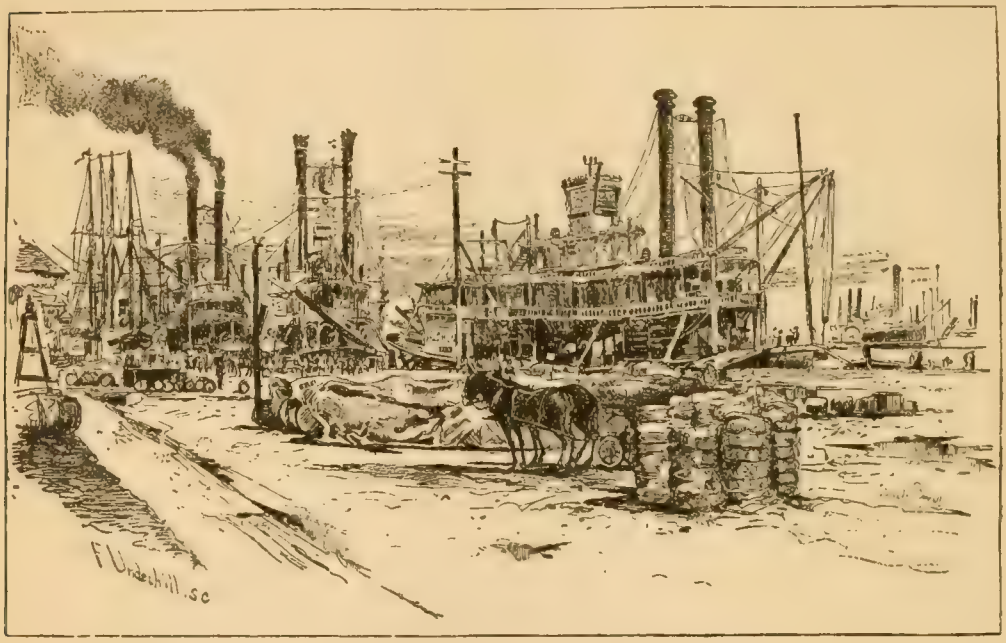
The introduction of the steamboat gave a powerful impetus to the internal commerce of the Union. It opened to navigation many important rivers whose swift currents had closed them to sailing craft, and made rapid and easy communication between the most distant parts of the country practicable. The public soon began to appreciate this, and orders came in rapidly for steamboats for various parts of the country. Fulton executed these as fast as possible, and among the number several for boats for the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

Fulton followed up the "Clermont" in 1807 with a larger boat, called the "Car of Neptune," which was placed on the Albany route as soon as completed. The Legislature of New York had enacted a law, immediately upon his first success, giving to Livingston and himself the exclusive right to navigate the waters of the State by steam, for five years for every additional boat they should build in the State, provided the whole term should not exceed thirty years. In 1809 Fulton obtained his first patent from the United States, and in 1811 he took out a second patent. His patents were limited to the simple means of adapting paddle-wheels to the axle of the crank of Watt's engine.

Meanwhile the power of the Legislature to grant the steamboat monopoly

was denied, and a company was formed at Albany to establish another line of steam passage boats on the Hudson, between that city and New York. Fulton and his partner asked an injunction, which was refused, whereupon the State Legislature passed a special act confirming their monopoly. Years of litigation followed, continuing until after Fulton's death; and, finally, the eloquence of Daniel Webster prevailed against the monopoly, the Supreme Court of the United States deciding, in the famous "steamboat case," that all navigable waters are under the sole jurisdiction of the United States, and free alike to all citizens.

In January, 1815, Fulton was summoned to Trenton, New Jersey, as a wit-



MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOATS OF TO-DAY.

ness in one of the numerous suits which grew out of the efforts to break down his monopoly. During his examination he was very much exposed, as the hall of the Legislature was uncommonly cold. In returning home, he crossed the Hudson in an open boat, and was detained on the river several hours. This severe exposure brought on an attack of sickness, which for a short time confined him to his bed. The steam frigate, then almost ready for her engines, occasioned him great anxiety at the time, and before he had fairly recovered his strength he went to the shipyard to give some directions to the workmen employed on her, and thus exposed himself again to the inclemency of the weather. In a few days his indisposition prostrated him again, and, growing rapidly worse, he died on the 24th of February, 1815, at the age of fifty years.



PLAN OF THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE,

THE INVENTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH.



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

PROBABLY no other invention of modern times has done more to change the face of the world than the electric telegraph. The fact that one man in New York can speak to another in Texas or Brazil is charged with stupendous meaning. Through the telegraph the newspaper brings the whole earth before us at the breakfast table. The electric wire is like a nerve in the body, bringing all nations into sympathetic communication, dispelling ignorance and prejudice, and helping to make all men brothers. To the inventor of this great system is due a debt of gratitude that cannot be reckoned.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the 27th of April, 1791. He exhibited an early fondness for art, as well as studies of a scientific character, and while a student at Yale College displayed an especial aptness for chemistry and natural philosophy. Upon leaving college he decided to adopt the profession of an artist, and was sent abroad to study under the tuition of West and Copley and Allston. He was obliged by lack of means to return in about four years. His youth was spent in a struggle for success as an artist. In 1829 he again went abroad for the purpose of completing his art studies. During his absence he was elected "Professor of the Literature of the Fine

Arts" in the University of the City of New York. He set out on his return home to accept this professorship in the autumn of 1832, sailing from Havre on board the packet ship "Sully."

Among his fellow-passengers on the "Sully" were a number of persons of intelligence and cultivation, one of whom had recently witnessed in Paris some interesting experiments with the electro-magnet, the object of which was to prove how readily the electric spark could be obtained from the magnet, and the rapidity with which it could be disseminated. To Mr. Morse the development of this newly-discovered property of electricity was more than interesting. It showed him his true mission in life. He thought long and earnestly upon the subject, pacing the deck under the silent stars. He had long been convinced that electricity was to furnish the means of rapid communication between distant points, of which the world was so much in need; and he at once set to work to discover how this could be done. He succeeded so well that before the "Sully" reached New York he had conceived "not merely the idea of an electric telegraph, but of an electro-magnetic and recording telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists," and had invented an alphabet of signs, the same in all important respects as that now in use.

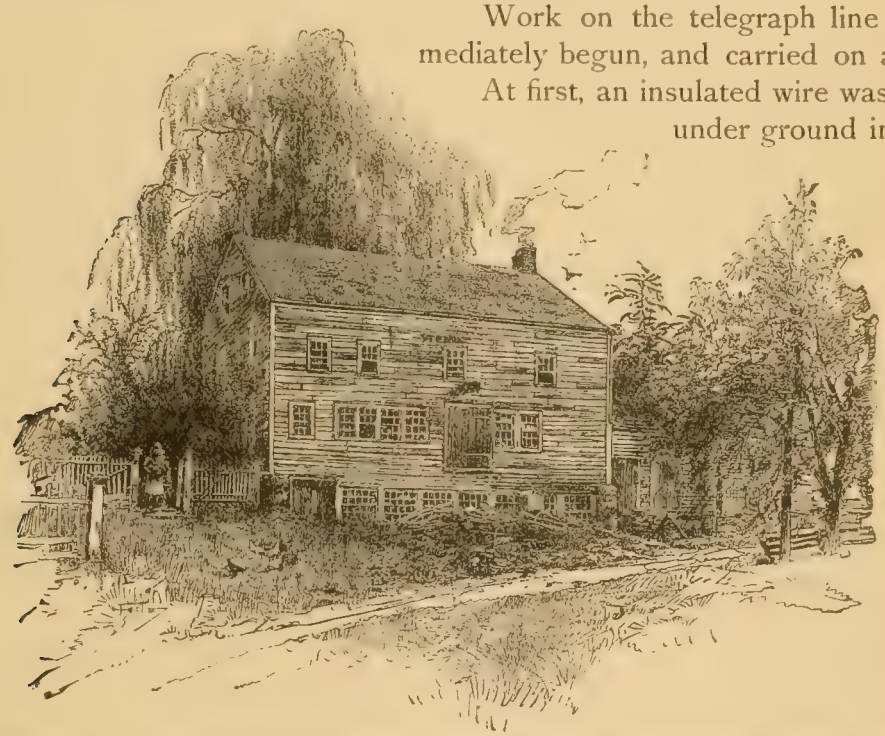
But though invented in 1832, it was not until 1835 that he was enabled to complete his first poor, rude instrument. By its aid he was able to send signals from a given point to the end of a wire half a mile in length, but as yet there was no means of receiving them back again from the other extremity. He continued to experiment on his invention, and made several improvements in it. It was plain from the first that he needed a duplicate of his instrument at the other end of his wire, but for a long time he was unable to have one made. At length he acquired the necessary funds, and in July, 1837, had a duplicate instrument constructed, and thus perfected his plan. His telegraph now worked to his entire satisfaction, and he could easily send signals to the remote end of his line and receive replies in return. Having brought it to a successful completion, he exhibited it to large audiences at the University of New York, in September, 1837.

DARK DAYS.

He now entered upon that period of the inventor's life which has proved to many so wearying and disheartening—the effort to bring his invention into general use. He applied to Congress in vain for aid. Considerable interest in the subject was aroused in Congress and throughout the country, but he derived no benefit from it. If men spoke of his telegraph, it was only to ridicule it, or to express their doubts of its success. He was very poor, and, as one of his friends has since declared, had literally "to coin his mind for bread." His sturdy independence of character would not allow him to accept assistance from any one, although there were friends ready and even anxious to help him.

Alone and manfully he fought his way through these dark days, still hopeful of success for his invention, and patiently seeking to improve it wherever opportunity presented itself. At length, in 1840, he received his long-delayed patent from the general government, and, encouraged by this, presented a second petition to Congress, asking its aid in the construction of an experimental line between Baltimore and Washington. He had to encounter a great degree of skepticism and ridicule, with many other obstacles; but finally, on the very last day of the session, when he had given up all hope, a bill was passed appropriating thirty thousand dollars to construct the line. His dearest wish was at last realized, and the hour of his triumph was at hand.

Work on the telegraph line was immediately begun, and carried on actively. At first, an insulated wire was buried under ground in a lead



SHOP IN WHICH THE FIRST MORSE INSTRUMENT WAS CONSTRUCTED FOR EXHIBITION BEFORE CONGRESS.

pipe, but this failing to give satisfaction, the wire was elevated upon poles. On the 27th of May, 1844, the line was completed, and the first trial of it made in the presence of the government officials and many other distinguished men. Professor Morse was confident of success; but this occasion was a period of the most intense anxiety to him, for he knew that his entire future was staked upon the result of this hour. Among the company present to witness the trial was the Secretary of the Treasury, John C. Spencer. Although very much interested in the undertaking, he was entirely ignorant of the principles involved in it, and he asked one of Professor Morse's assistants how large a bundle could be

sent over the wires, and if the United States mail could not be sent in the same way.

When all was in readiness, Professor Morse seated himself at the instrument, and sent his first message to Baltimore. An answer was promptly returned, and messages were sent and replies received with a rapidity and accuracy which placed the triumph of the invention beyond the possibility of doubt. Congratulations were showered upon the inventor, who received them as calmly as he had previously borne the scoffs of many of these same men. Yet his heart throbbed all the while with a brilliant triumph. Fame and fortune both rose proudly before him. He had won a great victory and conferred a lasting benefit upon his race.

The success of the experimental line brought Professor Morse numerous offers for the use of his invention. Telegraph companies were organized all over the country, and the stock issued by them was taken up as fast as offered. At the present day, not only the United States, but the whole world, is covered with telegraph lines. The Morse system is adopted on the principal lines of the United States, on all the lines of the Eastern continent, and exclusively on all the continental lines of Europe, from the extreme Russian north to the Italian and Spanish south, eastward through the Turkish Empire, south into Egypt and northern Africa, and through India, Australia, and parts of China.

The rapid growth of the telegraph interest of the United States placed Professor Morse in the possession of a large fortune, which was greatly increased by the adoption of his invention in Europe. Honors, too, were showered upon him from all parts of the world. In 1848, his *alma mater*, Yale College, conferred on him the complimentary degree of LL.D., and since then he has been made a member of nearly all the American scientific and art academies. From European governments and scientific and art associations he has received more honors than have ever fallen to the share of any other American. Almost every sovereign in the world has conferred upon Professor Morse some honor or title.

In February, 1854, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, ignorant of Professor Morse's views upon this subject, wrote to him to ask if he considered the working of a cable across the Atlantic practicable. The Professor at once sought an interview with Mr. Field, and assured him of his entire confidence in the undertaking. He entered heartily into Mr. Field's scheme, and rendered great aid in the noble enterprise, which has been described elsewhere in these pages. He was present at each attempt to lay the cable, and participated in the final triumph by which his prediction, made twenty-three years previous, was verified.

Professor Morse died in New York in April, 1872.



THOMAS A. EDISON.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

THOMAS A. EDISON,

AND OTHER GREAT INVENTORS AND THEIR INVENTIONS.



PROBABLY no man in the United States is better known or more universally interesting than "The Wizard of Menlo Park," the inventor of the electric lamp, the dynamo, the phonograph, the "stock ticker," the electric pen, and the mimeograph, and the discoverer and improver of innumerable things in the field of electricity. And yet, high as is the position that Edison has even now reached, he began at the very bottom. He was the son of a poor man, a village jack-of-all-trades, whose home was at Milan, Ohio, where the boy was born in 1847. While he was a child the family moved to Port Huron, Michigan. In his whole life Thomas had but two months of regular schooling; the rest of his education was given him by his mother. But he had a restless, inquiring mind, an insatiable appetite for knowledge. When only ten years old he read Gibbon and Hume, and was fascinated by books of chemistry, which he pored over long before he could pronounce the names of the substances which he read about.

When Edison was twelve years of age, he became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. With the business of selling papers and candies on the trains, however, he still kept going his old hobby of chemistry, and established an amateur laboratory in one corner of the baggage-car, where he amused himself at leisure moments. One day, while he was absent from the car, a bottle of phosphorus was upset, and the car set on fire. This put an end to his chemical experiments for a time. The baggage-master kicked his chemical apparatus out of the car, and Edison was obliged to set up his business in some other place.

On one of his trips to Chicago, the publisher of one of the Chicago dailies made him a present of a lot of worn-out type, with which Edison improvised a printing-office, and began to publish a paper of his own, entitled *The Grand Trunk Herald*, which gave such items of news as the removal of a brakeman

or baggage-master to New York, or told how a train hand fell and hurt his leg. One day, during the war, he persuaded a telegraph operator at Chicago to send to the principal stations on the road a bulletin of the great battle of Shiloh, in consequence of which, when the train arrived, great crowds of people were at the stations hankering after papers, which Edison sold them at an immense profit. This turned his attention to telegraphing, to which he soon became devoted.

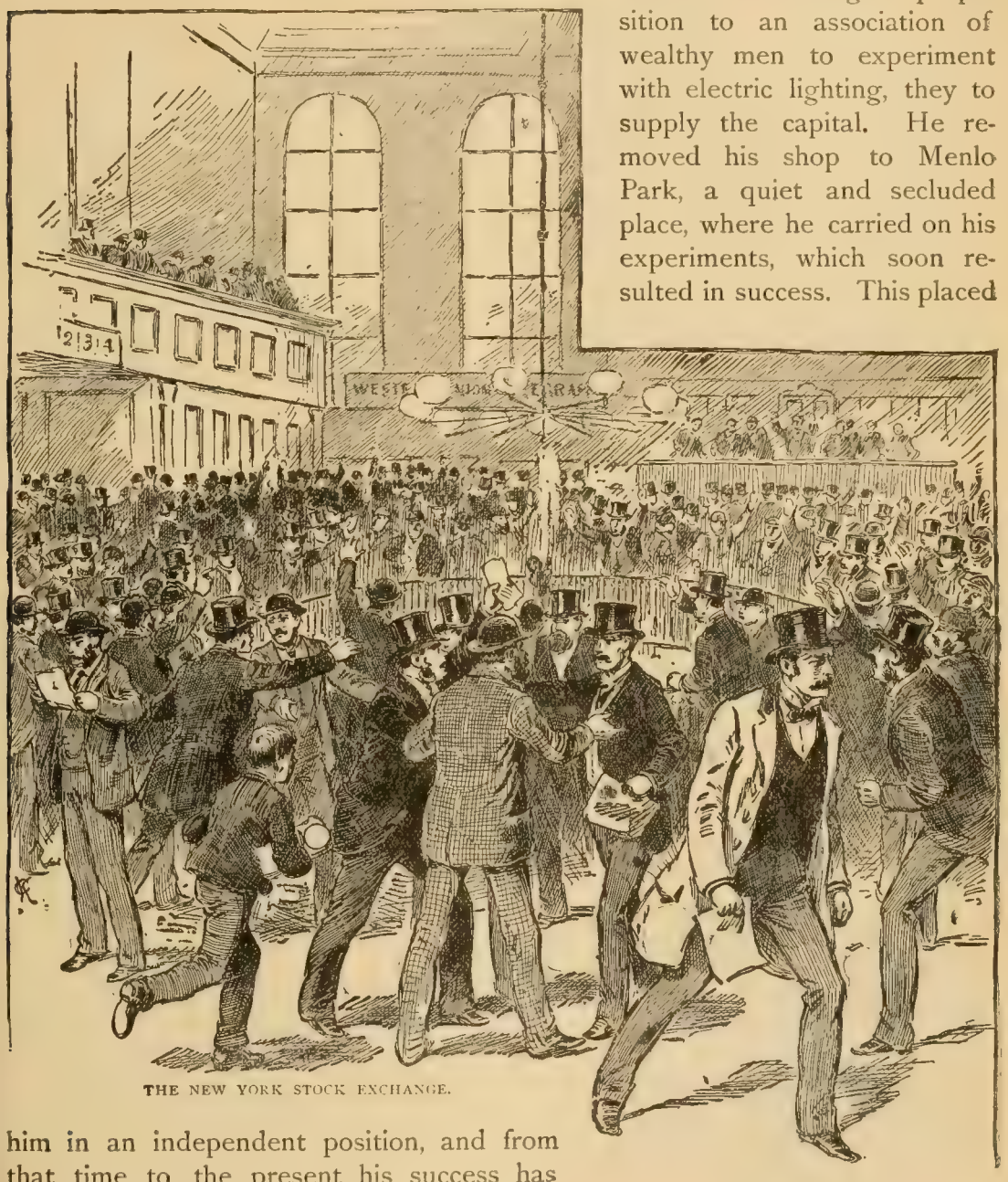
About this time a stroke of luck came to him in saving the child of a telegraph operator from being killed by a train. The grateful father rewarded the boy by teaching him telegraphing. Thomas rigged up wires and batteries in his old home at Port Huron, and devoted all his spare hours to practice. When he was eighteen, he secured a position at Indianapolis, and while there he worked out his first invention, an automatic register for receiving messages and transferring them to another wire. In this rude machine was contained the germ of the phonograph, which he perfected years after.

By dint of incessant practice, Edison became an extremely expert and swift operator; but his usefulness was always limited by his tendency to contrive schemes for saving labor. On one occasion, when he was night operator, he was required every half hour to telegraph the word "six" to the superintendent, to show that he was awake and attending to business. The ingenious young man contrived a machine which did the work for him, and spent the time poring over his beloved chemistry. This little artifice being discovered, he lost his situation by his cleverness.

The beginning of Edison's career as an inventor was not more successful than is usual. He was undoubtedly ingenious, but his ingenuity actually prevented him from being a good telegraph operator. After a time, however, he found his niche. He drifted to New York, where, after vainly endeavoring to interest the telegraph companies in his inventions, he established himself as an expert in odd jobs pertaining to telegraphing. One day the Western Union wire to Albany would not work. The company's regular electricians experimented for days, but without success, and finally, as a forlorn hope, Edison was sent for. He seated himself at the instrument and got connection with Albany by way of Pittsburgh. Then he called for the best operator at the other end of the line, and with him experimented for two hours with currents of different intensities. At the end of this time he told the officers that the trouble was at a certain point on the line, and what it was. They telegraphed the office nearest that point, giving the necessary directions, and in an hour the wire was working properly. This established his reputation as an expert, and he soon began to rise in this line of business.

Edison's first large profits came to him from the "stock ticker," an invention for reporting in brokers' offices the prices of stocks on the exchange, which

is now in universal use. He settled himself in Newark, N. J., where he rented a shop and began to manufacture his machines. His connection with capitalists led to his making a proposition to an association of wealthy men to experiment with electric lighting, they to supply the capital. He removed his shop to Menlo Park, a quiet and secluded place, where he carried on his experiments, which soon resulted in success. This placed



THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

him in an independent position, and from that time to the present his success has been only a question of degree.

Edison is a man of infinite pertinacity and great endurance. When he becomes interested in solving an important question, he is entirely oblivious of

the passage of time and of physical needs. At one time, when his printing telegraph for some reason gave out and ceased to work, he worked for sixty hours without intermission, taking no sleep or rest, having for his only food crackers and cheese, at which he nibbled from time to time as he worked. At another time all of the electric lamps burning in Menlo Park suddenly gave out. The inventor was almost stunned. For five days he worked at the problem, giving neither himself nor his assistants any rest. At the end of that time the difficulty was still unsolved, and Edison went to bed sick with disappointment and anxiety. Ordinarily he is one of the most considerate of men, but on this occasion he was much surprised when, at the end of fifteen hours' incessant work, it was suggested that rest and refreshments were in order. Time proved the trouble to be in the imperfect exhaustion of the air from the globes in which the filament burned, and long and persevering application was required to devise means for more completely exhausting it. Finally this was accomplished, and the incandescent light became a practical success.

Edison's mind is that of the typical inventor. He says of himself that his first thought on looking at any machine or contrivance whatever is to imagine how it could be improved. With him it is a maxim that "whatever is, is wrong," or at least that it might and ought to be better. This peculiarity has made him one of the most fertile inventors of history, but it also results in his being entirely wrapped up in the one absorbing pursuit. His ideal of luxury, when riches came to him, was not fast horses, or social enjoyment, or even distinction, but a perfect workshop, which had hitherto cost so much as to be unattainable to him. In his laboratory he has gathered every substance known to science—solid, fluid, and gas. Every effort is made to have at his command all the known resources of scientific research. Forty-five scientific journals, in different languages, are received in his library, and systematically indexed as fast as received, so that every item of information which they contain is right at his hand at any moment. In such respects Edison's workshop at Menlo Park is unique. It is hard to conceive of a chemical or mechanical experiment for which he is not perfectly equipped.

Edison says of himself that he is a poor business man. He hates routine. Going over and over again the regular round of a business system is intolerable to him. Most men are creatures of habit, and need to have their daily task laid out for them. They want to work without thinking. Edison *cannot*. His thought runs away with him. This tendency of his mind is well illustrated by his experience in manufacturing. When he had perfected his "stock ticker," he took a contract to manufacture some hundreds of them at a shop at Newark, N. J. "I was a poor manufacturer," he declares, "because I could not let well enough alone. My first impulse, upon taking in my hand any machine, from an egg-beater to an electric motor, is to seek a way of improving it. Therefore,

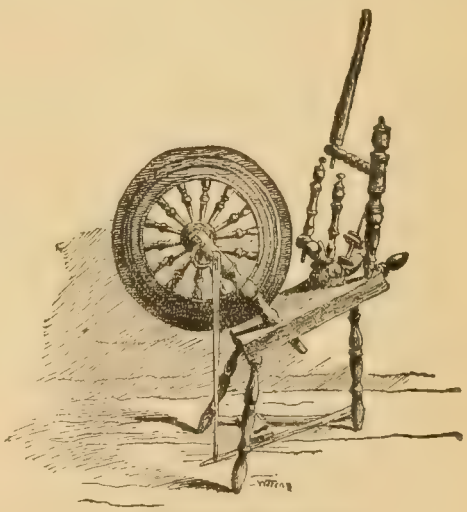
as soon as I have finished a machine I am anxious to take it apart again in order to make an experiment. That is a costly mania for a manufacturer."

The visitor to Edison's laboratory finds the master a rather tall, compactly-built man, with a somewhat boyish, clean-shaven face, which seems made prematurely old by intense thought and application. Over his clothes he wears a blouse, which is stained with acids. "Good clothes are thrown away on me," he says. "I feel it is wrong to wear any, and I never put on a new suit when I can help it." His hands are discolored with chemicals and oil, and his hair has also received some touches, for he has a habit of wiping his fingers upon it. He is somewhat deaf, and watches his visitor's lips closely to catch what he is saying. He is kind and genial, and patient in explanation to those of inquiring minds.

Edison is one of the busiest men in the world. Each invention or improvement seems only to widen the field. "These are only tools," he says, "with which we may accomplish still greater wonders. The very fact that this century has accomplished so much in the way of invention makes it more than probable that the next century will do far greater things."

OTHER GREAT INVENTORS AND THEIR INVENTIONS.

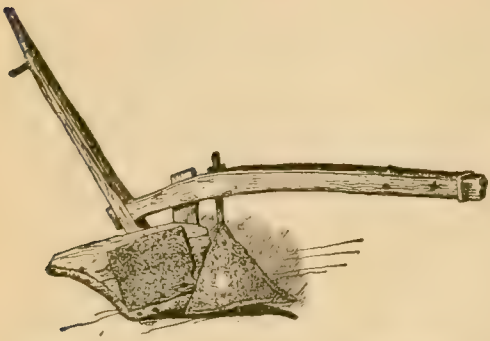
Great inventions are not necessarily large or costly. The scythe is a simple tool, and inexpensive; yet the practical perfecting of it by Joseph Jenks, almost at the outset of farm-life in New England, is an epoch-mark in agriculture. It was the beginning of a new order of things. Putting curved fingers to the improved scythe-blade and snath furnished the American grain cradle, a farm-tool perfect of its kind, and likely to hold its place as long as grain is grown on uneven ground.



A COLONIAL SPINNING-WHEEL.

The plow supplied to the Colonial farmers was as venerable as the reaping-hook. It had been substantially unimproved for four thousand years. The moment our people were free to manufacture for themselves, they set about its improvement in form and material; the very first patent granted by the Patent Office being for an improved plow of cast-iron. The best plow then in use was a rude affair, clumsily made, hard to guide, and harder to draw. Its improvement engaged the attention of many

inventors, notably President Jefferson, who experimented with various forms, and made a mathematical investigation of the shape of the mould-board, to determine the form best suited for the work. He was the first to discover the importance of straight lines from the sole to the top of the share and mould-board. Colonel Randolph, Jefferson's son-in-law, "the best farmer in Virginia," invented a side-hill plow. Smith was the first to hitch two plows together; and Allen, by combining a number of small plow-points in one implement, led the way to the production of the infinite variety of horse-hoes, cultivators, and the like. But Jethro Wood, of New York, probably did more than any other man to perfect the cast-iron plow, and to secure its general use in place of the cumbrous plows of the earlier days. His skill as an inventor, and his pluck as a fighter against stolid ignorance and prejudice, for the advancement of sensible plowing, cost him—what they ought to have gained for him—a fortune. The use of cast-iron plows had become general by 1825.



COLONIAL PLOW WITH WOODEN MOLD-BOARD.

ELI WHITNEY AND THE COTTON-GIN.

Whitney was a New England genius, who graduated at Yale in 1792, and went to Georgia to teach school, living in the family of General Greene's widow. Having heard much of the slow and tedious work of separating the cotton from the seed, Whitney undertook to make a machine for doing the work, which he did in the same year, 1792. When it was introduced, the entire cotton crop of the country could have been grown on a single field of two hundred acres. A good day's work for a man was cleaning four or five pounds of lint, or a bale of cotton in three months. Whitney's gin enabled a man to do the same work in six days. As a consequence of the cheaper and more rapid means of preparing it with the Whitney gin, the cotton crop of the South rose to sudden prominence. In 1800 it was eighteen million pounds; the next year, forty million. Ten years later it was eighty million pounds, which product was more than doubled in the next ten



A NEW ENGLAND WEAVER WINDING THE SPOOLS.

years. In 1830 it was a million bales; two millions in 1840; three in 1851; and four in 1860. Without it modern cotton crops of eight or nine million bales would be impossible; simply to pick the seeds out of the crop of 1891 in the old way would have kept the entire working population of the United States busy for a solid month.

It is sad to have to add that Whitney's invention was so extensively pirated that he derived but little benefit from an invention which has added almost untold wealth to the country and the world.

CYRUS H. McCORMICK AND THE REAPING-MACHINE.

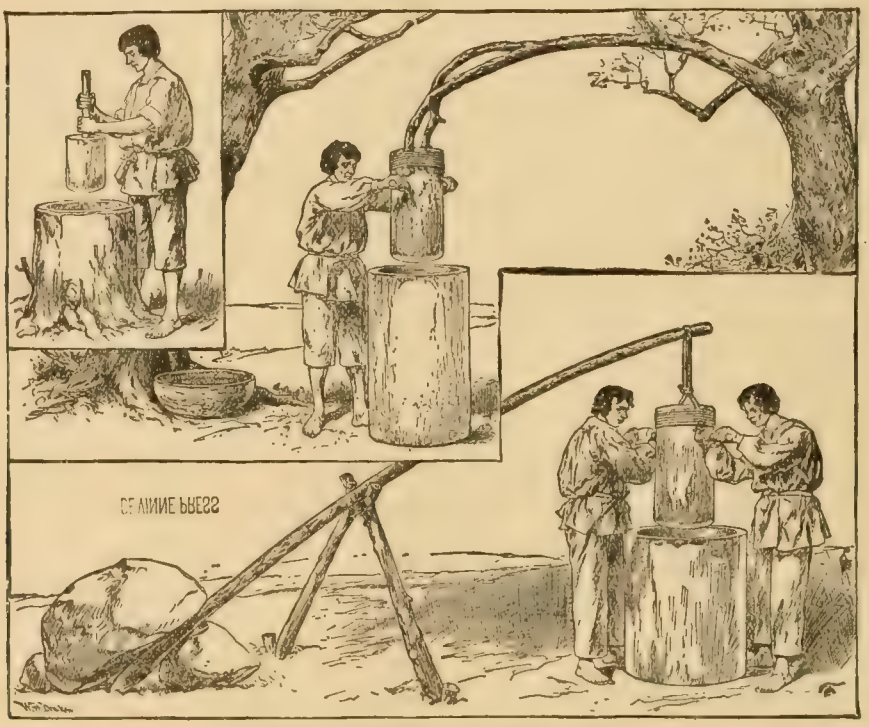
The circumstance that reaping by machinery was as old as the Christian era, and a multitude of comparatively modern attempts had been made, particularly in England, to apply horse-power to the cutting of grass and grain, only added to the merit of inventors like Hussey and McCormick, who practically solved the problems involved by means so simple and efficient that they have not been and are likely never to be entirely displaced. Hussey's mowing-machine of 1833 had reciprocating knives working through slotted fingers, a feature essential to all practical grass and grain cutters. McCormick patented a combination reaper and mower in 1834, which he subsequently so improved as to make it the necessary basis of all reapers. In competitive trials at home and abroad, the American mowers and reapers have never failed to demonstrate their superiority over all others.

Their first great victory, which gave them the world-wide fame they have so successfully maintained, was won in London in 1851. In the competitive trial near Paris, in 1855, the American machine cut an acre of oats in twenty-two minutes; the English in sixty-six minutes; the French in seventy-two. In the later competition, local and international, their superior efficiency has been not less signally manifested.

OLIVER EVANS AND THE STEAM ENGINE.

One of the most fertile inventors of the eighteenth century was Oliver Evans, who deserves immortal fame as the developer of the modern "high-pressure" or non-condensing engine, and the pioneer in improved milling machinery. As early as 1768 he was experimenting with steam, and was able to drive a small boat by means of steam and paddle-wheels. In 1786 he applied to the State of Pennsylvania for a patent on the application of his engine to driving mills, and to a steam carriage, but his petition was denied. There was then no national patent office for the encouragement of men of original ideas; if there had been, the practical development of the steamboat and the steam-carriage might have been materially hastened, for Evans was diverted from this line of work for a dozen years or more. In 1800 he returned to it, and built a novel non-

condensing engine, designed for application to a steam-carriage, but for financial reasons set to working a plaster mill. A year or two after he built an engine of 150 horse-power for parties in New Orleans, who set it up in the boat for which it was intended. But a long season of low water prevented a trial of the boat, and wasted capital compelled the owners to take the engine out and set it to work in a lumber mill, where it did such good service that the steamboat project was abandoned. It was thus no fault of Evans that the pioneer engine, of the type afterward adopted for western river navigation, did not win for him the fame subsequently achieved by Fulton. In 1804 Evans built for Philadelphia a



PRIMITIVE MODES OF GRINDING CORN.

steam-dredger, which, set on wheels, propelled itself along the streets to the river, where it was launched and the engine applied to its stern-wheel, when as a steamboat it was navigated about the Schuylkill.

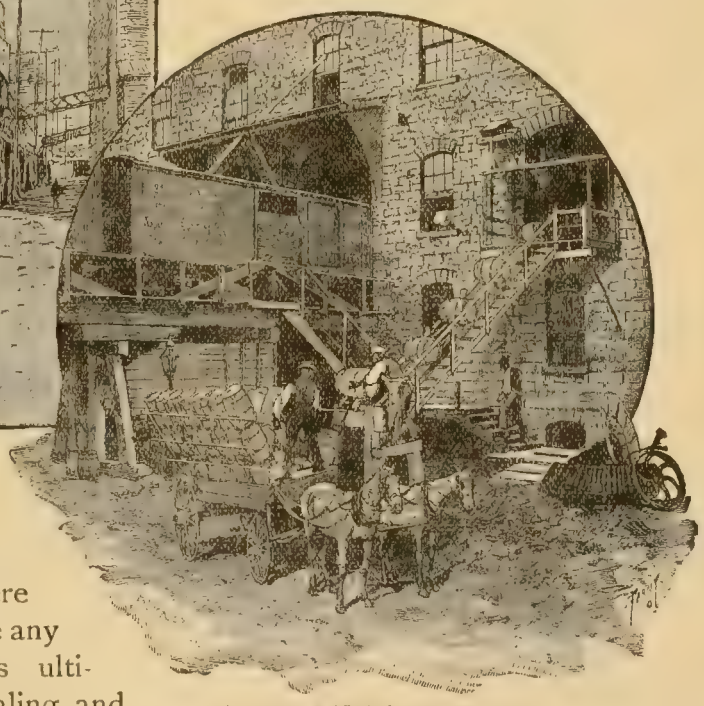
JACOB PERKINS AND THE NAIL MACHINE.

The first single machine of American production to become widely famous was the nail machine of Jacob Perkins. Perkins was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1766, and patented his great machine in 1795. At that time nails were mostly imported, and cost twenty-five cents a pound. They were all hand-wrought, chiefly at chimney-corner forges, where, in New England, farmers

and lumbermen, fishermen and laborers, employed their evenings and other odd times in hammering nails. In Europe, more especially in the manufacturing districts of England, it was a common domestic industry, often employing whole families, but chiefly women and children, ill-paid, over-worked, and toiling under social conditions of the most appalling character. The American nail machine promptly displaced this domestic industry here, and more slowly that of Europe, by making it possible to use power in nail-making, while enabling a workman to do in a minute the previous task of an hour. The price of nails was speedily reduced two-thirds, subsequently much more, with an assured supply equal to any demand. The early cut nails were not so tough as the hand-made nails, but for most purposes they were neater and better; while any desired toughness was ultimately secured by annealing, and by the use of steel, particularly steel wire. Every style of nail, from the smallest tack to the railroad spike, is now made by machinery, at a cost but little above that of the raw metal, the forms being as various as their manifold uses. The manufacture of cut nails has become one of the most important of the great iron industries of the country.



BETWEEN THE MILLS.



A GREAT MODERN FLOUR MILL.

ELIAS HOWE AND THE SEWING MACHINE.

Howe was born at Spencer, Massachusetts, in 1819. While employed as a machinist he made many experiments and efforts to invent a sewing machine, and after great discouragements completed one, for which he secured a patent in 1846. Though the practical parent of the modern sewing machine, it was not in itself a successful machine, nor was Howe at first successful in enlisting capital to aid him in developing from it a good machine. In the course of four or five years the defective details were corrected or displaced by the work of other inventors in great numbers, who attacked the problems of the sewing machine as soon as their importance became generally appreciated. The Singer machine, which closely resembled Howe's, came into the field in 1850, and took the lead in sales until 1854. The Grover & Baker machine became most popular for four or five years; then the Wheeler & Wilson for ten years. In the meantime, all the companies were infringing on the rights of Howe, who, after expensive litigation, won his case, and entered into an agreement with the great manufacturing companies, receiving five dollars for each machine made until 1860; after that, one dollar a machine. Between 1856 and 1877, over six million machines were sold in the United States. Though the great bulk of these machines are held for family use, the factory machines were estimated to give (the world over) employment to 20,000,000 persons, mostly women. In social, not less than in industrial effects the sewing machine has been simply revolutionary.

CHAUNCEY JEROME AND AMERICAN CLOCKS.

The pioneer in American clock-making was Eli Terry, of Plymouth, Connecticut, who was also the first clock peddler in the beginning of the present century. As the means and methods of cutting the wooden wheels were improved, the clocks were greatly cheapened. Chauncey Jerome, an apprentice of Terry, was especially successful in reducing the cost and improving the quality of these primitive time-keepers. In 1837, Mr. Jerome brought out the machine-made brass clock, which revolutionized the business of clock-making and sent a timepiece into every house. In 1841 he sent a cargo of Connecticut clocks to England, billed at so low a figure that the customs officers seized them for undervaluation, paying him his price plus ten per cent., as the law directed. The second cargo, much to his delight, met with the same reception. With the third, the tardily-enlightened Government allowed him to seek a less convenient customer. The metal movements were stamped from sheet-brass so rapidly that three men with one machine could cut out the works of five hundred clocks a day, reducing the cost of a clock-movement to fifty cents. At this rate the sale was enormous. The metal clocks, unlike the wooden clocks, could stand any climate, and this, with their astonishing cheapness, gave them world-wide acceptance.

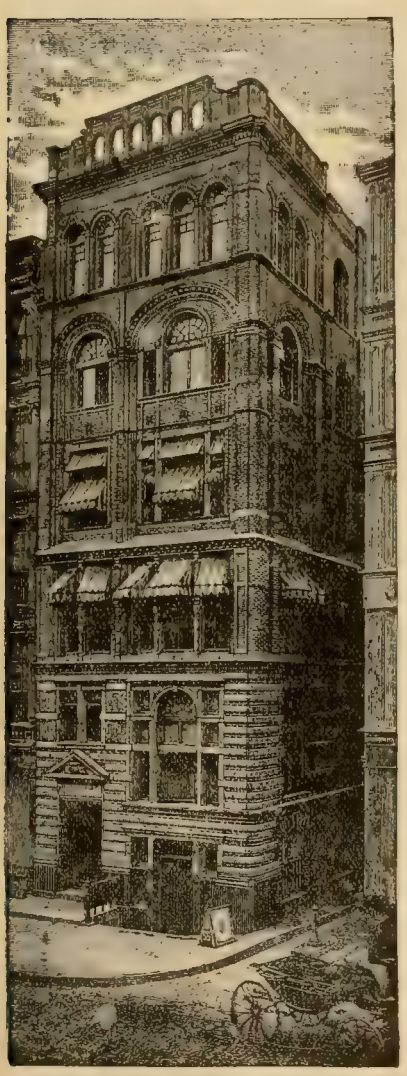


JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

JOHN JACOB ASTOR,

OUR PIONEER BUSINESS MAN AND FIRST MILLIONAIRE.



A MODERN NEW YORK STORE.

NEVER were greater extremes of poverty and wealth connected in the life of one person than were touched by John Jacob Astor, the founder of one of the first and greatest of the enormous fortunes that have been amassed in America. The life of a poor German peasant in the latter part of the eighteenth century reached a depth of poverty which can now hardly be conceived. John Jacob Astor was born in Waldorf, a little village of Baden, in 1763, — the year of the treaty which secured to England all the fur-bearing country of North America, from which Astor was destined to make such a splendid fortune. His father was a butcher, a shiftless, stupid, quarrelsome good-for-nothing; and the son, bent upon making something of himself, resolved, when about nineteen, to seek his fortune in the "new land" of America, then brought into prominence by the Revolution.

In March, 1784, he landed at Baltimore. On the voyage he met a German, older than himself, who, beginning with almost nothing, had become a fur trader, and made large profits. He advised Astor to embark in the same business, which he proceeded to do. He had a brother living in New York, whither he went, and succeeded in getting a position in the fur store of Robert Bowne, a Quaker, where he set himself to learn the business in the most thorough manner. He bent all the powers of his remarkable mind to acquiring an intimate knowledge of furs, and

of fur-bearing animals, and their haunts and habits. His opportunities for doing so were very good, as many of the skins were sold over Bowne's counters by the hunters who had taken them. These men he questioned with a minuteness that astonished them, and the result was that in a few years he was as thoroughly familiar with the animals, their habits, their country, and the mode of taking them, as many of the trappers themselves. He is said to have been in his prime the best judge of furs in America.

As soon as Astor felt himself master of his business, he left the employ of Mr. Bowne, and began life on his own account. The field upon which he purposed entering was extensive, but it was one of which he had made a careful survey. The fur trade was at this time almost wholly in the hands of three English companies—the Hudson's Bay Company in the north, the Northwest Company in the Canadas, the Mackinaw Company in the territories of the United States —and the few American traders in the field had to rely on their individual resources, with no aid from a government too feeble to do more than establish a few Indian agencies, and without constitutional power to confer charter privileges.

The voyage of Captain Cook had brought to the notice of the fur dealers of the world the sea otter of the northern Pacific, and the announcement made upon the return of the expedition drew large numbers of adventurers to the west coast of America, in search of the valuable skins of these animals.

It was into this field, already occupied by powerful and hostile corporations, that the young German entered. He began business in 1786, in a small store in Water street, which he furnished with a few toys and notions suited to the tastes of the Indians who had skins to sell. His entire capital consisted of only a few hundred dollars, a portion of which was loaned him by his brother. He had no assistants. He did all his own work. He bought his skins, cured, beat, and sold them himself.

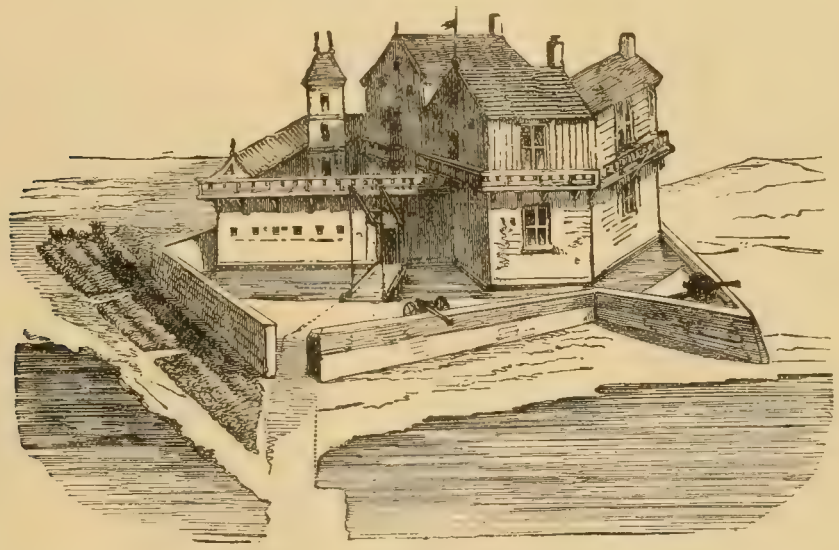
Several times during the year he made journeys on foot through western New York, buying skins from the settlers, farmers, trappers, savages, wherever he could find them. He tramped over nearly the entire State in this way, and is said to have had a better knowledge of its geography and topography than any man living.

He used to boast, late in life, when the Erie Canal had called into being a line of thriving towns through the centre of the State, that he had himself, in his numberless tramps, designated the sites of those towns, and predicted that one day they would be the centres of business and population. Particularly he noted the spots where Rochester and Buffalo now stand, one having a harbor on Lake Erie and the other upon Lake Ontario. He predicted that those places would one day be large and prosperous cities; and that prediction he made when there was scarcely a settlement at Buffalo, and only wigwams on the site of Rochester.

Slowly, and by unremitting industry, Mr. Astor succeeded in building up a certain business. His personal journeys made him acquainted with the trappers, and enabled him to win their good will. The savages sold their skins to him readily, and he found a steady market and a growing demand for his commodities in the Old World.

It was about this time that he married Miss Sarah Todd, of New York. She entered heartily into his business, doing much of the buying and beating of the furs herself. Long after he was a millionaire he used to boast of her skill in judging furs and conducting business operations.

In 1794, Jay's treaty placed the frontier forts in the hands of the Americans, and thus increased the opportunities of our own traders to extend their



CHAMPLAIN'S FORTIFIED CAMP IN QUEBEC.

business. It was of the greatest service to Mr. Astor. It enabled him to enlarge the field of his operations, and, at the same time, to send his agents on the long journeys which he formerly made, while he himself remained in New York to direct his business, which by this time had grown to considerable proportions.

He was now on the road to wealth. He had scores of trappers and hunters working for him in the great wilderness, and his agents were kept busy buying and shipping the skins to New York. As soon as he was able to do so he purchased a ship, in which he sent his furs to London, occasionally making a voyage thither himself.

Under his skillful management his business grew rapidly; but he avoided speculation and confined himself to legitimate commerce. He was plain and

simple in his habits, carrying this trait to an extreme long after economy had ceased to be necessary to him. He worked hard, indulged in no pleasures except horseback exercise and the theatre, of both which he was very fond. It was only after he had amassed a large fortune that he ever left his business before the close of the day. Then he would leave his counting-room at two in the afternoon, and, partaking of an early dinner, would pass the rest of the day in riding about the island. So plain was his style of living that, before he became generally known as a wealthy man, a bank clerk once superciliously informed him that his endorsement of a note would not be sufficient, as it was not likely he would be able to pay it in case the bank should be forced to call upon him.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Astor; "how much do you suppose I am worth?"

The clerk named a very moderate amount, at which the merchant smiled quietly.

"Would the indorsement of Mr. ——, or Mr. ——, be sufficient?" asked Mr. Astor, naming several well-known merchants who lived in great style.

"Entirely sufficient," was the reply. "Each one of them is known to be wealthy."

"How much do you think each is worth?"

The clerk named large sums in connection with each of the gentlemen.

"Well, my friend," said the merchant, "I am worth more than any of them. I will not tell you how much I am worth, but it is more than any sum you have named."

The clerk looked at him in surprise, and then said, bluntly: "Then you are a greater fool than I took you for, to work as hard as you do."

Mr. Astor was very fond of telling this story, which he regarded as one of the best jokes of the day.

All this time Mr. Astor had lived over his store, but in 1800, after he had been in business fifteen years, he moved his dwelling to 223 Broadway, on the site of the Astor House of to-day. He lived here, with one removal, for upward of twenty-five years. The house was plain and simple, but he was satisfied with it. He was now worth a quarter of a million dollars, and his business was growing rapidly. The fur trade was exceedingly profitable. A beaver skin could be bought from the trappers in western New York for one dollar and sold in London for six dollars and a quarter. By investing this amount in English manufactures, the six dollars and a quarter received for the skin could be made to produce ten dollars paid for the English goods in New York.

The Chinese trade was also very profitable. China was an excellent market for furs. They brought high prices, and the proceeds could always be invested in teas and silks, which sold well in New York. His profit on a



BROADWAY, NEW YORK, SHOWING ASTOR HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE.

voyage would sometimes reach seventy thousand dollars, and the average gain on a lucky venture of this kind was thirty thousand dollars. The high prices produced by the war of 1812–'15 were also in Mr. Astor's favor. His ships were all remarkably lucky in escaping capture by the enemy, and he was almost the only merchant who had a cargo of tea in the market. Tea having reached double its usual price, he was enabled to reap immense profits from his ventures.



ANCIENT BLOCK HOUSE, ALASKA.

The most important of all of Mr. Astor's undertakings was his effort at founding the settlement of Astoria, on the coast of Oregon. "His design," says a writer, "was to organize and control the fur trade from the lakes to the Pacific, by establishing trading posts along the Missouri and Columbia to its mouth. He designed establishing a central depot and post at the mouth of the Columbia river. He proposed sending regular supply ships to the Pacific posts around Cape Horn. It was part of his plan, if possible, to obtain possession of one of the Sandwich Islands as a station, for from the Pacific coast he knew that the Chinese market for his peltries could be most conveniently reached, and thus the necessity for a long and circuitous voyage be avoided. Instead of bringing the furs intended for China to New York, they could be sent from the Pacific. By the supply ships, too, the stock of goods suitable for the Indian trade would be kept up there, and the cargoes purchased with the proceeds of the furs sold in China brought back to New York. The line of posts across the continent would become a line of towns; emigration would follow, and civilization would belt the continent."

A company was formed, at the head of which stood Mr. Astor, and an elaborate and carefully arranged plan of operations prepared. Two expeditions

were dispatched to the mouth of the Columbia, one by land, the other by sea. Many hardships were encountered, but the foundation of a settlement was successfully made on the Columbia. In spite of the war with England (1812–'15), the enterprise would have been successful had Mr. Astor's positive instructions been obeyed. They were utterly disregarded, however, and his partners and agents not only betrayed him in every instance, but sold his property to a rival British company for a mere trifle. His pecuniary loss was over a million dollars, and his disappointment bitter beyond expression. When the news of the final betrayal reached him, he wrote: "Had our place and property been fairly captured, I should have preferred it; I should not feel as if I were disgraced."

Mr. Astor remained in active business for fifty years. During that entire period he scarcely committed an error of judgment which led to a loss in business. He was thorough master of everything pertaining to his affairs, and his strength and accuracy of judgment were remarkable. The particulars of his transactions were indelibly impressed upon his mind. His intellect was vigorous and quick, and he grasped a subject with a readiness which seemed like intuition. He was always careful of the present, but he loved to undertake enterprises which extended far into the future. He was a man of the utmost punctuality in all his habits. He rose early, and, until he was fifty-five years old, was always in his office before seven o'clock. His capacity for work was very great, so that, in spite of his heavy labors, he was always able to leave his office by two o'clock, while many of his associates, who really did less than he, were compelled to remain in their counting-rooms until four or five.

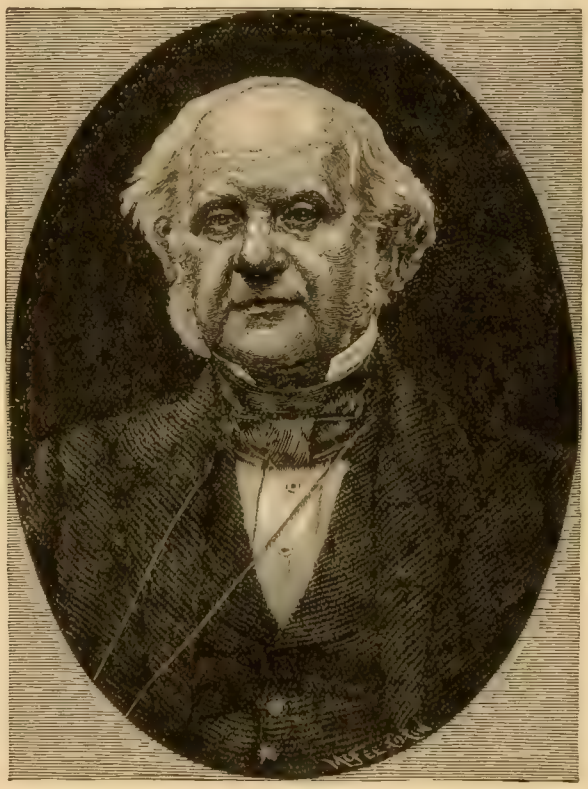
One chief source of Mr. Astor's great wealth was his shrewd investments in real estate, and the great rise in values of New York property which have resulted from the steady growth of the greatest city of the American continent. In the early part of his career New York was little more than a town occupying part of the lower end of Manhattan Island; the upper end was occupied chiefly by farms and country residences. Mr. Astor, with shrewd foresight, systematically invested his spare capital in suburban land, which before the time of his death had by its increase in value added many millions to the great estate which he left to his children.

During the last twenty years of his life Mr. Astor lived in the retirement of his family, leaving even the greater part of the management of his estate to the hands of others. He was exceedingly fond of literary men. Irving was his friend, and Halleck his business manager. He died at the age of eighty-four years and eight months, literally from old age. He was buried in St. Thomas's Church, on Broadway.

His immense estate was left to his children, the bulk of it being bequeathed to his eldest son. All of his relatives were made comfortable. The village of

Waldorf, his native place, received a legacy of fifty thousand dollars for the benefit of its poor, and an amount in land and funds equal to four hundred thousand dollars was left to certain trustees to establish the Astor Library in the city of New York. Besides these, several charitable and benevolent associations received handsome donations from him.

His career has been related in these pages as an example to those who are seeking to rise in legitimate commerce. It is the best instance on record of the facility with which success may be won by patient and intelligent industry. In his capacity for grasping and carrying out an enterprise, in his prudent and economical management of his business, in his tact, courage, sagacity, Mr. Astor's example is one which will lead many to success, and none to injury.



GEORGE PEABODY.

GEORGE PEABODY,

OUR FIRST MILLIONAIRE PHILANTHROPIST.



MONG the distinctive products of the nineteenth century is the modern millionaire; and like other products, this one has been greatly developed and improved from the crude form in which it first appeared. One would hardly recognize, in contemplating the works of George W. Childs or Leland Stanford, that they belonged to the same species as Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor. The first millionaires could only *get;* they could not *give.* They could *leave*—since indeed they could not help leaving; but as to voluntarily giving what they had got, that faculty was not yet developed. The two qualities were, in fact, quite naturally supposed to be incompatible. A rich man who scattered his riches seemed an absurdity—a contradiction in terms. But presently arose a man who showed how such a thing could be, by *being* it. He invented, and in himself developed, a new and most beneficent function; and to him, as to other great inventors and pioneers, mankind loves to pay tribute of well-deserved love and honor. His name is George Peabody.

Mr. Peabody was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, on February 18, 1795. His parents were poor, and hard work was the lot to which he was born. His education was limited, for he was taken from school at the age of eleven, and set to earning his living. Upon leaving school he was apprenticed to a Mr. Sylvester Proctor, who kept a "country store" in Danvers. Here he worked hard and faithfully for four or five years, devoting himself with energy and determination to business. His mind matured more rapidly than his body, and he was a man in intellect long before he was out of his teens.

At the age of sixteen, in the year 1811, he went to Newburyport, and became a clerk in the store of his elder brother, David Peabody, who was engaged in the dry goods business at that place. He exhibited unusual capacity and promise in his calling, and soon drew upon himself the favorable attention of the merchants of the place. He was prompt, reliable, and energetic, and from the first established an enviable reputation for personal and profes-

sional integrity. He did not stay long in Newburyport, as a great fire, which burned up a considerable part of the town, destroyed his brother's store, and obliged him to seek employment elsewhere.

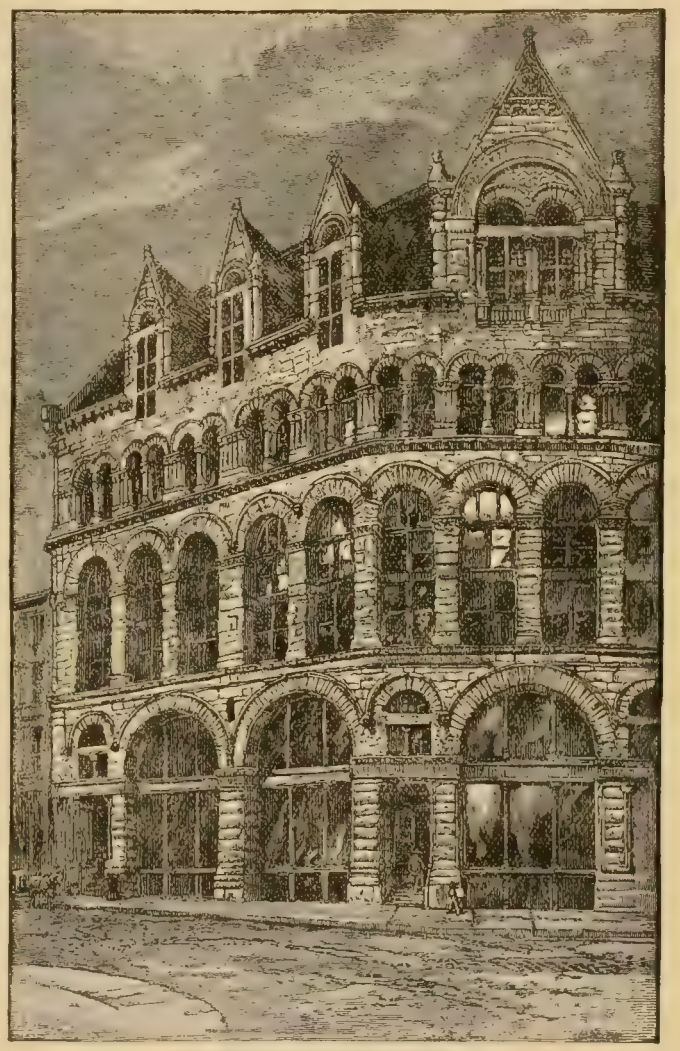
From New England, George Peabody turned his face southward, and entered the employment of his uncle, Mr. John Peabody, who was engaged in the dry goods business in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. His uncle was a poor man and a bad manager, and for two years the business was conducted by George Peabody, and in his own name; but at the end of that time, seeing the business threatened with ruin by his uncle's incapacity, he resigned his situation, and entered the service of Mr. Elisha Riggs, who had just established a wholesale dry goods house in Georgetown. Mr. Riggs furnished the capital for the concern, and Mr. Peabody was given the management of it. Soon after this, the latter became a partner in the house. It is said that when Mr. Riggs invited Mr. Peabody to become his partner, the latter informed him that he could not legally assume the responsibilities of business, as he was only nineteen years old. This was no objection in the mind of the merchant, as he wanted a young and active assistant, and had discerned in his boy-manager the qualities which never fail to win success.

The new business in which he was engaged consisted chiefly in the importation and sale of European goods, and consignments of dry goods from the northern cities. It extended over a wide field, and gave Mr. Peabody a fine opportunity for the display of his abilities. Mr. Riggs's friends blamed him very much for leaving his business so entirely in the hands of a boy of nineteen; but he had better proof than they that his affairs were not only in good, but in the best hands, and he answered them all by telling them that time would justify his course. Mr. Peabody traveled extensively in establishing his business, often journeying into the wild and unsettled regions of the border States on horseback. He worked with energy and intelligence, and in 1815 the business was found to be so extensive that a removal to Baltimore became necessary. About this time a banking business was added to the operations of the house. This was chiefly the suggestion of Mr. Peabody, and proved a source of great profit.

Mr. Peabody quickly took a prominent rank among the merchants of Baltimore. His manner was frank and engaging, and won him many friends. He was noted for "a judgment quick and cautious, clear and sound, a decided purpose, a firm will, energetic and persevering industry, punctuality and fidelity in every engagement, justice and honor controlling every transaction, and courtesy—that true courtesy which springs from genuine kindness—presiding over the intercourse of life." His business continued to increase, and in 1822 it became necessary to establish branches in Philadelphia and New York, over which Mr. Peabody exercised a careful supervision. He was thoroughly

familiar with every detail of his business, and never suffered his vigilance to relax, however competent might be the subordinates in the immediate charge of those details. In 1827 he went to England on business for his firm, and during the next ten years made frequent voyages between New York and London.

In 1829 Mr. Riggs withdrew from the firm, and Mr. Peabody became the actual head of the house, the style of the firm, which had previously been "Riggs & Peabody," being changed to "Peabody, Riggs & Co." The firm had for some time been the financial agents of the State of Maryland, and had managed the negotiations confided to them with great skill and success; and every year their banking department became more important and more profitable.



MODERN STORES IN BOSTON.

In 1836 Mr. Peabody determined to extend his business, which was already very large, to England, and to open a branch house in London. In 1837 he removed to that city for the purpose of taking charge of his house there, and from that time London became his home.

The summer of this year was marked by one of the most terrible commercial crises the United States has ever known. A large number of the banks suspended specie payment, and the majority of the mercantile houses were either ruined or in the greatest distress. Thousands of merchants, until then prosperous, were hopelessly ruined. "That great sympathetic nerve of the commercial world, credit," said Edward Everett, "as far as the United States was concerned, was for the time paralyzed. At that moment Mr. Peabody not only

stood firm himself, but was the cause of firmness in others. There were not at that time, probably, half a dozen other men in Europe who, upon the subject of American securities, would have been listened to for a moment in the parlor of the Bank of England. But his judgment commanded respect; his integrity won back the reliance which men had been accustomed to place on American securities. The reproach in which they were all involved was gradually wiped away from those of a substantial character; and if, on this solid basis of unsuspected good faith, he reared his own prosperity, let it be remembered that at the same time he retrieved the credit of the State of Maryland, of which he was agent—performing that miracle by which the word of an honest man turns paper into gold."

The conduct of Mr. Peabody, as well as the evidences which he gave of his remarkable capacity for business, in this crisis, placed him among the foremost merchants of London. He carried on his business upon a large scale from his base of operations in that city. He bought British manufactures in all parts of England and shipped them to the United States. His vessels brought back in return all kinds of American produce which would command a ready sale in England. Profitable as these ventures were, there was another branch of his business much more remunerative to him. The merchants and manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic who consigned their goods to him, frequently procured from him advances upon the goods long before they were sold. At other times they would leave large sums in his hands long after the goods were disposed of, knowing that they could draw whenever they needed, and that in the meanwhile their money was being so profitably invested that they were certain of a proper interest for their loans. Thus Mr. Peabody gradually became a banker, in which pursuit he was as successful as he had been as a merchant. In 1843 he withdrew from the house of Peabody, Riggs & Co., and established the house of "George Peabody & Company, of Warnford Court, City."

His dealings were chiefly with America and in American securities, and he was always regarded as one of the best specimens of the American merchant ever seen in London. He was very proud of his country; and though he passed so many years of his life abroad, he never forgot that he was an American. In speaking of the manner in which he organized his business establishment, he once said: "I have endeavored, in the constitution of its members and the character of its business, to make it an American house, and to give it an American atmosphere; to furnish it with American journals; to make it a centre of American news, and an agreeable place for my American friends visiting London."

It was his custom, from his first settlement in England, to celebrate the anniversary of the independence of his country by an entertainment at one of the public houses in the city, to which the most distinguished Americans in

London were always invited, as were also many of the prominent men of Great Britain ; and this dinner was only discontinued in deference to the general celebration of the day which was afterward instituted by the whole body of Americans resident in the British metropolis. In the year 1851, when it was thought that there would be no representation of the achievements of American skill and industry in the great exhibition of that year, from a lack of funds, Mr. Peabody generously supplied the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, which enabled the commissioners to make a suitable display of the American contributions. Said the Hon. Edward Everett, alluding to this act :—

"In most, perhaps in all other countries, this exhibition had been a government affair. Commissioners were appointed by authority to protect the interests of the exhibitors ; and, what was more important, appropriations of money had been made to defray their expenses. No appropriations were made by Congress. Our exhibitors arrived friendless, some of them penniless, in the great commercial Babel of the world. They found the portion of the Crystal Palace assigned to our country unprepared for the specimens of art and industry which they had brought with them ; naked and unadorned by the side of the neighboring arcades and galleries fitted up with elegance and splendor by the richest governments in Europe. The English press began to launch its too ready sarcasms at the sorry appearance which Brother Jonathan seemed likely to make ; and all the exhibitors from this country, as well as those who felt an interest in their success, were disheartened. At this critical moment, our friend stepped forward. He did what Congress should have done. By liberal advances on his part, the American department was fitted up ; and day after day, as some new product of American ingenuity and taste was added to the list,—McCormick's reaper, Colt's revolver, Powers's Greek Slave, Hobbs's unpickable lock, Hoe's wonderful printing presses, and Bond's more wonderful spring governor, —it began to be suspected that Brother Jonathan was not quite so much of a simpleton as had been thought. He had contributed his full share, if not to the splendor, at least to the utilities of the exhibition. In fact, the leading journal at London, with a magnanimity which did it honor, admitted that England had derived more real benefit from the contributions of the United States than from those of any other country."

HIS BUSINESS HABITS.

As has been said, Mr. Peabody made the bulk of his colossal fortune in the banking business. He had a firm faith in American securities, and dealt in them largely, and with confidence. His business instinct was remarkable, his judgment in mercantile and financial matters almost infallible, and he made few mistakes. His course was now onward and upward, and each year marked an increase of his wealth. His business operations were conducted in pursuance of a rigid system which was never relaxed. To the very close of his life

he never abandoned the exact or business-like manner in which he sought to make money. He gave away millions with a generosity never excelled, yet he could be exacting to a penny in the fulfillment of a contract.



PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

The conductor on an English railway once overcharged him a shilling for fare. He promptly complained to the directors, and had the man discharged. "Not," said he, "that I could not afford to pay the shilling, but the man was cheating many travelers to whom the swindle would be oppressive."

In his youth he contracted habits of economy, and these he retained to the last. Being unmarried, he did not subject himself to the expense of a complete domestic establishment, but lived in chambers, and entertained his friends at his club or at a coffee-house. His habits were simple in every respect, and he was often seen making his dinner on a mutton-chop at a table laden (at his cost) with the most sumptuous and tempting viands. His personal expenses for ten years did not average three thousand dollars per annum.

In his dress Mr. Peabody was simple and unostentatious. He was scrupulously neat and tasteful, but there was nothing about him to indicate his vast wealth. He seldom wore any jewelry, using merely a black band for his watch-guard. Display of all kinds he abominated.

He made several visits to his native country during his last residence in London, and commemorated each one of them by acts of princely munificence. He gave large sums to the cause of education, and to religious and charitable objects, and made each one of his near kindred wealthy. None of his relatives received less than one hundred thousand dollars, and some were given as much as three times that sum. He gave immense sums to the poor of London, and became their benefactor to such an extent that Queen Victoria sent him her portrait, which she had caused to be executed for him at a cost of over forty thousand dollars, in token of her appreciation of his services in behalf of the poor of her realm.

Mr. Peabody made another visit to the United States in 1866, and upon this occasion added large sums to many of the donations he had already made in this country. He remained here until May, 1867, when he returned to England. He came back in June, 1869, but soon sailed again for England. His health had become very feeble, and it was his belief that it would be better in the atmosphere of London, to which he had been so long accustomed. His hope of recovery was vain. He failed to rally upon reaching London, and died in that city on the 4th of November, 1869.

The news of his death created a profound sadness on both sides of the Atlantic, for his native and his adopted country alike revered him as a benefactor. The Queen caused his body to be placed in a vault in Westminster Abbey, amidst the greatest and noblest of her kingdom, until all was in readiness for its transportation to the United States in a royal man-of-war. The Congress of the United States authorized the President to make such arrangements for the reception of the body as he should deem necessary. Sovereigns, statesmen, and warriors united to do homage to the mortal remains of this plain, simple man, who, beginning life a poor boy, and never departing from the character of an unassuming citizen, had made humanity his debtor by his generosity and goodness. He was borne across the ocean with kingly honors, two great nations acting as chief mourners, and then, when the pomp and the splendor of the

occasion were ended, they laid him down in his native earth by the side of the mother from whom he had imbibed those principles of integrity and goodness which were the foundation of his fame and fortune.

It is impossible to obtain an accurate statement of the donations made by Mr. Peabody to the objects which enlisted his sympathy. In addition to those mentioned in the list below, he gave away for various public purposes sums ranging from two hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars, and extending back as far as the year 1835. He divided among his relatives the sum of about three millions of dollars, giving them a portion during his last visit to this country, and leaving them the remainder at his death.

The following is a statement of his more important donations during his life, including the bequests contained in his last will and testament:—

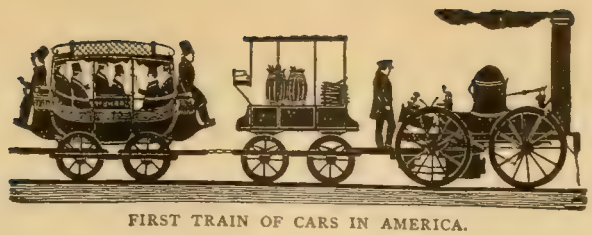
To the State of Maryland, for negotiating the loan of $8,000,000, . . .	$60,000
To the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md., including accrued interest. .	1,500,000
To the Southern Education Fund, ...	3,000,000
To Yale College, ...	150,000
To Harvard College, ...	150,000
To Peabody Academy, Massachusetts, ...	140,000
To Phillips Academy, Massachusetts, ...	25,000
To Peabody Institute, etc., at Peabody, Massachusetts, ...	250,000
To Kenyon College, Ohio, ...	25,000
To Memorial Church, in Georgetown, Massachusetts, ...	100,000
To Homes for the Poor in London, ...	3,000,000
To Libraries in Georgetown, Massachusetts, and Thetford, Vermont, .	10,000
To Kane's Arctic Expedition, ...	10,000
To different Sanitary Fairs, ...	10,000
To unpaid moneys advanced to uphold the credit of States, ...	40,000
Total, ...	$8,470,000

The good gifts of Mr. Peabody are every day building for him new and enduring monuments. The poor in London bless his memory, supposing him to be an Englishman; while the people of Baltimore and the South, who are aided in their education by the great fund which he established, or the institute which bears his name, join with the thousands beyond the sea in keeping his name enshrined in grateful hearts.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS



FIRST TRAIN OF CARS IN AMERICA.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT,

AND THE STORY OF AMERICAN RAILROADS.

STATEN ISLAND lies in the beautiful bay of New York, seven miles distant from the great city. Its lofty heights shut in the snug anchorage of the inner bay, and protect it from storms. It lies full in sight of the city, and is one of the most beautiful and attractive of its suburbs. The commanding heights and embowered shores are covered with villas and cottages, and it contains a large and flourishing population.

A century ago, Staten Island was a mere country settlement, and its communications with the city were maintained by means of a few sail-boats, which made one trip each way per day.

One of these boats was owned and navigated by Cornelius Vanderbilt, a thriving farmer, who owned a small but well cultivated estate on Staten Island, near the present Quarantine grounds. He was generally regarded as one of the most prudent and reliable men on the island. Having a considerable amount of produce to sell in the city, he purchased a boat of his own for the purpose of transporting it thither. Frequently, residents of the island would secure passage in this boat to the city in the morning, and return with it in the evening. This was the beginning of the New York and Staten Island ferry. His wife was a woman of more than usual character, and aided him nobly in making his way in the world.

This admirable couple were blessed with nine children. The oldest of these, Cornelius, was born at the old farmhouse on Staten Island, on the 27th of May, 1794. He was a healthy, active boy, fond of all manner of out-door sports, and manifesting an unusual repugnance to the confinement and labors of the school-room. He was passionately fond of the water, and was never so well pleased as when his father allowed him to assist in sailing his boat.

When he was only twelve years old, his father contracted to remove the cargo from a ship which had gone ashore near Sandy Hook, and to convey it to New York. The lighters which were to carry the goods to the city could not reach the ship, and it was necessary to haul the cargo, transported in wagons, across the sands from the vessel to them. In spite of his tender age, little Cornelius was placed by his father in charge of the undertaking, which he accomplished promptly and successfully. He loaded his lighters, sent them up to New York, and then started for home with his wagons. Upon reaching South Amboy, where he was to cross over to Staten Island, he found himself, with his wagons, horses, and men, without any money to pay his ferriage across to the island. The ferriage would amount to six dollars, and how he was to raise this sum he was, for a time, at a loss to determine. Finally, he went to the keeper of the tavern, to whom he was a stranger, and asked for the loan of six dollars, offering to leave one of his horses as a pledge for the money, which he promised to return within two days. The tavern-keeper was so well pleased with the boy's energy that he loaned him the money, and the party crossed over to Staten Island. The pawned horse was promptly redeemed.

Young Vanderbilt was always anxious to become a sailor, and, as he approached his seventeenth year, he determined to begin life as a boatman in the harbor of New York. On the 1st of May, 1810, he informed his mother of his determination, and asked her to lend him one hundred dollars to buy a boat. The good lady had always opposed her son's wish to go to sea, and regarded this new scheme as equally hare-brained. As a means of discouraging him, she told him if he would plow, harrow, and plant with corn a certain ten-acre lot belonging to the farm, by the twenty-seventh of that month, on which day he would be seventeen years old, she would lend him the money. The field was the worst in the whole farm; it was rough, hard, and stony; but by the appointed time the work was done, and well done, and the boy claimed and received his money. He hurried off to a neighboring village, and bought his boat, in which he set out for home. He had not gone far, however, when the boat struck a sunken wreck, and filled so rapidly that the boy had barely time to get into shoal water before it sank.

"Undismayed at this mishap," says Parton, "he began his new career. His success, as we have intimated, was speedy and great. He made a thousand dollars during each of the next three summers. Often he worked all night; but he was never absent from his post by day, and he soon had the cream of the boating business of the port."

During the War of 1812, young Vanderbilt was kept very busy. All the harbor defenses were fully manned, and a number of war vessels were in port all the time. The travel between these and the city was very great, and boatmen were in demand.

He was now so prosperous in his calling that he determined to marry. He had wooed and won the heart of Sophia Johnson, the daughter of a neighbor, and he now asked his parents' consent to his marriage, and also requested them



"JOHNNY BULL," OR NO. 1.
(*The First Locomotive Used.*)

to allow him to retain his own earnings, in order that he might be able to support a wife. Both of his petitions received the approval of his parents, and in the winter of 1813 he was married. His wife was a woman of unusual personal beauty and strength of character, and proved the best of partners. He often

declared that he owed his success in life as much to her counsel and assistance as to his own efforts.

In 1815, in connection with his brother-in-law, Captain De Forrest, he built a fine schooner, called the "Charlotte," for the coasting service. She was celebrated for the beauty of her model and her great speed. He continued to ply his boat in the harbor during the summer, but in the fall and winter made voyages along the coast, often as far south as Charleston. During the three years succeeding the termination of the war he saved nine thousand dollars in cash, and built two or three small vessels. This was his condition in 1818.

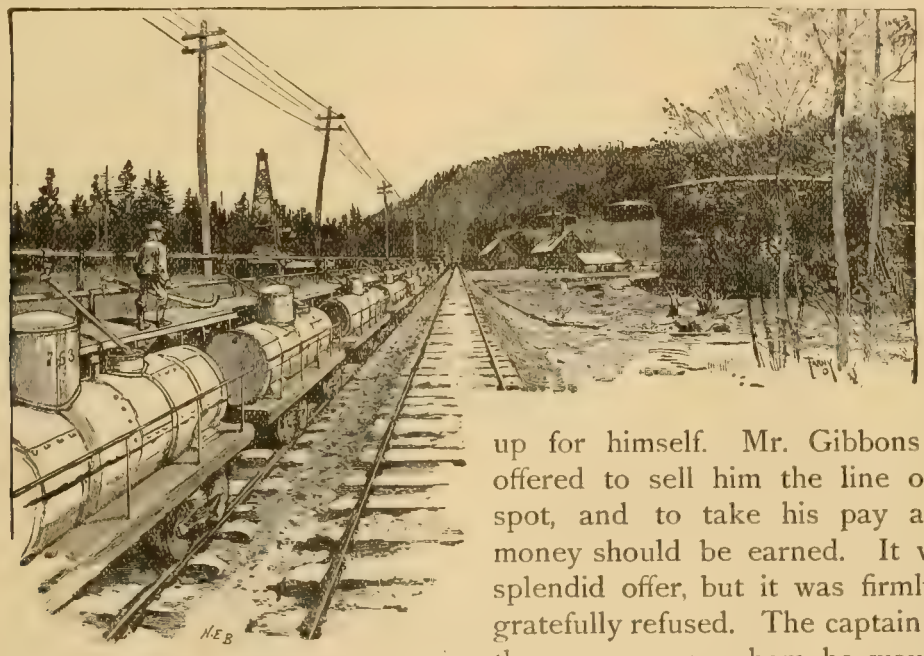
By this time it had become demonstrated to his satisfaction that the new system of steamboats was a success, and was destined to come into general use at no very distant day. He therefore determined to identify himself with it at once, and thereby secure the benefits which he felt sure would result from a prompt connection with it. Accordingly, in 1818, to the surprise and dismay of his friends, he gave up his flourishing business, in order to accept the captaincy of a steamboat which was offered him by Mr. Thomas Gibbons. The salary attached to this position was one thousand dollars, and Captain Vanderbilt's friends frankly told him that he was very foolish in abandoning a lucrative business for so insignificant a sum. Turning a deaf ear to their remonstrances, however, he entered promptly upon the duties of his new career, and was given command of a steamboat plying between New York and New Brunswick.

For seven years he was harassed and hampered by the hostility of the State of New York, which had granted to Fulton and Livingston the sole right to navigate New York waters by steam. Thomas Gibbons believed this law to be unconstitutional, and ran his boats in defiance of it. The authorities of the State resented his disregard of their monopoly, and a long and vexatious warfare sprang up between them, which was ended only in 1824 by the famous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the "Steamboat Case," as it is usually called, in which Daniel Webster made the argument for Mr. Gibbons.

As a means of crippling Gibbons, the New York authorities at one time determined to arrest Vanderbilt and his crew; but the wary captain was too cunning for them. He would land his crew in Jersey City, and take charge of the engine himself, while a lady managed the helm. In this way he approached the wharf at New York, landed his passengers, and took on more. As soon as he had made his boat fast, he concealed himself in the hold until the moment of his departure. As soon as he appeared on deck, the Sheriff's officer (who was changed every day to avoid recognition) would approach him with a warrant for his arrest. His reply was an order to let go the line. The officer, unwilling to be carried off to New Jersey, where he was threatened with imprisonment in the penitentiary for interfering with the steamer, would at once jump ashore, or beg

to be landed. This was kept up for two months, but the captain successfully baffled his enemies during the whole of that period.

In 1829 he determined to leave the service of Mr. Gibbons, with whom he had been connected for eleven years. He was thirty-five years old, and had saved thirty thousand dollars. He resolved to build a steamer of his own, and command her himself, and accordingly made known his intention to his employer. Mr. Gibbons at once declared that he could not carry on the line without his assistance, and told him he might make his own terms if he would stay with him. Captain Vanderbilt had formed his decision after much thought, and being satisfied that he was doing right, he persisted in his determination to set



LOADING A TRAIN OF TANK CARS

up for himself. Mr. Gibbons then offered to sell him the line on the spot, and to take his pay as the money should be earned. It was a splendid offer, but it was firmly and gratefully refused. The captain knew the men among whom he would be thrown, and that they could never act together harmoniously. He believed his own ideas to be the best, and wished to be free to carry them out.

From that time he made his way gradually in his business, until he rose to the head of the steamboat interest of the United States. He owned or was interested in one hundred steam vessels, and was instrumental in a greater degree than any other man in bringing down the rate of steamboat fares. He never built a vessel without giving his personal superintendence to every detail, so that all his various craft were models of their kind.

From this period he began by degrees withdrawing his interest from shipping, to some extent, and investing in railroads; ten years later he was director in several; and when the war broke out in 1860 his investments were already

in great measure transferred from the water to the land, so that his prosperity suffered no special shock by the practical destruction of our foreign carrying trade.

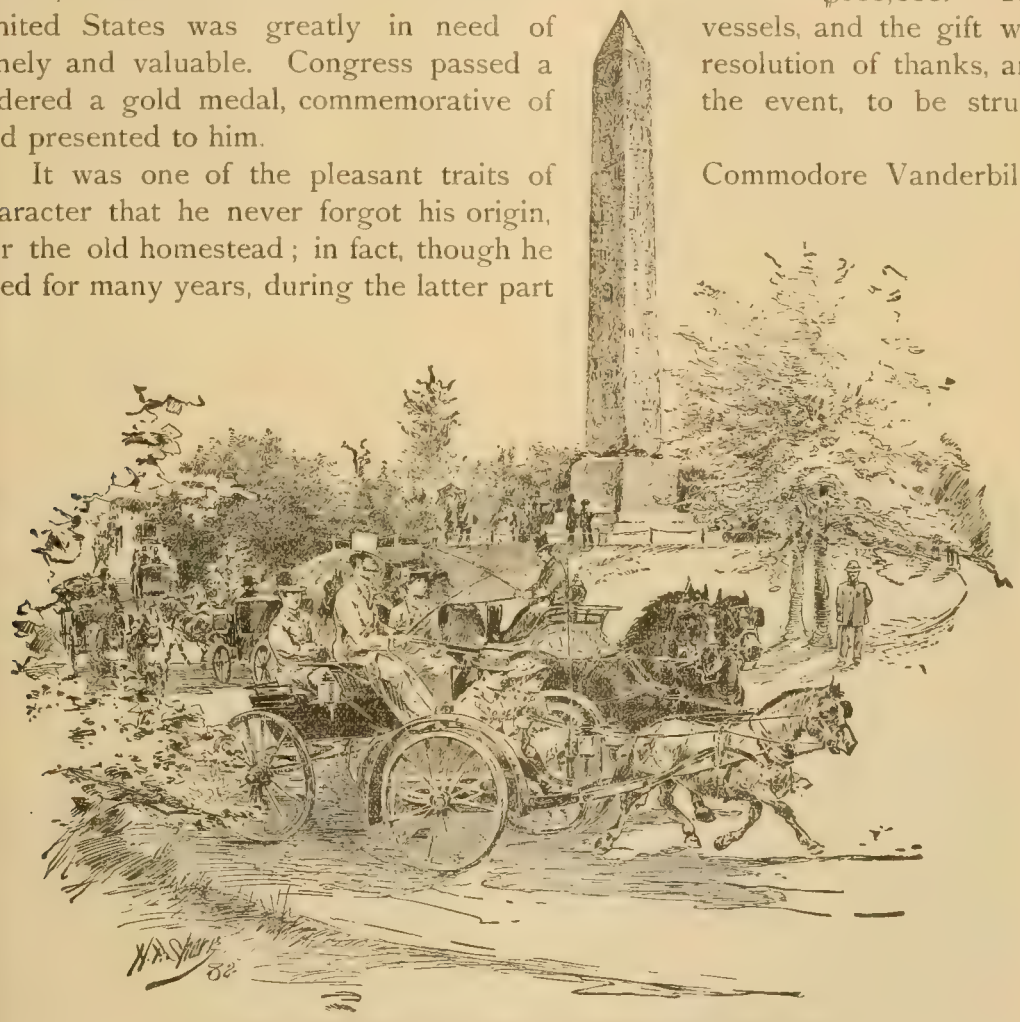
Having gained considerable experience in the manipulation of stocks, he invested largely, more especially in "Harlem," "Hudson River," and "Central," then separate roads. One of his most successful operations was in connection with Harlem. He had bought heavily of this stock when it was in a most depressed condition, advancing to the company a large sum of money, and consequently was placed upon the directors' board, and in 1863 became president of the road.' Under his judicious management, and perhaps the magic of his name, the stock which in January had been at 30, rose in July to 92, and by a skillful manœuvre was made to take a sudden jump in August up to 179. The next year occurred the famous "corner in Harlem," which sent this stock up to the astounding figure of 285!

After this grand "bulling" exploit the directors of the Central road, coveting his influence, offered him the presidency. He bought the Hudson River Railroad outright, and had then in New York State but one rival in the field worthy of his metal; this was the Erie road, then identified with the names of the famous trio, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, and James Fisk. Vanderbilt wished to procure the consolidation of the "Harlem" and "Hudson River," and for this purpose caused a bill to be presented to the legislature at Albany. Whether it was under the suggestion of his ever-watchful antagonist, Mr. Drew, or arose from the speculating minds of members, or of the lobby, a coalition was formed to defeat the bill, its deserting friends evidently believing that they could make more in that way than by passing it. Many privately "gave away the point" to their friends, that Harlem stock could soon be bought for a song. But this conspiracy was not so secretly managed but that it reached the ears of Harlem's president. He made no protest to his defaulting friends in the assembly, but quietly went into the market and bought up every scrap of Harlem stock to be found. In the meanwhile the derelict assemblymen and their friends had been selling Harlem "short" for future delivery. The bill for the consolidation was defeated, and the conspirators looked to see Harlem fall. To their astonishment it stood firm, and when they went into the market to buy the stock for delivery, there was none to be had; they were consequently obliged to pay on "call" the value of the stock, which they had sold at a high price. Many of the speculators were ruined, while Vanderbilt's gains began to roll up in fabulous sums.

From this time onward it has been impossible to exactly estimate the wealth of the railroad emperor. At the time of the consolidation of the Harlem and Hudson River the property was estimated at $35,000,000; he very soon increased the capital to $90,000,000, and on this enormous sum paid annual dividends of

eight per cent. His will did not disclose the amount he left, but it was probably near $100,000,000. Some of his uses of money may be considered as public benefits, and in these are included his improvements in railroad accommodations. In 1862, during the most depressed period of the Union forces during the war, he made the magnificent gift of his splendid steamer, the "Vanderbilt," to the Government. Its cost was about $800,000. The United States was greatly in need of vessels, and the gift was timely and valuable. Congress passed a resolution of thanks, and ordered a gold medal, commemorative of the event, to be struck and presented to him.

It was one of the pleasant traits of Commodore Vanderbilt's character that he never forgot his origin, nor the old homestead; in fact, though he lived for many years, during the latter part



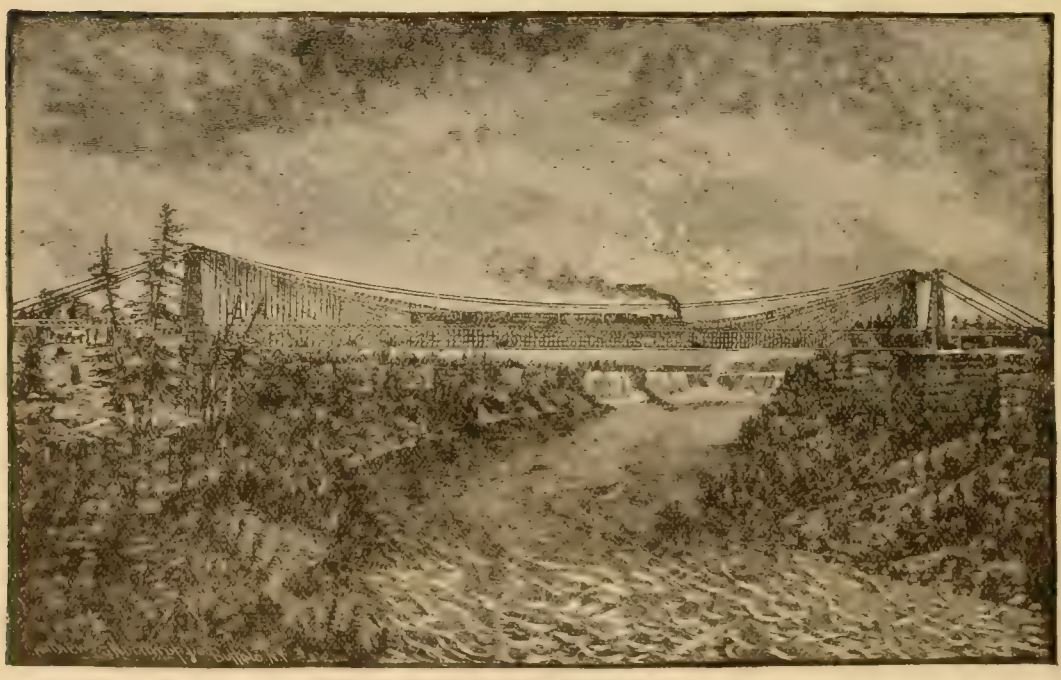
THE VANDERBILT FAMILY DRIVING IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

of his life, in New York city, No. 10 Washington Place, his first grand house was in Staten Island, and built upon a corner of his father's farm, which he had bought when quite a young man, and which, before he built upon it, was recognized by the neighbors as "Corneel's lot." Its site, when bought, was on the northeast corner of the farm, and very near the water's edge, but later improvements in filling in carried out the shore-line nearly an eighth of a mile

beyond the house, which is situated upon a rise of land overlooking the bay, the approach being handsomely terraced, and separated from the road by a substantial stone coping and high iron fence.

Mr. Vanderbilt's death occurred on the morning of the 4th of January, 1877, after an illness of six months, the result of a complication of diseases. The great bulk of his gigantic fortune descended to his son William H.

Commodore Vanderbilt was the father of thirteen children by his first wife —four sons and nine daughters. His second wife, whom he married late in life, was a Miss Crawford, of Mobile, Ala. To this lady is attributed the influence which caused the endowment of the "Vanderbilt University," located at Nashville, Tenn., and the gift to Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, with those other beneficent acts which marked the last years of the veteran financier's life.

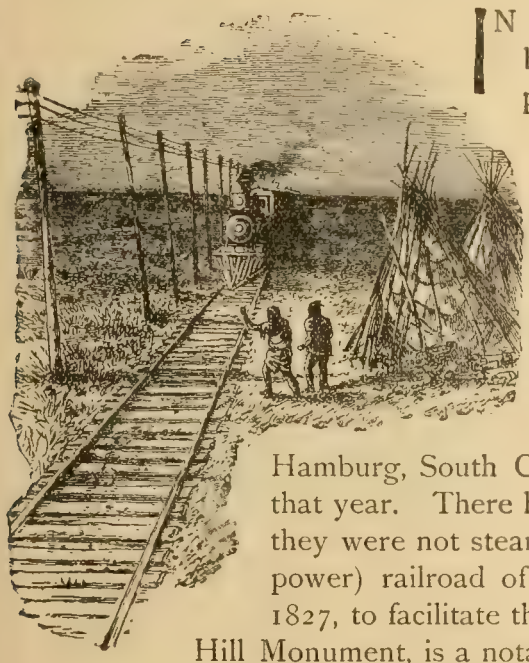


SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.



THE ROYAL GORGE, COLORADO.

OUR AMERICAN RAILROADS.



IN view of the important part performed by railways in the evolution of American prosperity and power, there was something specially significant in the name of the first American locomotive built for the first railway constructed for the carriage of passengers and freight by steam power exclusively.

It was the "Best Friend," made at the West Point Works, New York City, in the summer of 1830, for the pioneer steam railway between Charleston and Hamburg, South Carolina, opened for service in the fall of that year. There had been railroads at an earlier date, but they were not steam roads. The historic three-mile (horse-power) railroad of the Quincy Granite Company, built in 1827, to facilitate the transportation of stone for the Bunker Hill Monument, is a notable example. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's gravity coal road between Carbondale and Hawley, Pa., was another; and a later one was the tram-road for horses between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills, now part of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. And there had been numerous experimental locomotives, by several inventors, following the lead of Oliver Evans at the beginning of the century, and coming nearest to success, perhaps, in Peter Cooper's little "Tom Thumb." This, the first American locomotive to run on rails, was a toy affair, with a three and a-half inch cylinder, an upright tubular boiler made with old gun-barrels, and a fan-blower for increasing the fire-draft. It was about as big as a flour-barrel on a hand-car, and weighed two and a-half tons. In August, 1830, it made the run from Baltimore to Ellicott's, twenty-seven miles, in an hour; but when raced against a fast team on the return trip it failed, through the slipping of the belt which moved the fan. A year earlier an English engine had been imported by

the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, for hauling coal; and, though successful in a short run, it proved to be too heavy for the tracks and too tall to pass under highway bridges, and was never used.

The "Best Friend" was more fortunate at first, and it was practically the pioneer American locomotive, and the South Carolina road was our pioneer steam railway—the first to carry passengers and the United States mail, and, withal, the longest railroad in the world when completed. It was not contemptible, either, in the matter of speed. On trial trips (in the latter part of 1830), the "Best Friend" was able to run at the rate of twenty miles an hour, with four or five coaches and forty to fifty passengers; and from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour without cars. Its own weight was five tons. On the stockholders' first anniversary, January 15, 1831, an excursion party of two hundred and more were carried over the road, in two trips, with a band of music and a detachment of United States soldiers with a field piece.

This was only four months after the formal opening of the Manchester and Liverpool road, when Stephenson demonstrated for England the superiority of steam railways for passenger travel.

Stephenson's locomotive, "The Rocket," had two features of the modern locomotive which the *Best Friend* lacked—a tubular boiler and steam draft; and, in June, 1831, the West Point Works sent to the South Carolina road a better engine of the "Rocket" type. Soon after the *Best Friend's* career was ended by the excessive zeal of a negro fireman who sat upon the safety valve to stop the escape of steam. The fireman's career was ended at the same time.

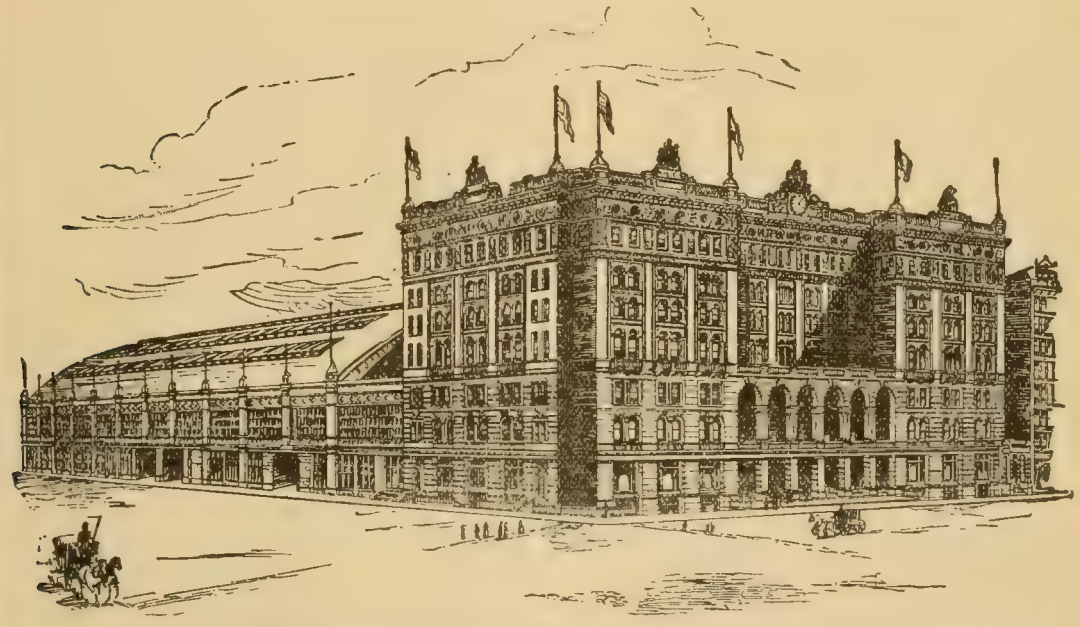
Closely pressing the South Carolina road in its claim for priority was the Mohawk and Hudson road, from Albany to Schenectady, N. Y., now part of the New York Central road. By many it is regarded as furnishing the first fully equipped passenger train drawn by a steam-engine to run in regular service in America. Trial trips were made in August, 1831, regular service beginning in October. The engine was the "De Witt Clinton," the third locomotive built at the West Point Works. It weighed three and a half tons, and, hauling half a dozen coaches, was able to run from Albany to Schenectady, seventeen miles, in less than an hour. An excursion trip made August 9, 1831, described by one of the party, gives a good idea of primitive railway travel. "The train was made up of the *De Witt Clinton*, its tender, and five or six coaches—old stage bodies placed on trucks, coupled together by chain links, leaving from two to three feet slack. When the locomotive started it took up the slack by jerks, with sufficient force to jerk the passsengers, who sat on seats across the tops, out from under their hats, and in stopping the cars came together with such force as to send the excursionists flying from their seats.

"Pitch pine was used for fuel, and there being no spark-catcher to the smoke-stack, a volume of black smoke, strongly charged with sparks, coal, and

cinders, came pouring back the whole length of the train. Each of the outside passengers who had an umbrella, raised it as a protection against the smoke and fire. The umbrellas were found to be but a momentary protection, and in the first mile the last one went overboard, all having their covers burned off from the frames.

At the first station a plan was hit upon to stop the jerking. A piece of fence rail was placed between each pair of cars, stretching the link-coupling, and fastened by means of packing yarn from the cylinders, an improvement not fully worked out practically for many years.

A more formal exhibition of the possibilities of the road was made a month



NEW TERMINAL STATION AND MARKET HOUSE OF READING RAILROAD.

later, when a large number of State and city officials took part. A "powerful Stephenson locomotive" had been imported for the occasion, but it did not work well, and the DeWitt Clinton was brought into service to haul a train of three coaches, while seven other coaches followed, drawn by horses. The steam train made the trip in forty-six minutes; the horse-drawn train in an hour and a quarter. Among the toasts offered at the subsequent dinner was this: "The Buffalo Railroad—may we soon breakfast in Utica, dine in Rochester, and sup with our friends on Lake Erie."

Now we breakfast in New York, dine on the road while speeding through Central New York, and sup as the train flies past.

Crude as were these early beginnings, they sufficed to convince a wide-

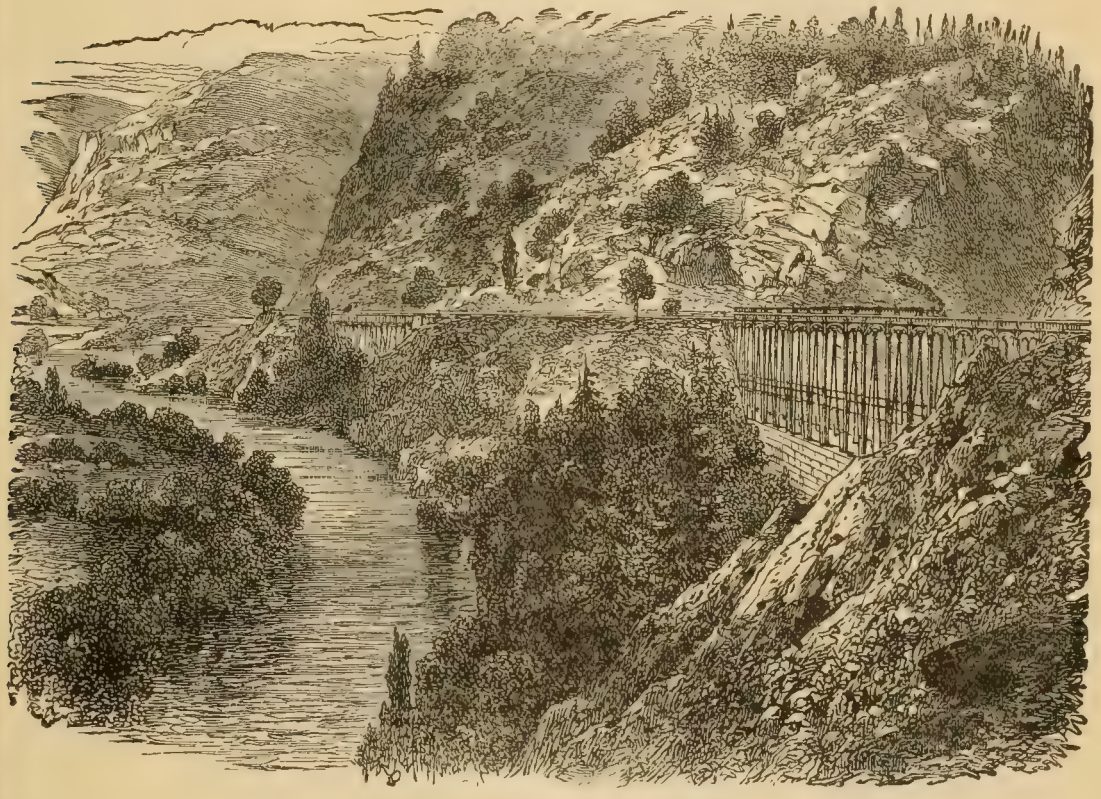
awake and enterprising people that the steam railroad was to be the future highway, and railway projects were started in all parts of the country, a number of them to be carried out speedily. There were nearly a hundred miles of railways in operation at the end of 1831, and the first thousand miles were passed in 1835. In the meantime improvements were introduced in the construction of tracks, locomotives, and cars, and the characteristics which have since distinguished American railroads, rolling stock, and methods of operation, began to be developed.

In Europe the railways were primarily to meet existing needs, social, commercial, and military. They connected strategic points, or established centres of population, and sought mainly to supply the demonstrated wants of ancient trade routes. In America the longer roads were planned chiefly to meet future needs. They were pioneers in national development. They penetrated the wilderness to hasten its conquest, to make accessible natural resources not otherwise attainable. They created trade routes. Population followed the lines they laid down, and their points of intersection became centres of production and traffic. Built largely in advance of trade and travel, by a people too young to have accumulated an excess of capital, in their construction and equipment the early American roads showed less of solidity and elegance than of originality, one might almost say audacity, in design and execution. Curves of startling abruptness were common, and timber viaducts of spider-web lightness led over chasms that European engineers would have crossed only at a cost which would have thrown a new enterprise into bankruptcy, as indeed the cheapest construction too often did.

The unsubstantial nature of the roadway, with wooden viaducts and bridges, compelled the use of rolling stock of home production. Almost invariably the imported engines proved too heavy and rigid for American service. They were built for level grades and wide curves, the axles being held rigidly parallel by the engine frames. The second engine of the South Carolina road had its running-gear of eight wheels arranged in two trucks, turning on king bolts, so as to easily follow sharp curves. This was improved upon in the first Mohawk and Hudson engine, in which the driving wheels were separated from the swiveled "bearing" truck, a plan which still better enabled the engine to follow readily sharp curves and adapt itself to sudden inequalities of the track. In 1836 two pairs of driving-wheels coupled together were adopted in connection with a swiveling bearing-truck; and thereafter what has since been known the world over as the American type of locomotive became the rule here, to be accepted ultimately by other countries,—latterly even by the stubbornly conservative English locomotive builders.

Closely following the Mohawk and Hudson road, in the same year, came the thirteen-mile railway between Richmond and Chesterfield, Va., and a five-

mile road from New Orleans to Lake Pontchartrain. The next year Pennsylvania had a State-built railroad, using horses at first, from Philadelphia to Columbia, eighty-two miles, and the Portage road, for canal boats, over the mountains from Hollidaysburgh to Johnstown, using stationary engines. These roads, with their canal connections, gave Philadelphia a route through to the West, reducing the freight charge to Pittsburgh from $100 to $30 per ton. New York and Philadelphia were connected by the Camden and Amboy Railroad, finished in 1834. Boston and Worcester were iron-linked in 1835.



ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

Something of a railway mania ensued, culminating in 1842, in which year over seven hundred miles of new roads were built, bringing the aggregate mileage up to four thousand. By this time Boston and Albany had been connected by railway, and wheat threshed and milled in Rochester on Monday had been delivered in Boston, converted into bread, and solemnly eaten at a public dinner on Wednesday. From New York one could go by rail all the way to Washington; and from Fredericksburg, Va., to Wilmington, N. C. In 1850 there was no direct rail connection between New York and Boston, nor between New York and Albany. The Hudson River Road was opened in the Fall of 1851.

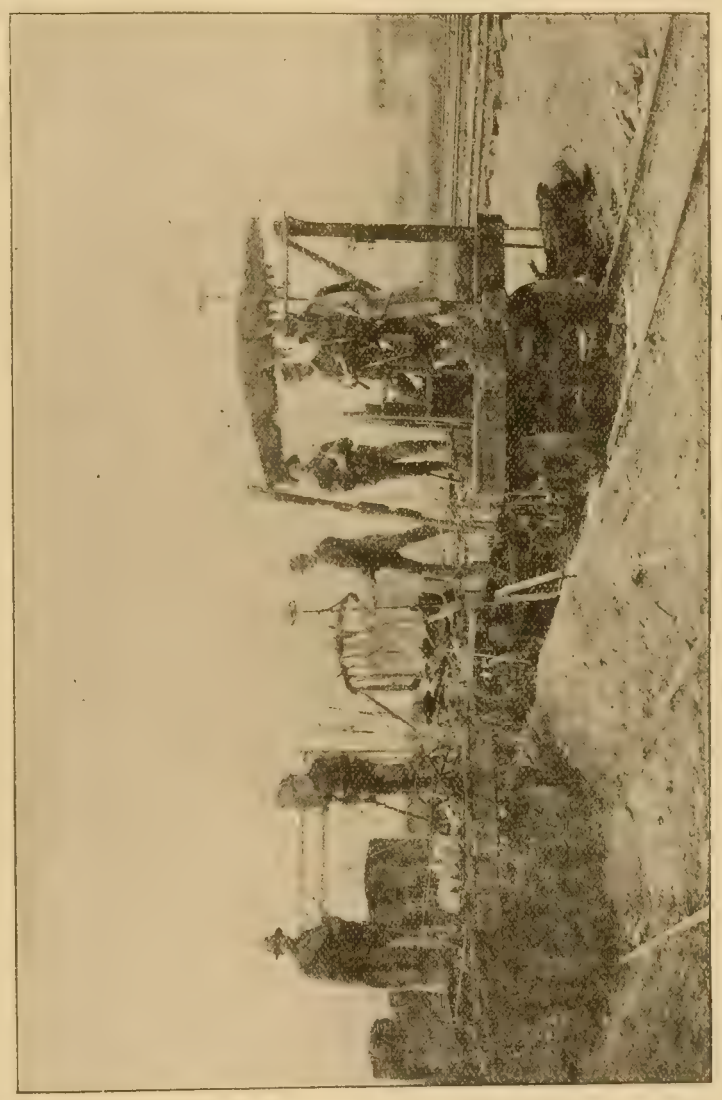
By the consolidation of a dozen previously independent roads, the New York Central was created in 1853. With the completion of the Hudson River road, the westward traveler could go by rail to Buffalo; thence by boat through Lake Erie to Detroit; across the State of Michigan by rail; thence across Lake Michigan by boat to Chicago, then almost as far from New York as San Francisco now is. Chicago's only railway connection was with Elgin, forty miles west. The Michigan Central reached Chicago, giving it direct Eastern connection, in 1852. Meantime Western Ohio had reached Chicagoward from Toledo, passing through Northern Indiana. Two or three years later Chicago had become a great railway centre, with lines to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and had entered upon an era of civic development previously unknown even in America. During that decade—1850 to 1860—the development of the region between the Great Lakes and the Ohio River was something marvelous, and the rapid extension of its railways must be considered as much a cause as an effect.

Coincident with the extension of railway facilities were improvements in methods and appliances. The original coaches could carry from four to six passengers inside and two at each end outside. The next step was to low and narrow cars, with four or five coach-like compartments, into which perhaps twenty passengers could be crowded, in groups of four. Then the partitions were omitted, making a long box-car with doors at the ends. These cars were dimly lighted by tallow candles or whale-oil lamps, which smoked the tops of the cars and spattered the sides with grease. The more luxurious of the stiff, uncomfortable seats were covered with hair cloth. In winter some of the cars were heated by small sheet-iron stoves. There was no ventilation except by open windows, into which poured clouds of dust from the unballasted roadbed, and denser clouds of smoke and cinders from the locomotive, burning fat pine for fuel and belching forth a torrent of sparks that usually enveloped the entire train. The cars were without springs.

The first rails were merely straps of iron nailed to longitudinal sleepers of wood. The continuous hammering of the wheels on one side of these bars caused them to curl; the loosened ends would sometimes be struck by the wheels and thrust upward through the car,—causing "snake heads," which never failed to frighten, and not unfrequently to kill, passengers and derail the train. The modern rail, invented by Colonel Stevens, of New Jersey, removed this source of danger and commended itself to railway builders the world over. The strap rail was not entirely displaced, however, for many years.

The early railroad stations were mere sheds with few conveniences for passengers or baggage. There was no baggage checking, and every passenger had to keep track of his own luggage; a serious bother and constant anxiety, as "through" cars were unknown and frequent changes of cars were made

necessary by the short length and independent management of connecting roads. At every terminus the passenger had to get out, buy a new ticket, and see that his baggage was properly transferred. At night and in foul weather this was no pleasure. Coupon tickets, continuous trains, sleeping cars, baggage checking over connecting routes, and other conveniences came in with the later fifties. By this time the electric telegraph had become an important factor in railroad management, a factor of safety as well as convenience; and that other American idea, the express service, had demonstrated its advantages to travelers as well as to shippers of goods.



A SCENE OF THE CHICAGO STRIKE AND RIOTS OF 1894.

For two weeks in July, 1894, railroad traffic in Chicago was practically suspended. Mobs held possession of the tracks, and cars were derailed, engineers attacked, and trainmen assaulted with stones, threats, and curses. Miles of freight cars were set on fire, and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed.

In 1850 the railways of the country were almost entirely confined to the Atlantic slope north of Virginia. Ten years later the Southern States were crossed in various directions from Richmond to Savannah and Memphis, from New Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio; and a network of iron roads furnished transportation to the coast for the cotton of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. Still greater progress had

been made north of the Ohio. The great Central States were crossed and recrossed many times, and their fertile plains were tapped by the four or five great chains of connecting lines, furnishing through routes from New York to beyond the Mississippi River, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans; and Chicago had become a great railway centre.

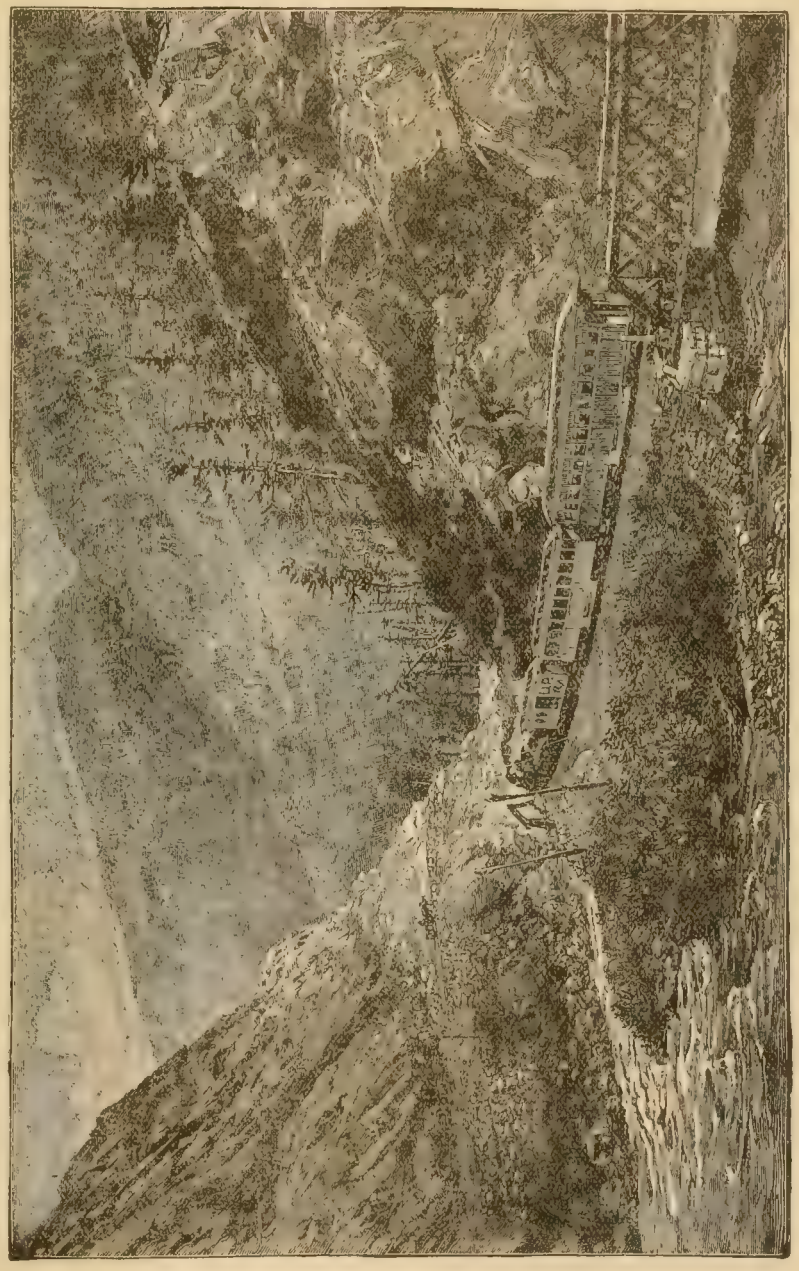
During the years of civil war railroad building was largely suspended, to begin again with increased vigor with the return of peace. The gigantic task of building an iron way across the continent had been accomplished before the decade was ended, and the aggregate mileage of the country had been increased to about sixty thousand. The example set by the New York Central, and the manifest convenience and economy of grouping related roads into united systems under common management, had led to the formation of great corporations like the Pennsylvania Railway Company and the Baltimore and Ohio, thus bringing a confusion of independent roads into orderly and economical action, with lower tariff rates for freight and passengers, speedier service, and greater efficiency in every department. The great advantages of the rapid and uninterrupted transmission of packages by the express companies led to the extension of such service to general freight carrying, and fast freight lines in charge of special companies were the beneficent result.

While these improvements in railway management were developing, not less important improvements were making in the construction and equipment of the roads. The track was better laid, heavier rails employed, with larger cars, and more powerful engines. The Hodge hand-brake, and the Stevens brake, introduced about 1850, materially increased the economy and safety of handling trains. The Miller coupler and buffer was a more radical improvement, practically ending the jerking and jolting in starting and stopping trains, and lessening the risk of "telescoping" in case of collisions.

The extension of railway lines and the increase of night travel gave rise to the need of better sleeping accommodations, and several roads experimented with sleeping-cars about the time of their introduction by Woodruff in 1856. Wagner cars were placed on the New York Central in 1858, and soon after the Chicago and Alton Road tried a number of day cars altered to sleepers by Pullman. Great improvements were developed by Pullman in 1865, the first car of the new type—costing the then extravagant sum of $18,000—was first used in the funeral train of President Lincoln. Parlor or drawing-room cars were next introduced for day service, adding greatly to the comfort of traveling. The first hotel car was introduced by the Pullman Company in 1857, and the first dining-car, in which all the passengers of a train could take their meals as in a well-equipped restaurant, followed in 1868.

Each decade since 1870 has seen a greater extension of railway lines and more numerous improvements in railway material and methods than in all the

years preceding, marvelous as their result had been. In 1870 the great railway States were Pennsylvania and Illinois, with nearly five thousand miles of iron roads each, while New York, Ohio, and Indiana had a mileage of over three thousand each. In 1880 Illinois' mileage approached eight thousand, Pennsylvania's over six thousand; New York, Ohio, and Iowa had nearly as many; and seven other States exceeded three thousand miles each. Of these, Texas had increased her mileage over fourfold. During that year the railway mileage of the whole country reached and passed a hundred thousand miles; and over seventy thousand miles of new road have since been added. Illinois remained in 1890 the greatest railroad State, with ten thousand miles; Kansas had nine thousand; Iowa, Pennsylvania, and Texas nearly as many. After these come Ohio with eight thousand miles; New York with seven thousand seven hundred and sixty miles; and Michigan



ENTERING BOULDER CAÑON, COLORADO.
(*On the Union Pacific System*).

with seven thousand three hundred and forty-two miles. Thirteen or fourteen States have more than five thousand miles each; and all except Rhode Island, Delaware, Vermont and Nevada have passed the first thousand.

During the last two decades there have been three great periods of railway extension, culminating in 1871, in 1882, and in 1887, the advance in the last year named being nearly thirteen thousand miles, or as much as the whole country had in 1852. The present mileage of the United States—not counting town and city roads operated by horses, stationary engines, electric motors, and small steam engines, like those of our elevated roads—is more than half the railway mileage of the entire world, and more than six times that of any other country.

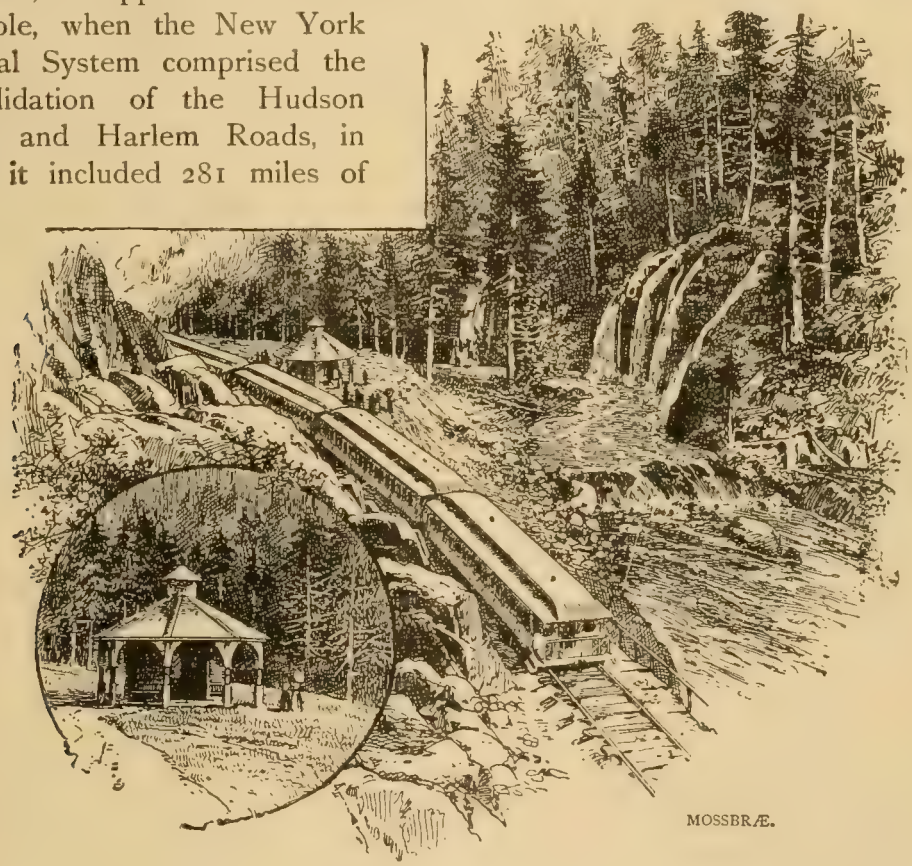
At a low estimate something like one-fifth of the entire wealth of the United States is represented by these newly created highways of traffic and travel, or much more than the sum of the whole world's stock of money, of every kind—gold, silver, and paper. Their motive power is furnished by upward of 30,000 locomotives, valued at half a billion dollars, whose flying trains comprise about twelve hundred thousand cars, worth more than a billion and a half. They would make a train extending half way around the globe! Their annual traffic earnings exceed a thousand million dollars. They give direct employment to an army of 800,000 railway men, and four times as many men are employed in subsidiary occupations, in building and equipping them, the railway interests supporting fully a twentieth of our entire population.

To haul on common roads the freight carried by American railroads would require not less than sixty million horses, with all the able-bodied men in the country to drive them, and the annual freight bill would be increased twenty-fold or more by such a return to primitive methods, were such a thing possible. Facts and figures like these serve not merely to indicate the magnitude and importance of our railway service, but to show how fundamentally necessary it is to a civilization like ours. Without such means of cheap and rapid movement of men and materials the greater part of our populous and wealth-producing territory would have remained a savage wilderness.

Before the days of railways it cost a hundred dollars to haul a ton of freight from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh; on the easier grades through Central New York to Buffalo the charge was twenty-five cents a mile. Only costly commodities could stand such expensive carriage. The value of a load of wheat would have been absorbed in half the distance; indeed, a distance of a hundred miles is generally regarded as the limit of grain transport on common roads. By railway it can stand a carriage of two or three thousand miles, the average freight charge on all the railroads of the country being about a cent a mile; on many roads it as low as three-fourths of a cent. It was over three cents a mile in 1853 and over two cents in 1860. Since 1870 the average cost of bringing a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York has fallen from about thirty-five

cents to less than fifteen cents, with corresponding benefit to Eastern and European consumers.

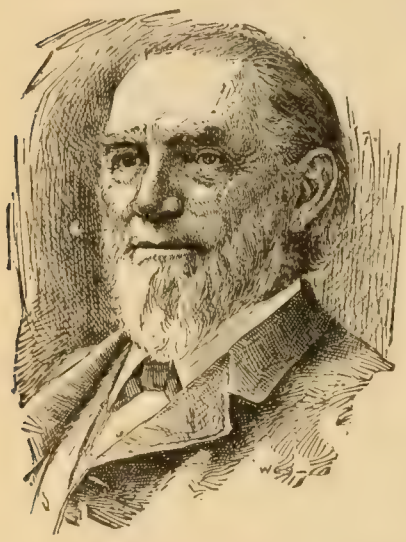
To attempt to trace the causes of this cheapening of transportation for freight and passengers would carry us far beyond the limits of space prescribed. Some of the chief contributing factors, however, may be briefly noticed—competition, due to the multiplication of roads ; more economical management, through the development of great systems under united and judicious control ; and, above all, improvement in the tracks, engines, cars, stations, and all related means, methods, and appliances. As an example, when the New York Central System comprised the consolidation of the Hudson River and Harlem Roads, in 1864, it included 281 miles of



MOSSBRÆ.

railway, with double tracks, sidings, and spurs, making a total mileage of 463. In 1891 the system included sixteen roads, with over 5000 miles of track. Its valuation had increased sixfold, its operating expenses fivefold, and its gross earnings more than fivefold. In 1866 it used 125 locomotives, 251 passenger cars, and 1421 freight cars of all sorts and sizes. The average freight car was then twenty-eight feet long and carried ten tons ; the average passenger car was forty feet long and would seat forty passengers. Now the average freight car is thirty-four feet long, with a capacity of twenty-

two tons; the passenger coach is fifty-four feet long and carries sixty-four, with a comfort undreamed of at the earlier day. The fast express of 1866 attained a speed of thirty-four miles an hour. The Empire State Express of 1892 regularly maintains a speed of fifty-one miles from the sea to the lakes; sometimes it exceeds a mile a minute. In 1866 the average passenger train, including the engine, weighed one hundred and thirty tons; the average freight train perhaps twice as much. In 1891 some of the freight engines alone weighed one hundred tons, and a freight train of thirty-five cars, over five hundred tons. A limited passenger train would weigh nearly four-fifths as much. In 1891 the system, using over eleven hundred locomotives and forty times as many cars, carried over twenty million passengers more than six hundred million miles, at a cost to passengers of less than two cents a mile, and twenty million tons of freight over three thousand million miles. The chairman of the Board of Directors of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company is Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who devotes his time to furthering the interests of this great company. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is the active president of the road, with Mr. Theodore Voorhies as superintendent, maintaining a vigilant oversight of its business, and Mr. George H. Daniels is the efficient General Passenger Agent. The task of operating this vast enterprise, with its five hundred and eighty-six trains daily, devolves upon Mr. John M. Toucey, as General Manager, whose record may well serve as a stimulus to others—for Mr. Toucey rose from the ranks.



JOHN M. TOUCEY.
General Manager New York Central Railroad System).

John M. Toucey, General Manager of the New York Central & Hudson River R. R., was born at Newtown, Conn., July 30th, 1828. After preparing for Trinity College, Mr. Toucey, finding that his tastes did not lead him in the direction of the ministry, turned his attention to school teaching, continuing in that profession for two years. At the age of nineteen he applied for and obtained a position on the Naugatuck R. R., then in course of construction, and was appointed station agent at Plymouth (now Thomaston), beginning business there before the station was erected.

About a year after his appointment the station was robbed, and no clue obtained until about fifteen hours had elapsed. Mr. Toucey followed the thief to Goshen, near Litchfield, where he grappled with him alone, secured the money, and turned the man over to the authorities to serve a seven years' sentence in the State Prison. While running as conductor between Bridgeport and Winstead the road was badly damaged by freshets. Mr. Toucey was given

charge of the reconstruction of the road between Waterbury and Winstead, completing the work in a short time to the entire satisfaction of the Company. After serving at Indianapolis as agent of the Madison & Indianapolis R. R., and later as freight agent on the Morris & Essex R. R., Mr. Toucey entered the service of the Hudson River R. R., and in 1855 was appointed passenger conductor between New York and Troy, subsequently filling the position of agent at East Albany. In 1862 President Samuel Sloan, of the Hudson River R. R., appointed Mr. Toucey Train Master, from which position he was soon promoted to be Assistant Superintendent.

In 1867 Mr. Toucey resigned from the service of the Hudson River Road and accepted the position of General Superintendent of the D. L. & W. R. R., under Mr. Sloan, the former President of the Hudson River Road, but after two months' service he was recalled to the Hudson River Railroad by Commodore Vanderbilt, and appointed General Superintendent, with full charge of the line then extending from New York to Albany. Some years after the consolidation of the New York Central Railroad and the Hudson River Railroad Mr. Toucey's jurisdiction was extended to Buffalo, and in February, 1890, he was appointed General Manager. Mr. Toucey's long experience in railway management and his habits of close observation, combined with untiring energy and native sagacity, have brought him to the front rank among railway managers, and he is deservedly popular with the army of men employed on the great "New York Central System," where his ability is recognized and his tall form is so well known.

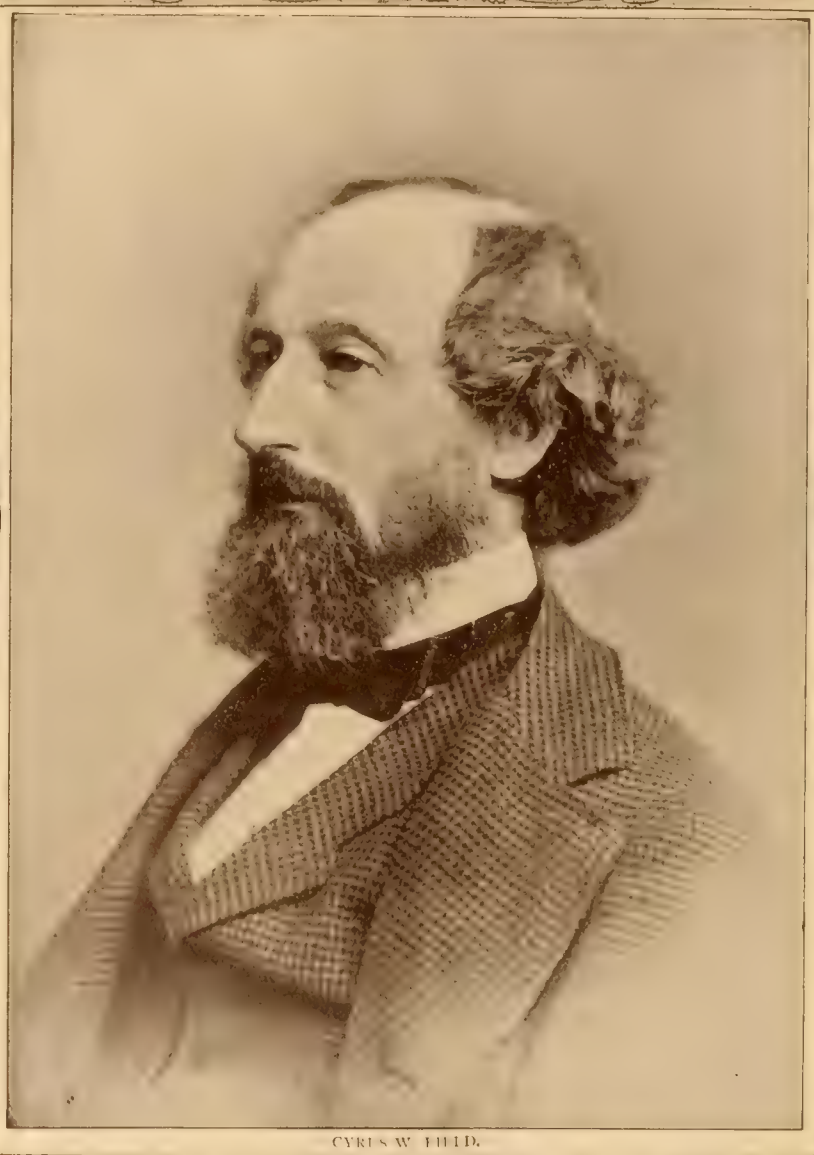
THE PENNSYLVANIA SYSTEM

covers between seven and eight thousand miles of track, with a freight traffic of one hundred and thirty million tons (over twelve thousand million tons one mile) and a passenger traffic of eighty-seven million passengers (over sixteen hundred thousand one mile), and carries seventy-four thousand names on its pay-rolls. The Union Pacific system covers over six thousand miles of connecting roads; the Southern Pacific nearly as many; the Richmond Terminal system something like seven thousand miles; and in scope of territory and magnitude of business these are rivaled, if not surpassed, by several systems reaching westward from Chicago into regions that were an almost unbroken wilderness twenty-five years ago, now a chain of mighty States, reaching from Mexico to Manitoba, and from the Mississippi to the Pacific. The unprecedented progress in the social, industrial, and political development of that wilderness of yesterday is primarily due to the people who have converted it to the uses of civilization; but their presence there was made possible by railways, and the railway has everywhere been their great engine of conquest and development—the bringer of population and carrier of the wealth they discovered or created.

To trace adequately the conflicts of systems and the effects of competition in decreasing tariff rates, and in improving the means and methods of railway

service since 1880, would require a volume. Much less is it possible to describe the notable feats of engineering which have carried railways over rivers and chasms, over mountains impassable other than by sure-footed mules, across deserts too hot and dry even for mule trains. "No heights seem too great to-day, no valleys too deep, no cañons too forbidding, no streams too wide; if commerce demands it the engineer will respond and the railways will be built." The railway bridges of the country would make a continuous structure from New York to San Francisco, and include many of the boldest and most original, as well as the longest and highest bridges in the world. The pioneer railway suspension bridge at Niagara Falls was as remarkable in its day for boldness and originality as for its size and its success. A single span of 821 feet, supported by four cables, carried the track 245 feet above the river that rushed beneath. The cables were supported by masonry towers, whose slow disintegration gave occasion for an engineering feat even more notable than the original construction of the bridge. The first railroad bridge across the Ohio was at Steubenville, completed in 1866; the first iron bridge over the Upper Mississippi was the Burlington bridge of 1869. The first great bridge across the Mississippi was Eads' magnificent structure at St. Louis, whose beautiful steel arches of over 500 feet span each give no hint of the difficult problems that had to be solved before a permanent bridge was possible at that point. It was completed in 1874. Since then the great river has been frequently bridged for railways, the latest at Memphis, while its great arm, the Missouri, has been crossed a dozen times. The Memphis bridge involves the cantilever construction, so boldly applied for the first time by the Cincinnati Southern Road to its crossing of the deep gorge of the Kentucky River, a cañon 1200 feet wide and 275 feet deep, with a stream subject to rises of water of 55 feet.

But to return to the subject of railways and their development: the latest and most promising phase of this development—the electric railroads—must have a paragraph. Though it is scarcely a dozen years since the first experimental electric locomotive was exhibited, there are already (June, 1892,) upward of five thousand miles of electric roads in operation, capitalized at nearly two hundred million dollars, Massachusetts leads in mileage, though exceeded by New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio in number of roads. Thirty-six States claim one or more roads each, and St. Louis, Mo., boasts of the most complete and extensive city system. Assurance is given that electric locomotives will soon displace steam engines from the Elevated Roads of New York city. The largest electric locomotives thus far reported are the three eighty-ton electric engines for the tunnel service of the Baltimore Belt Railway. They are designed to haul a 1200-ton freight train fifteen miles an hour, or a 500-ton passenger train thirty miles an hour. Similar heavy and powerful electric locomotives have been adopted for handling trains at the Northern Pacific Terminals at Chicago.



CYRUS W. FIELD.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

CYRUS W. FIELD,

THE SUCCESSFUL PROJECTOR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.



OW necessary it is to *succeed!*" sadly remarked Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, as he stood at the tomb of Washington. Many a noble and brave man beside Kossuth has illustrated the truth that the world bestows honor only for success; but few have so nobly displayed the qualities necessary to win success as the projector of the great Atlantic cable.

Cyrus West Field was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, November 30, 1819. He was the son of Rev. David Dudley Field, a distinguished clergyman. He was carefully educated, and at the age of fifteen went to New York to seek his fortune. He had no difficulty in obtaining a clerkship in an enterprising mercantile house, and, from the first, gave evidence of unusual business capacity. His employers advanced him rapidly, and in a few years he became a partner. His success was so marked that in 1853, when only thirty-four years old, he was able to partially retire from business with a large fortune.

Mr. Field had devoted himself so closely to his business that, at his retirement, he resolved to seek recreation and change of scene in foreign travel, and accordingly he left New York, and passed the next six months in journeying through the mountains of South America. Upon his return home, at the close of the year 1853, he declared his intention to withdraw entirely from active participation in business, and to engage in no new schemes.

Scarcely had Mr. Field returned when he was solicited by his brother Matthew to accord an interview to a Mr. Frederick Gisborne, of Newfoundland, who had conceived a plan to establish telegraphic communication between New York and St. Johns, Newfoundland, and from the latter point to despatch swift steamers to London or Liverpool, which were expected to make the voyage in five or six days. Mr. Field listened to his enthusiastic visitor with close attention, but without committing himself to the project. But, after the latter

had left, he took out his maps and charts, and began to mentally estimate the cost and difficulties of the plan, when suddenly the idea came to him: "Instead of steamers, why not run an electric wire through the ocean itself?" This thought, he says, thrilled him like a veritable shock of electricity, and he could hardly contain himself until he had sought the opinion of persons more practically acquainted with the science of electricity, and with the conformation of the ocean-bed, than he was at that time. Being assured by the best authorities of the feasibility of the plan, he became thoroughly interested in the project, and resolved at once to try and interest a sufficient number of capitalists to enable the company to make a practical beginning.

A company was soon found, consisting of a few wealthy men of New York. Mr. Peter Cooper was president. Mr. Field was the man who undertook the immense labor of pushing the enterprise. He visited England, where he obtained large subscriptions to the capital stock of the company. He secured the cordial aid of the British government, both in money and in the use of vessels for laying the cable. He attended to the manufacture of the cable itself, and the construction of the machinery for "paying-out" from the vessels. Then he returned to America, and with difficulty secured the co-operation of the United States government. The bill passed Congress by very small majorities, and was signed by President Buchanan in March, 1857.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

On August 6th the "Niagara" and "Agamemnon," with the precious cable aboard, started from Valentia, a small town on the western coast of Ireland. Mr. Field was on board of the "Niagara;" Professor Morse and other electricians accompanied Mr. Field to watch the execution of the enterprise. As fathom after fathom of the great cable passed over the side of the "Niagara" and slipped into the silent sea, every one on board began to feel a sort of human interest in the cable itself, as if it were a thing of life. An eye-witness on the "Niagara" has eloquently described the feeling of subdued solemnity which gradually took possession of the whole ship's company. Suddenly a great calamity came. By the too sudden application of a brake on the "paying-out machine," the cable snapped, parted, and wholly disappeared beneath the waves. The shock was almost too great for the firmest nerves. All felt as if a cherished comrade had just slipped the cable of life, and gone to his grave in the depths of the ocean.

The lateness of the season precluded the idea of repairing the accident, so as to continue the work that year. The fleet returned to England, and Mr. Field immediately gave orders for the construction of seven hundred additional miles of cable to replace what was lost. During all this time his activity appeared almost to exceed the bounds of human endurance. Many were the

successive twenty-four hours in which he had no sleep, except such naps as he would catch in a railway car. But faith in the final success bore him up. On the 10th of June in the following year the work of relaying the cable commenced; but another disappointment was in store for him. About two hundred miles of cable had been laid, when it broke as did the former one, and once more the labor of months was swallowed up by the sea. The defect this time appeared to be in the construction of the cable itself, as it was repaired several times, and finally abandoned.

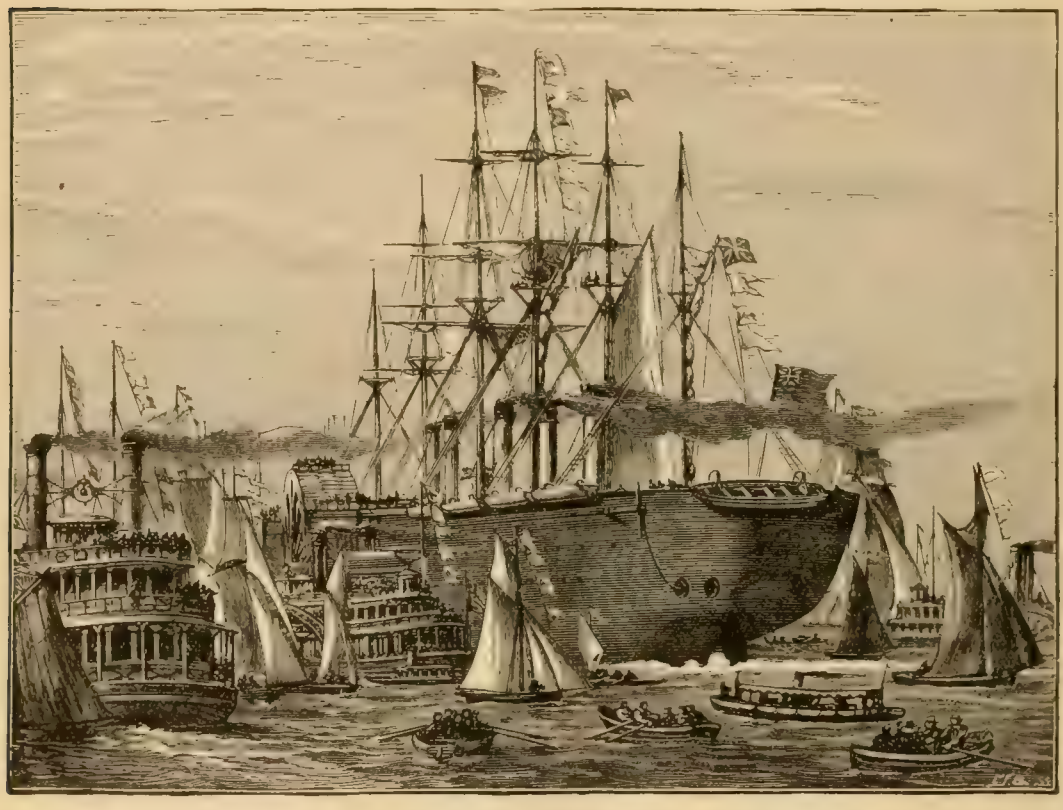
Of course, it required all of Mr. Field's eloquence to induce the directors to make another essay; he himself was greatly chagrined at the failure; but he still saw that the difficulties to be overcome were not insurmountable, and that perseverance would finally win. Again the fleet left Queenstown, on July 17th, making their rendezvous in mid-ocean on the 28th; the next day the cables on the "Agamemnon" and the "Niagara" were spliced, and the steamers once more parted company, the "Agamemnon" trailing her share of the cable toward Ireland, the "Niagara" hers toward Newfoundland. Each vessel reached its destination on the 5th of August. Signals were passed and repassed over the whole length, and the enterprise seemed to be finally rewarded with success. Messages were exchanged between the Queen and President Buchanan; a public reception was given to Mr. Field, and the event was celebrated in New York and other cities. For nearly four weeks the cable worked perfectly; then came a sudden stop. On the 1st of September the cable refused to respond.

The general disappointment was as great as the elation had been, and many thought no further effort would ever be made. At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in New York, a gentleman present presumed to assert his belief that the cable had never really worked. Mr. Cunard, of the British steamship line, who also happened to be there, immediately arose and vehemently denounced the statement as false, adding, "I have myself sent messages and received replies." Only one or two others besides Mr. Field retained any confidence that the difficulties of ocean telegraphy could ever be overcome.

But Cyrus W. Field knew no such word as "fail." Perceiving, however, that he could not under the circumstances hope to obtain additional private subscriptions, he appealed once more to the British government to come to the rescue of the great work of the century. This was liberally extended; but in the meantime the civil war in the United States interfered with further progress there. Little was done until 1863, when the manufacture of a new cable was begun. It was completed during the year 1864–'5, and the sum of £600,000 was raised for the company, mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Field. On this occasion but one vessel was employed to bear the cable—but that was the "Great Eastern."

On the 23d of July, 1865, the land connection was made, and the great ship commenced her momentous voyage. Day by day the great wheel turned, and fathom after fathom of the new cable, heavier and more carefully insulated than its predecessors, slipped overboard into the sea. The work went bravely on for 1200 miles; but when approaching Newfoundland the old misfortune recurred; in spite of all the care and watchfulness, the cable broke and disappeared under the waves.

Attempts were made to recover the cable by grappling; but though it was



ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

several times caught and lifted nearly to the surface, the strain was too great for the grapnels; they broke, and again the cable sank. It was evident that more efficient appliances would be required. The spot was carefully marked by buoys, and the great vessel returned to England.

The strain of repeated disappointment was terrible; but it had at least been demonstrated that a cable could be laid and a message sent over it. Public confidence in the ultimate success of the enterprise was greater. Before the next year Mr. Field succeeded in obtaining large new subscriptions. Another cable was made and all the appliances for laying it perfected; and on Friday,

July 13th, the "Great Eastern" again sailed from Ireland, with the cable sinking into the ocean as she moved westward.

LANDING OF THE CABLE.

Public interest in the enterprise had now become intense. It was known that the cable would be landed at Heart's Content, in Newfoundland, and many had gone there from various parts of the country to witness the arrival of the "Great Eastern." The shore was fringed with visitors, opera- or spy-glass in hand, watching the eastern horizon. Fourteen days pass away; it is Friday morning, the 27th day of July, 1866. Here at last she comes! As she draws nearer the people see that her colors are all set, which at least indicates that they have met with no disaster. With every mile's advance of the steamer the excitement grows. Too impatient to wait the arrival, scores of boats put off to row toward her. A delay of nearly two hours occurs while the latter connects the heavy shore end with the main cable, and at last the two continents are united!

Unfortunately the cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence was disabled, and it was not until Sunday, the 29th, that this was repaired, and the heart-cheering intelligence announced to the nation. This was the message:—

"Heart's Content, July 27th. We arrived here at nine o'clock this morning. All well. Thank God, the cable is laid, and is in perfect working order. Cyrus W. Field."

Almost immediately the "Great Eastern" again put to sea, and, proceeding to where the cable of 1865 had been lost, succeeded without much trouble in grappling it and bringing it to the surface. It was tested by sending a message to Valentia; and being found perfect, was spliced to an additional section, which was brought to Newfoundland, and both of these cables have been in constant use to the present time.

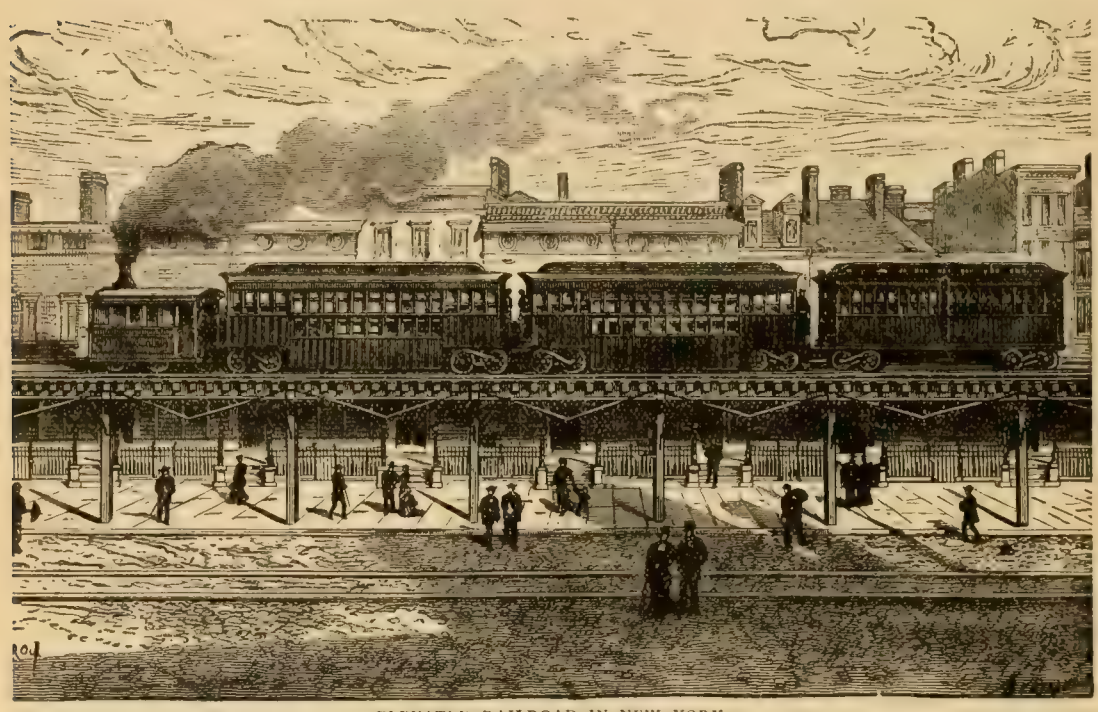
Many persons had contributed to this great success, but to Cyrus W. Field it is chiefly due. His energy and perseverance kept the subject constantly before the public. His courage inspired others, and his faith in its ultimate success alone kept its best friends from abandoning it in its darkest hours. In its behalf he spent twelve years of constant toil, and made over fifty voyages, more than thirty of which were across the Atlantic. He devoted his entire fortune to the undertaking, and cheerfully incurred the risk of poverty rather than abandon it. It is but just that he, who was the chief instrument in obtaining for the world this great benefit, should receive the largest measure of praise.

At a banquet given in his honor by the New York Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Field said:—

"It has been a long, hard struggle—nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times, when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland in the pelting rain, or on the

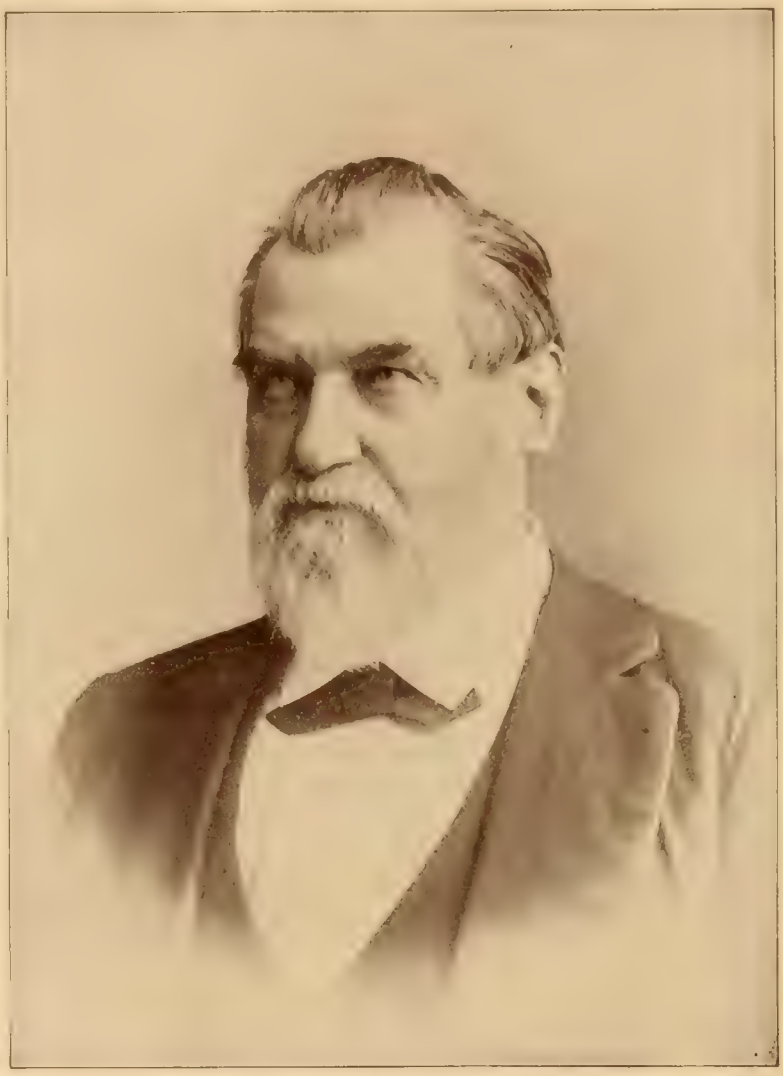
decks of ships on dark, stormy nights, alone, far from home, I have almost accused myself of madness and folly to sacrifice the peace of my family and all the hopes of life for what might prove, after all, a dream. I have seen my companions, one and another, falling by my side, and feared that I might not live to see the end. And yet one hope has led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is answered; and now, beyond all acknowledgments to men, is the feeling of gratitude to Almighty God."

In 1869, Mr. Field was present at the opening of the great Suez Canal, as



ELEVATED RAILROAD IN NEW YORK.

representative of the Chamber of Commerce of New York. In 1880 he made a tour around the world, and secured from the government of the Sandwich Islands concessions for a Pacific cable, to be laid from San Francisco. He became deeply interested in the elevated railway system of New York city, and devoted much time and money to its development. The latter part of his life was spent in New York, of which he was one of the most conspicuous and honored citizens. Domestic troubles and financial losses clouded the few years just before his death, which occurred on July 12th, 1892.



LELAND STANFORD.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

LELAND STANFORD,

AND THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA.



HE opening up of the great West was more than the mere development of a country; it was the development of *men*, the evolution of a new race. Not only did the struggle result in the building of an empire, but it also brought forth the abilities of the men who made that empire great. One of the foremost of these men is Leland Stanford. In him were developed not only the powers which make a man capable of great deeds, but the sympathies which lead him to desire the equal development of all of his race. He will be remembered not merely as the builder of the great Pacific Railroad, not merely as the successful business man, but as the man whose desire for the advancement of others grew out of the experiences of his own struggle. His greatest monument is the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, that noble institution whose object is to develop men and women.

California was a foreign country to the people of the United States when it became a part of the national territory at the close of the Mexican War. Its immense wealth, its glorious climate, its unlimited possibilities of development, were all unknown. Peopled by an effeminate and unprogressive race, it lacked all of the features of civilization which characterized the East.

Shortly after its acquisition by the United States, the discovery of gold in its mountain ranges brought the country into sudden prominence. The discovery was made by James Wilson Marshal, in January, 1848. Marshal had been employed to construct a mill on the estate of a hundred square miles which General John A. Sutter had received as a grant from the Spanish government. Sutter's demesne had been the center of the American colonies in California. General Sutter himself, a Swiss by birth, was a generous-minded visionary, who had shown himself so hospitable to all American immigrants that he had attained to a certain pre-eminence in the affairs of the Territory, and was looked upon by many as a great and heroic figure.

The discovery of gold took place on the afternoon of the 24th of January,

1848, just after Sutter's mill had been completed, and Marshal and his men had for two weeks made a perilous fight to keep the dam from being destroyed by the heavy rains which had set in. In this contest with the water Marshal had exhibited a courage which made him half deserve the accidental fame that came through the finding of the gold. When his men were exhibiting to some amazed Indians the workings of their new saw-mill, Marshal was inspecting the lower end of the mill-race. He came back with the quiet remark, "Boys, I believe I have found a gold mine." He moved off to his cabin, went back to the race, and then again returned to his men, directing them early in the morning to shut down the head-gate and see what would come of it. The next morning the men did as they were told, and presently Marshal came back looking wonderfully pleased, carrying in his arms his old white hat, in the top of whose crown, sure enough, lay flakes and grains of the precious metal. Comparing these pieces with a gold coin one of the men happened to have in his pocket, they saw that the coin was a little lighter in color, and rightly attributed this to the presence of the alloy. Then all the men hurried down the race, and were soon engrossed in picking gold from the



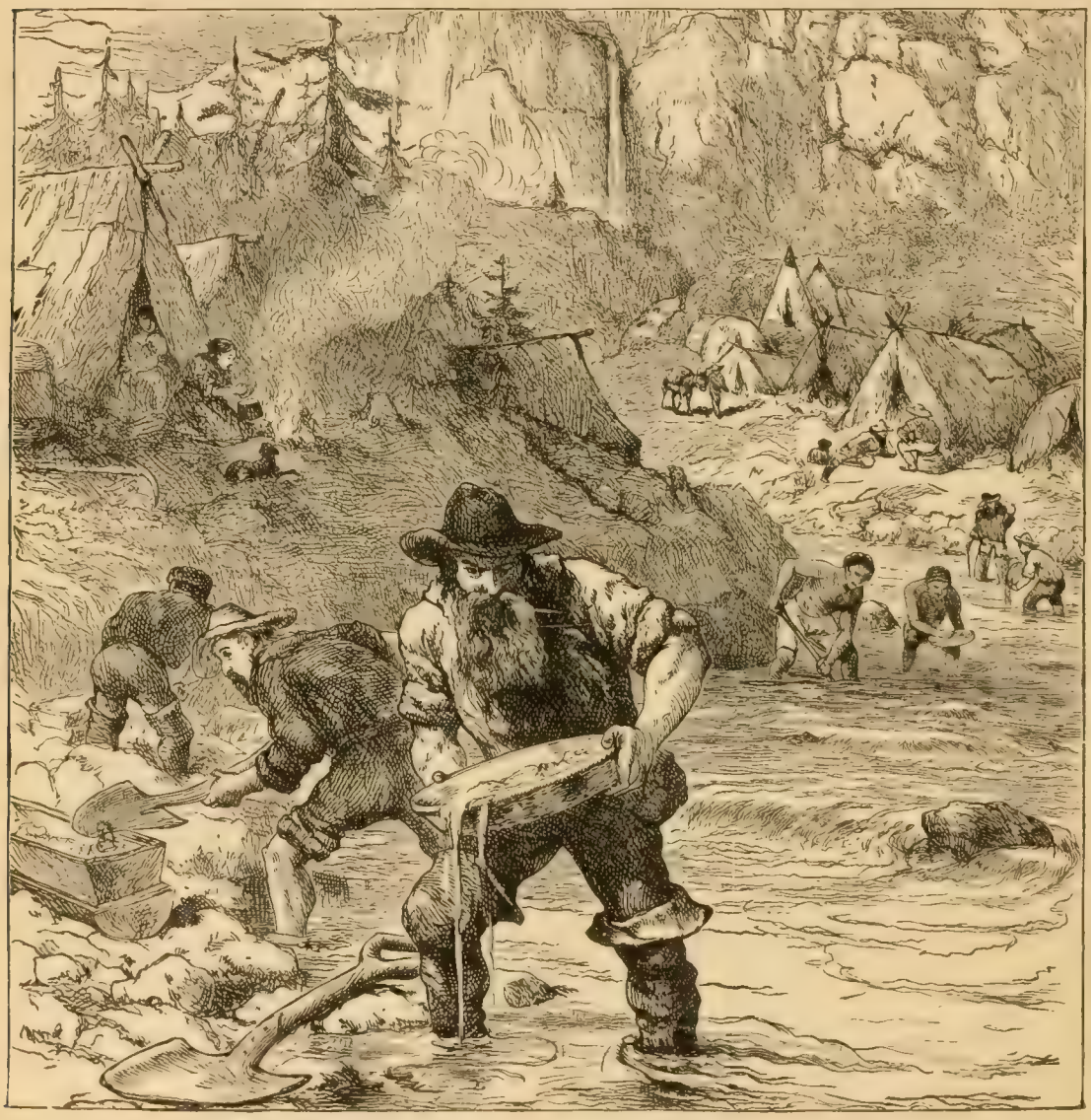
FINDING GOLD IN THE MILL-RACE.

seams and crevices laid bare by the shutting down of the head-gate. In the midst of their excitement doubts would sometimes arise, and some of the metal was thrown into vinegar and some boiled in the soap-kettle, to see if it stood these tests. Then Marshal went off to General Sutter, and, feverish with excitement, told him of what had come to light. When he returned to the men he said, "Oh, boys, it's the pure stuff! I and the old Cap went into a room and locked ourselves up, and we were half a day trying it, and the regulars there wondered what the devil was up. They thought perhaps I had found quicksilver, as the woman did down toward Monterey. Well, we compared it with the encyclopedia, and it agreed with it; we tried aqua fortis, but it would have nothing to do with it. Then we weighed it in water; we took scales with silver coins in one side, balanced with the dust in the other, and gently let them down into a basin of water; and the gold went down, and the silver came up. That told the story, what it was."

That did tell the story—and though Sutter tried to keep the story a secret until all the work in connection with the mills had been finished, the story would not keep. A Swiss teamster learned it from a woman who did some of the cooking about the mill, received a little of the gold, spent it for liquor at the nearest store, and then the fame of the discovery swiftly flew to the ends of the earth. General Sutter had been right in his endeavor to keep the discovery secret as long as was within his power, for no sooner did the gold hunters' invasion set in than it became impossible for him to get men to work his mill. The invaders carried things with a high hand, and ended by setting aside his title to his land and establishing the claims which they had made upon it. Never was money made with anything like such rapidity. Nearly every ravine contained gold. Nobody waited to get machinery to begin work. Knives, picks, shovels, sticks, tin pans, wooden bowls, wicker baskets, were the only implements needed for scraping the rocky beds, sifting the sand, or washing the dirt for the gold. A letter in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, toward the end of August, said of the hunt for gold: "At present the people are running over the country and picking it out of the earth here and there, just as dogs and hogs let loose in the forest would root up ground-nuts. Some get even ten ounces a day, and the least active one or two. They make most who employ the wild Indians to hunt it for them. There is one man who has sixty Indians under his employ. His profits are a dollar a minute. The wild Indians know nothing of its value, and wonder what the pale-faces want to do with it, and they will give an ounce of it for the same weight of coin silver or a thimbleful of glass beads or a glass of grog, and white men themselves often give an ounce of it, which is worth in our mint $18, or more, for a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda powders, or a plug of tobacco."

California in those days was another part of the world. The journey to it overland took weeks, and even months, and was full of perils of starvation in case

of storm and drought, and perils of slaughter if hostile Indians were encountered. When things went well the life was pleasant enough, and is most picturesque to look back upon. The buffalo hunts, the meetings with Indians, the kindling of the camp-fires at the centre of the great circle of wagons drawn up to form a



GOLD WASHING IN CALIFORNIA.

bulwark against attack and a corral for the cattle, the story-telling in the light of these camp-fires,—all present a picture which men will love to dwell upon so long as the memory of the "Argonauts of Forty-nine" survives. But there were many times when the scenes were those of heart-sickening desolation. The

attacks of the Indians were less horrible than attacks of hunger and disease which set in when the emigrant train reached a territory where the grass had been consumed, or lost their cattle in the terrible snow storms of the Sierras.

The journey by sea was hardly safer and was far less glorious. Every ship for California was loaded down with emigrants packed together as closely as so much baggage. Ships with a capacity for five hundred would crowd in fifteen hundred. The passage money was from $300 to $600. The companies that were able to get their ships back again simply coined money; but it was no easy matter in those days to get a ship out of San Francisco harbor. The crews would desert for the mines, and the wharves were lined with rotting vessels. Vessels which did make the return voyage were compelled to pay the California rate of wages. One ship in which the commander, engaged at New York, received $250 a month, had to pay on return $500 a month to the negro cook.



OLD MISSION INDIAN OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco in those days was the strangest place in the world. In February, 1848, it had hardly more than fifty houses; in August it contained five hundred, and had a large population that was not housed. A pamphlet written in the fall of that year says: "From eight to ten thousand inhabitants may be afloat in the streets of San Francisco; many live in shanties, many in tents, and many the best way they can." The best building in the town was the Parker House, an ordinary frame structure, a part of which was rented to gamblers for $60,000 a year. Even higher sums than this were said to have been paid. The accommodation was fearful. The worst that can be said of bad hotels may here be imagined. The pasteboard houses, hastily put up, were rented at far more than the cost of their construction, for every one figured that the land was as valuable as if it had been solid gold.

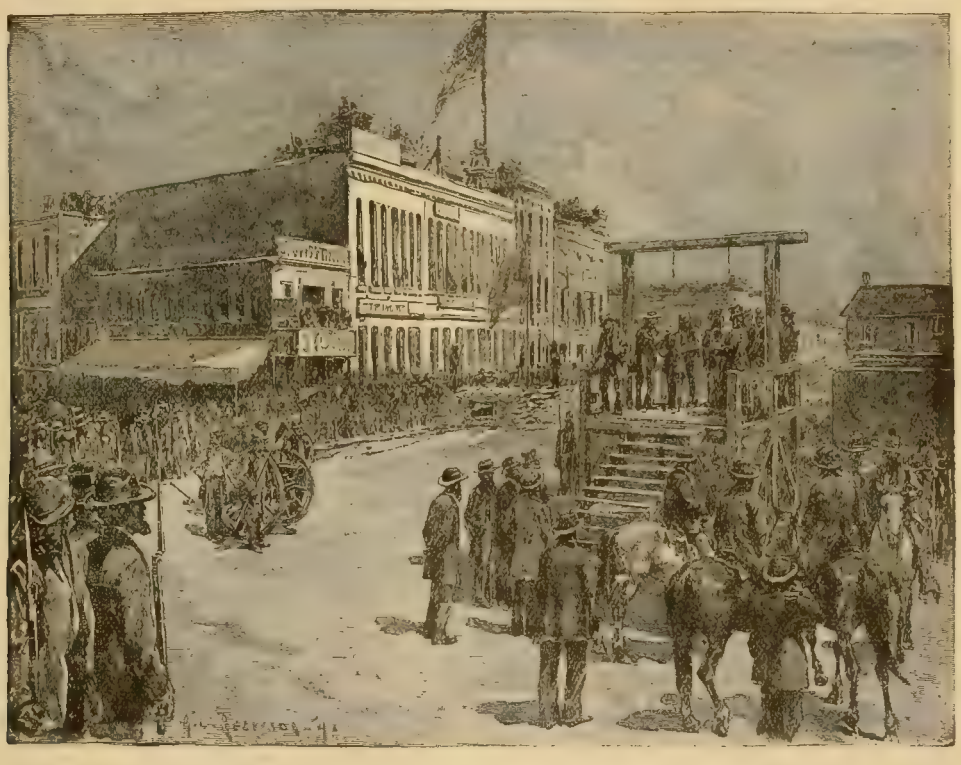
The greater part of this city was five times destroyed by fire in the first

three years of its existence; but the people, with a hopefulness and energy which nothing could put down or burn up, would set to work and rebuild it almost as quickly as the flames had swept it away. Everybody worked. The poorest man received unheard-of wages, and the richest man was obliged to do most things for himself.

When business of every sort was speculative to a degree so close akin to gambling, it is not strange that gambling itself took possession of the people and half frenzied them with its excitements. Physical insanity was a frequent result of the moral insanity of the community. There were few women in California, and most of these were of the worst sort. As a consequence, the men with no homes to go to in the evenings went into the gambling saloons, where they stayed till late at night. According to some descriptions, everybody gambled, but, as Royce points out in his admirable "History of California," the same men who talk half-boastfully of the recklessness and universality of the gambling, in the next breath speak with great fervor of the strength and genuineness of the religious life which soon showed itself in the community. There is no doubt that the forces for good as well as for evil were strong from the outset, and as the community grew older the forces for good kept growing stronger. More and more wives from the East had joined their husbands, and the young women who came from the East among the emigrants were married almost immediately on their arrival. Many a hotel keeper who engaged a servant girl at $200 a month was disgusted to find that she married and left him before the month was over. With the introduction of family life came a return to saner moral conditions, and by 1853 the old distempered social order began to be spoken of as a thing of the past.

Never were so many men from so many different places suddenly thrown together, as in California in '48 and '49. What came afterward in Nevada, and later still in Colorado, was like it in kind but not in degree. The Californian settlers of the early days were without law, and thousands of miles away from established tribunals. Every man was a law unto himself, except when the community, as a whole, became aroused, and forthwith constituted itself a tribunal. The Territory was indeed nominally organized; but to wait for the regular process of law was to grant immunity to crime. The character of "miners' justice" may be illustrated by some of the scenes at Sonora, where gold was first discovered. Here there had been law and order previous to the miners' invasion, but with the invasion demoralization set in. In the fall of '48 the new-comers, following the Mexican fashion, elected two "alcaldes," or chief officers, but when one of the storekeepers at the settlement killed a man in a fight, both the officers promptly resigned rather than run the risk of arresting the homicide. Another storekeeper, however, called the people together to take action. This storekeeper was promptly elected alcalde, and it

was decided that one alcalde was enough. A prosecuting attorney was likewise required, but no one was ready to take the office, and each person nominated promptly declined and nominated some one else. Finally the energetic storekeeper was obliged to accept this office also. The meeting succeeded in finding a second man to take the office of sheriff. The offender was arrested, a jury impaneled, and the trial begun. The prisoner, on being brought in court, was requested to lay his arms on the table, and did so. On this table stood a plentiful supply of brandy and water, to which everybody in the court-room helped himself at pleasure. The trial, however, proceeded with much attempt at



EXECUTION BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

legal form, and presently the judge arose and began a plea for the prosecution. "Hold on, Brannan," said the prisoner, "you are the judge." "I know it," replied that official, "and I am prosecuting attorney, too." He went on with his speech, and ended it by an appeal to himself as judge in connection with the jury. When he had finished, the prisoner, after helping himself to a glass of brandy, made an able speech in his own defense. Night came on, and the jury scattered without bringing in a verdict. The prisoner was admitted to bail, because there was no prison to put him in. The next day the jury met, but disagreed. A new trial was held, and the prisoner acquitted.

The gold fever filled California with a population almost entirely ignorant of the surroundings of their new home, and almost entirely unprovided with the necessary appliances for living. The most terrible hardships were endured by this population. There was need of everything,—provisions, clothing, tools and implements, furniture, wagons and horses, and, above all, the means of transportation. To supply these essential things were needed men who had the brains and foresight to quickly supply the wants of the rapidly growing State. Each man was bent upon taking care of himself alone. Where were the men to come from who should take care of all?

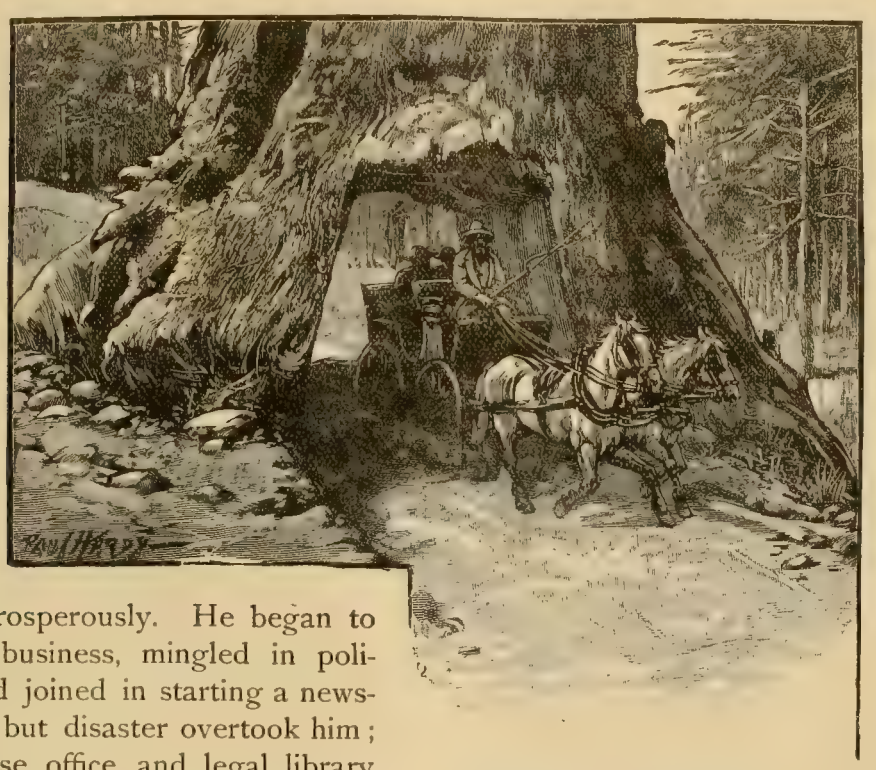
Into this strange new life of the Pacific coast came, in 1852, a man who was destined to bear a great part in its development, and to leave a name forever associated with its history,—a name perpetuated by one of those great educational institutions which form "a monument more enduring than brass," and whose influence will remain and increase when marble shall have crumbled into dust.

In the beautiful Mohawk Valley of New York, near the village of Watervliet, lived the father of Leland Stanford. He was a man of English descent, whose ancestors long before had made their home among the Dutch settlers of the Valley. He was a plain farmer, and his son Leland was brought up to simple country living and hard work. In after life he was fond of telling how, when six years old, he had made six shillings by digging horseradish and selling it in Schenectady, and how two years later he cleared $25.00 by gathering chestnuts in the woods. For education he had the ordinary opportunities of a country boy,—work in summer and study in winter. Soon, however, the youth determined that he would have an education to fit him for a higher level of life. His father, while anxious to forward his son's plans, was not able to provide the means. It happened, however, that he had purchased a tract of land covered with timber, which he had not time to clear. He made Leland an offer of the wood, on condition that he would cut and haul it away, leaving the ground clear for cultivation. This offer the boy, then eighteen years old, accepted. He had saved money enough to hire help in chopping the wood, and he worked persistently until he had the tract clear, selling the wood to the Mohawk and Hudson River Railroad. By this operation he cleared $2600, besides developing the knowledge and good judgment which were to stand him in such good stead a few years later.

With the proceeds of his timber young Stanford entered upon the study of law in Albany, and in three years was admitted to the bar. This was in 1849. Then arose the question where to settle. Albany was the State capital, and over-crowded with young lawyers. Like thousands of other young men, Stanford was drawn westward, and he determined to follow his drawing; but he had an anchor in Albany in the shape of an attachment to Miss Jane Lathrop, the

daughter of a prosperous merchant. He wisely determined to draw up his anchor and take it with him ; in other words, to get married, which he did, and then started for Chicago.

When Stanford reached that future metropolis of the West, it was in the swamp stage of development. He perceived its possibilities, and inclined to settle there ; but it happened that in the first night of his stay he was tormented by Lake Michigan mosquitoes to such an extent that the next morning he resolved to escape at once. He went to the town of Port Washington, on the lake above Milwaukee, where he opened a law office. For a few months all went prosperously. He began to secure business, mingled in politics, and joined in starting a newspaper ; but disaster overtook him ; his house, office, and legal library were burnt, and he was left almost penniless to start again. Like many others, he too had been attracted by the sudden growth of California. Several of his brothers had already settled there, and he now resolved to join them. In July, 1852, after a long, tedious, and dangerous journey, he reached Sacramento.



GIANT TREE OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, IN CALIFORNIA.

In California Stanford engaged in business with his brothers as a merchant, and quickly became successful. He easily adapted himself to the novel surroundings and conditions, and his knowledge and business capacity, joined with his personal popularity, soon made him one of the most prosperous and prominent men in the new State. Among his brothers he quickly took the lead, and



VIEW OF THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

it was characteristic of him that people with whom he was associated quickly learned to place implicit reliance on his business ability and prudence.

In the midst of the absorbing struggle for material success, Stanford was one of the few who saw far enough into the future to perceive the political problem which was beginning to press for solution. California had been counted upon by the advocates of slavery as an addition to the territory for its extension. The line of the Missouri Compromise (*See* HENRY CLAY) ran through the Territory, and the immigrants were from both free States and slave States. Stanford saw that the development of the State by railroads and the other features of civilization would tend to promote the sentiment of freedom rather than slavery, and with rare wisdom he fostered the popular desire for railroads, as a political as well as an economic movement. The explorations of the great "Pathfinder," Frémont, who had discovered and opened a new route to California, and his efforts to win the State for freedom, enlisted Stanford's enthusiastic sympathy. He was one of the most earnest of those who joined the Republican party at its establishment in 1854, and when the idea of a railroad across the mountains and plains to California first came to be agitated, Stanford was one of its most enthusiastic supporters.

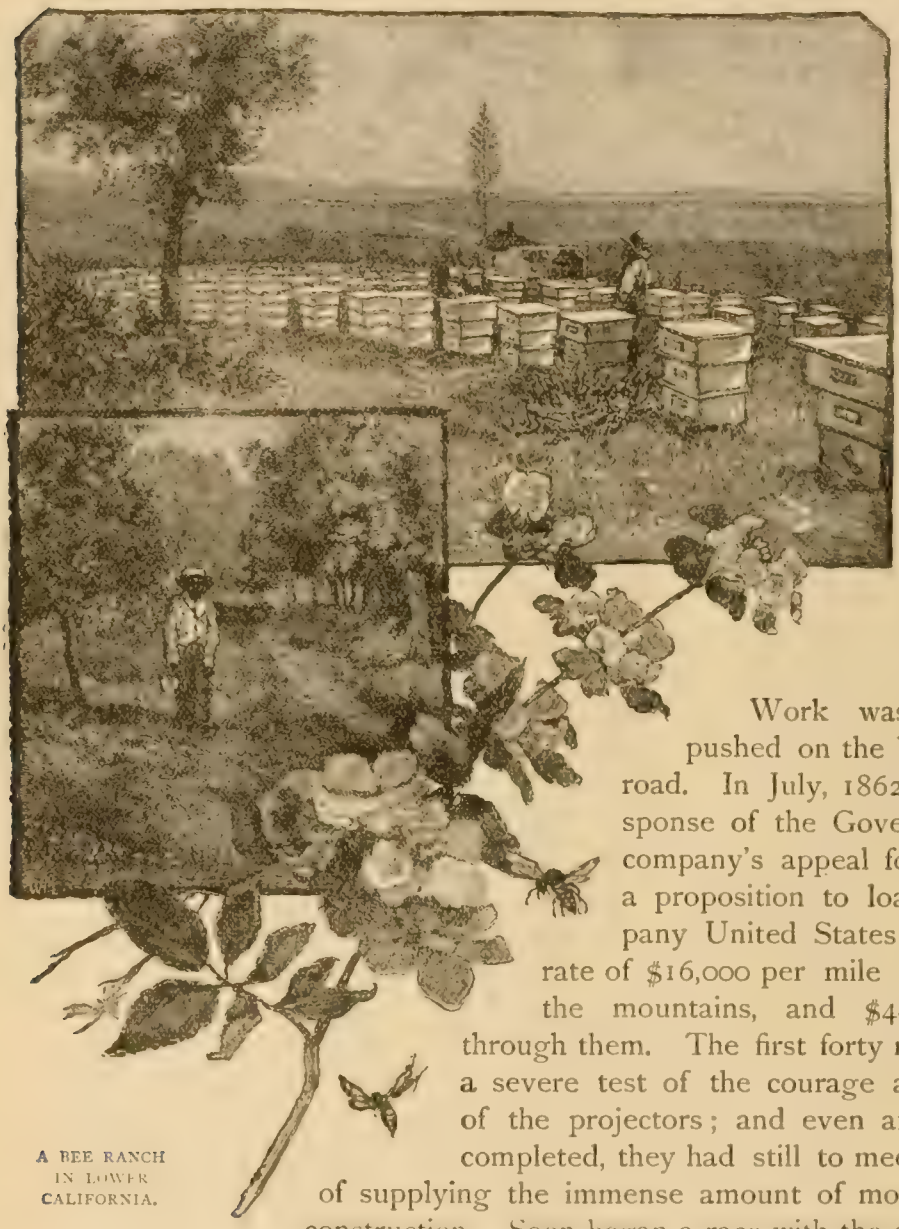
In 1859, a Railroad Convention of the State was held at San Francisco. Delegates were present from all over California, from Oregon, and Washington. It was resolved to send a memorial to Congress, indicating the route preferred by California, and asking national aid. The Pacific Railroad question became a prominent factor in politics, and was one of the measures taken up and advocated by the Republican party, then just about to win its first great victory.

In 1860, when the Republican National Convention met at Chicago, Stanford was there as a delegate from California. Lincoln was his first choice, and he was overjoyed at his nomination. He returned to California to work for his election, and at the same time to push the Pacific Railroad scheme.

The difficulties of building a railroad across the mountains were immense. The idea of taking trains of cars through those tremendous cañons, and over the snow-capped heights of the Rocky Mountains, seemed to many people absurd in the extreme. In the spring of 1861, when the Union armies were gathering in the East, a meeting of the leaders in the Pacific Railway enterprise was held at Sacramento, and there, on the 28th of June, the Central Pacific Railway Company was organized. Mr. Stanford was chosen President, and half a dozen of the wealthiest and most energetic men of California, Huntington, Hopkins, Crocker, and others, were made directors and officers of the company.

The difficulties of the enterprise were very great. A few of the most prominent of the company went on horseback over the proposed route of the road. When they reached the summit of one of the great mountain ranges,

they dismounted, and sat down to discuss the situation. At their feet was a precipice a quarter of a mile in height. The idea of carrying a railroad across these mountains seemed impossible. One of the company said that the cars would have to be hoisted up the sides of the mountains by derricks; but Mr. Stanford was confident that the difficulties could be overcome, and he supplied a large part of the energy necessary to overcome them.



A BEE RANCH IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

Work was begun and pushed on the building of the road. In July, 1862, came the response of the Government to the company's appeal for aid. It was a proposition to loan to the company United States bonds, at the rate of $16,000 per mile to the foot of the mountains, and $48,000 a mile through them. The first forty miles furnished a severe test of the courage and endurance of the projectors; and even after they were completed, they had still to meet the difficulty of supplying the immense amount of money needed in construction. Soon began a race with the company which was building the line westward from Omaha. The Central Pacific Company built 530 miles of railroad in 293 days, a feat of railroad building which astonished the world. On May 10, 1869, the last spike was driven at Promontory Point, Utah, and the long-desired connection of California with the East was complete.

In the meantime, Mr. Stanford had not neglected his political duties. In 1862 he accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of California, and was elected by a large majority. At the close of his term he declined re-election, as the war for the Union was then practically won, and his business affairs required all his attention.

With the completion of the Pacific Railroad began an era of great prosperity in California. A constant flow of immigration poured in from all parts

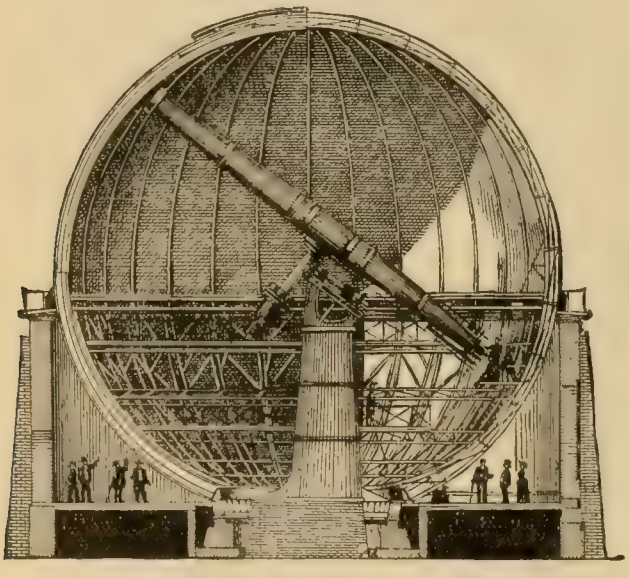


VALLEY IRRIGATION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

of the United States, and the value of property everywhere increased immensely. Mr. Stanford was a large owner of real estate, and in these years the increase in its value made him immensely wealthy.

About thirty miles south of San Francisco he owned an immense tract of land known as the Palo Alto ranch, and here he built himself a beautiful home, supplied with every luxury that wealth could secure. A most bountiful hospitality was here dispensed, and the ranch became the resort of prominent men

from all parts of the State and nation. But it was something more than a mere country-seat. Mr. Stanford had always taken a deep and intelligent interest in agriculture, and he made of his Palo Alto ranch a farm which did much to show what the soil of California would do under scientific cultivation. His vineyard was the largest in the world, and he carried on an experimental fruit farm on a great scale. His aim was to develop the possibilities of farming in California, and with this view he also established a model stock farm, where he developed a breed of horses which soon gained for the Palo Alto ranch a wide fame. The best qualities of improved stock were mingled with those of the native breeds, so as to secure the best points of all. In connection with his scientific culture of stock, Mr. Stanford was one of the first to make use of the new process of instantaneous photography, which by this means was developed along with the raising of horses. He secured a skillful practical photographer, put unlimited means at his disposal for experiment, and thus produced results which astonished the world.



THE GREAT DOME AND TELESCOPE OF LICK OBSERVATORY, CALIFORNIA.

But with all he had done, Mr. Stanford's life work had not yet come to an end. He had accumulated immense wealth, and had made for himself a great name; but the great university which was to be his chief monument had not yet taken form even in his own mind. In Mr. Stanford, as in many others, the best and noblest that was in him was called out by affliction. In 1868, eighteen years after his marriage, his only child, Leland Stanford, Jr., was born. To the loving parents this boy was the greatest of all their treasures. Whatever they did was done with a view to his future. All of their desires and affections were centred on him. In 1884, while they were traveling in Italy, the boy was stricken with Roman fever, and died at Florence. There is a touching story that the father (who was away from his son at the time of his death) firmly believed that in his dying hour the boy said to him, "Father, don't say that you have nothing left to live for; you have a great deal to live for." From that time both the parents resolved to devote their wealth and their powers to the establishment of an educational institution which should be both a monument



VIEWS IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

to the memory of their dead son, and the means of giving to other boys and girls the training for life which they had hoped to give him.

The Leland Stanford, Jr., University was founded in 1887. The great buildings are located on the Palo Alto ranch, about half a mile from the Stanford home. In his address at the laying of the corner-stone, Mr. Stanford said, for himself and his wife: "We do not believe that there can be superfluous education. As a man cannot have too much wealth and intelligence, so he cannot be too highly educated." It is, however, an essential part of the scheme of education in the University that it shall be practical, including not only mathematical and scientific studies, but also those which lead to a thorough knowledge of business,—farming, engineering, photographing, type-writing, and book-keeping. The whole purpose of the University may be expressed by saying that it is intended to give the youth of California a practical education.

Leland Stanford, Jr., University is one of the most richly-endowed educational institutions in America. Not only does it own the immense property on which it is located, but also some 78,000 acres in other parts of the State. In addition to these enormous properties, an amount of money was given sufficient to support the institution with an endowment of some $20,000,000; and besides this, the larger part of the estate of Senator Stanford is to go to the University at the death of his wife. Claims of the United States against the Central Pacific Railroad have of late years threatened to impair the property which forms this great endowment; but it is to be hoped that nothing will be permitted to really endanger the prosperity and success of the University.

In 1887 Mr. Stanford was chosen United States Senator from California. While never distinguished as an orator or political leader, he was regarded as one of the most practical and efficient business men in the Senate. His favorite measure, which well illustrates his philanthropic intentions, was a scheme known as the "land loan," which provided for the lending by the United States of money to owners of farms and other real estate on the security of their property.

The years that he spent in Washington were years of intense toil, and in 1892 his health broke down. At the close of the session of Congress, in the spring of 1893, he returned to his Palo Alto home, convinced that he should never again leave it, and there on the 20th of June he died. It was characteristic of him that his affairs were at his death found in the most perfect order, so that no harm or shock of any sort could result to any person dependent upon him. His wife, who in all his plans of beneficence was in the closest sympathy with him, was made his executor.



Geo. W. Childs

GEORGE W. CHILDS,

THE GREAT PUBLISHER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

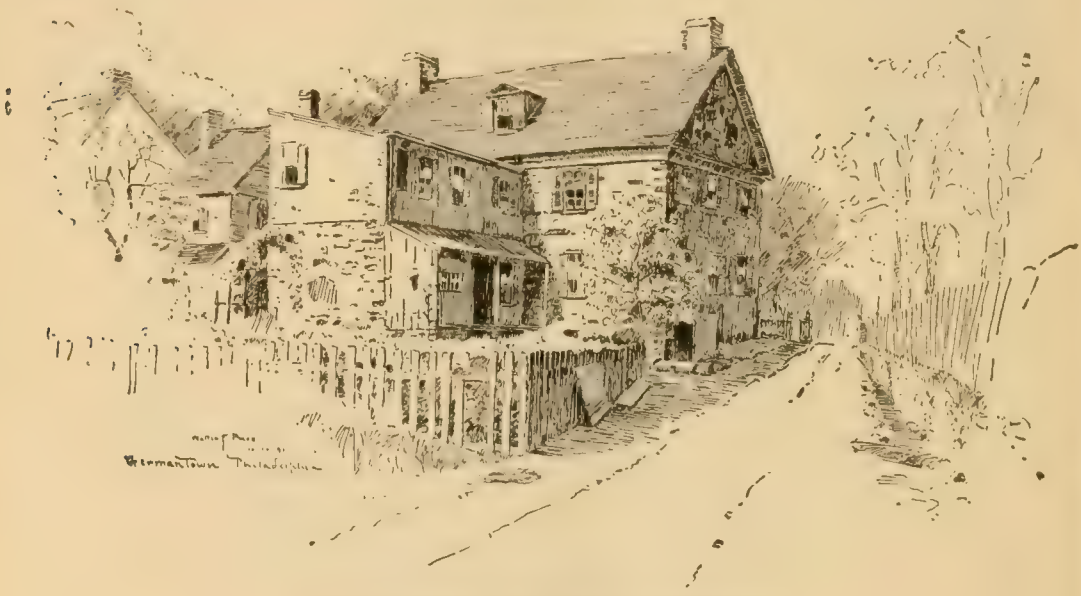


HERE are two kinds of men who are especially interesting to Americans,—successful men who have risen by their own abilities, and wealthy men who have used their wealth in doing good. Never, perhaps, was there a man who more completely combined in himself both of these characters than George W. Childs. In one respect he was almost unique,—he seemed to have no enemies. This quality usually indicates weakness of character; but though Mr. Childs was one of the most amiable of men, no one ever accused him of lacking force. He had the rare faculty of accomplishing his purposes without crossing or offending others; and this quality, combined with his generosity and goodness of heart, made him one of the most universally popular men that America has ever produced.

George William Childs was born in Baltimore, Md., on May 12, 1829. His parents died when he was very young. His opportunities for intellectual development were limited, and he received but little schooling. It is said that, even as a child, he exhibited two traits seldom found in one individual—a remarkable aptitude for business, and an unusual liberality in giving away the results of his quickness. At a very early age he developed a sense of the value of time, and an inclination toward independence and self-support. In his tenth year, when school was dismissed for the summer, he took the place of errand boy in a book-store, and thus spent the vacation at work. When thirteen years of age he entered the navy as an apprentice on board the United States ship Pennsylvania. He remained in the service only fifteen months, and it is probable that during this time was laid the foundation of that disposition toward perfect order and system which always thereafter marked his own conduct and the direction of the great newspaper to which it was ordained he should attain.

When he was fifteen years old young Childs went to Philadelphia under similar circumstances to those under which another poor boy, Benjamin Franklin, once walked the streets of the Quaker City. Like Franklin, he was poor and almost friendless, and like him he was destined to make his mark in a printing-

office. He obtained employment in a book store, kept by an old Quaker named Peter Thompson, in Arch street. He did his work so well that, after a year's service, he was intrusted with the responsibility of attending the book auctions, and soon became known as the regular representative of his employer at the trade sales in New York and Boston. He worked for Mr. Thompson four years, and saved a few hundred dollars. With this, and the more valuable capital of a knowledge of his business and the good opinion of his associates, he determined to start for himself. At this time he was a quiet, studious lad, spending all his spare time in reading. He hired a small room in the building then occupied by the *Public Ledger*, and did so well that, before he was twenty-one, the head of the old firm of R. E. Peterson & Co., publishers, sought an alliance with him, and the house of Childs & Peterson was the result.



AN OLD COLONIAL HOUSE NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Writing in later life of his start in the world, Mr. Childs said: "When I left home to come to Philadelphia, I overheard one of my relatives say that I would soon have enough of that, and would be coming back again. But I made up my mind that I never would go back—I would succeed. I had health, the power of applying myself, and, I suppose, a fair amount of brains. I came to Philadelphia with three dollars in my pocket. I found board and lodging for two dollars and a half, and then I got a place in a bookstore for three dollars. That gave me a surplus of fifty cents a week. I did not merely do the work that I was absolutely required to do, but I did all I could, and put my whole heart into it. I wanted my employer to feel that I was more useful to him than he expected me to be. I was not afraid to make fires, clean and sweep, and perform what

might be considered by some young gentlemen nowadays as menial work, and therefore beneath them.

"While I was working as errand-boy, I improved such opportunity as I had to read books and to attend book-sales at night, so as to learn the market value of books, and anything else that might be useful to me hereafter in my business. It was my aim always to be in a position where I could use my best talents to the best advantage. I fixed my ambition high, so that, even if I did not realize the highest, I might at least always be tending upwards."

The new firm was well calculated to succeed. Mr. Peterson had good literary taste, and his partner had the business aptitude of knowing whether a book was salable, so that after a book had been issued young Childs was able to push its sale to a remunerative number of copies. Thus the combination prospered. One of the first works published by the firm was "Wells's Familiar Science," which Mr. Childs's energy pushed to a sale of 200,000 copies. Other well-known successes of the firm were "Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations," "Institutes of American Law," "Fletcher's Brazil," "Parson Brownlow's Book," and many others.

Mr. Childs remained in the publishing business for about twelve years. He had long desired to be the owner of a leading newspaper. This had been his ambition for years, and while he was still a lad he fixed his eyes upon what was then the popular daily journal of Philadelphia—the *Public Ledger*—and resolved that one day he would be its proprietor. The audacity of such a thought in a boy of eighteen can hardly be appreciated by any one who was not familiar with Philadelphia at the time and with the solid basis of prosperity upon which the *Ledger* stood.

HE BUYS THE "LEDGER."

At last the long-wished-for opportunity came. James Parton tells the story in this way:—"The *Public Ledger* had fallen upon evil days. Started as a penny paper in 1836, the proprietors had been able to keep it at that price for a quarter of a century. But the war, by doubling the cost of material and labor, had rendered it impossible to continue the paper at the original price, except at a loss. The proprietors were men naturally averse to a change. They clung to the penny feature of their system too long, believing it vital to the prosperity of the *Ledger*. They were both right and wrong. Cheapness was vital, but in 1864 a cent for such a sheet as the *Ledger* was no price at all; it was giving it half away. Retaining the original price was carrying a good principle to that extreme which endangered the principle itself.

"The establishment was then losing $480 upon every number of the paper which it issued. This was not generally known. The paper looked as prosperous as ever; its circulation was immense, and its columns were crowded with advertisements. And yet there was a weekly loss of $3000,—$150,000 a year!

Upon learning this fact the friends of Mr. Childs whose opinion he sought said with decision, 'Don't buy!' Nevertheless, he looked the ground carefully over; he made minute calculations; he kept on his thinking cap day and evening. He bought the *Public Ledger*—the whole of it, just as it stood—for a sum little exceeding the amount of its annual loss."

From the day of the purchase of the *Ledger* Mr. Childs became its sole controller and gave all his attention to the work. He brought the paper up out of the depths to which it had sunk financially, until at the time of his death it was one of the most valuable and profitable in this country, and Mr. Childs for many years had been in the receipt of a princely income.

A GREAT BENEFACTOR.

How generously and nobly this wealth has been employed all the world knows in a general way, though no one will probably ever know all the good done by him. Of George W. Childs it may be said with exact truth that since Providence blessed him with means he constantly sought out opportunities to benefit his fellow-creatures. He not only gave liberally when it was asked of him, but it was his delight to seek out deserving cases where his money and his friendship would exchange poverty for comfort, suffering for happiness.

He often gave in secret, and thousands who were too proud and sensitive to make their wants known have blessed an unknown donor for substantial help which was sadly needed. Mr. Childs loved to make those in his employ happy and prosperous. He erected a new building for his newspaper which combined comfort with elegance in a remarkable degree. Such conveniences as bath-rooms and ice-water fountains abound, and every work-room is a model of comfort. Every man in his employ received a good salary and a handsome Christmas present every year.

When the Typographical Union voluntarily reduced the price of composition in 1878, Mr. Childs, on receiving the official notification, said quietly: "I shall not make any reduction of wages in this office. My business has not suffered by the depression, and why should my men suffer? Why should not they continue to receive the benefit of my success?"

Every man in his employ was assured of a position during good behavior, and Mr. Childs said more than once that he had provided in his will that no changes were to be made in the *personnel* of the *Ledger* after his death. He took a personal interest in the affairs of his workmen, and often made a careless, unthrifty fellow a present of a bank book, with a sum to his credit, as an inducement to save money. It was his pride that every man of family in his employ should own his dwelling-house, and he frequently advanced money to pay for the houses of his workmen, without security. He presented his assistants with insurance on their lives, and sent to Europe or on other pleasure trips the

heads of his departments when confinement to business affected their health. He presented to the Typographical Society a large burial plot in Woodlands Cemetery, besides contributing to the society's endowment. He frequently sent entire charitable institutions on pleasure excursions during the hot weather, and the Fourth of July and Christmas he was accustomed to celebrate by a banquet to the newsboys or bootblacks, or by some other entertainment to the street waifs.

Messrs. Childs and Drexel sent their respective checks for $5000 to the Convention of the International Typographical Union in 1886, then in session



ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.

at Pittsburgh, provision being made that the individual members should have the opportunity to assist in augmenting the fund until it was sufficient to establish a "Home" for disabled printers. It was arranged that the printers east of the Mississippi should, for this purpose, contribute the price paid for setting one thousand ems on Mr. Childs' birthday, May 12, of each year, and those west of the Mississippi should do likewise on the annual recurrence of Mr. Drexel's birthday, September 13.

Speaking of giving, Mr. Childs wrote: "I think the habit of generosity may be cultivated, like other habits. And I have felt that it is a great mistake to put

off being generous until after you are dead. In the first place, you lose the pleasure of witnessing the good that you may do; and, again, no one can administer your gifts for you as well as you can do it for yourself. It is a great pleasure to be brought into personal relations of that kind, and to make people feel that you are not a philanthropist in the abstract, but that you are interested in them personally, and care for their welfare."

"One naturally thinks of Childs," writes Julian Hawthorne, "in connection with the late George Peabody. The two men were friends, and in the latter years of Peabody's life he once spoke to Childs as one rich man to another. 'I have worked hard to make money,' he said, 'with the intention of giving it away in large amounts. I mean to give it away in my own lifetime, so as to enjoy the pleasure of seeing and overseeing the good it does. I do not wish my heirs and connections to be impatient for my death, consequently have given to each of them liberally. I wish to distribute its effects widely, rather than concentrate them in any one direction. There is value, not only in the act, but in the example it furnishes to others. If you will take my advice, you will be your own executor, and begin betimes.' Mr. Childs was quick to adopt counsel so consonant with his own predilections; and he has bettered his instructions."

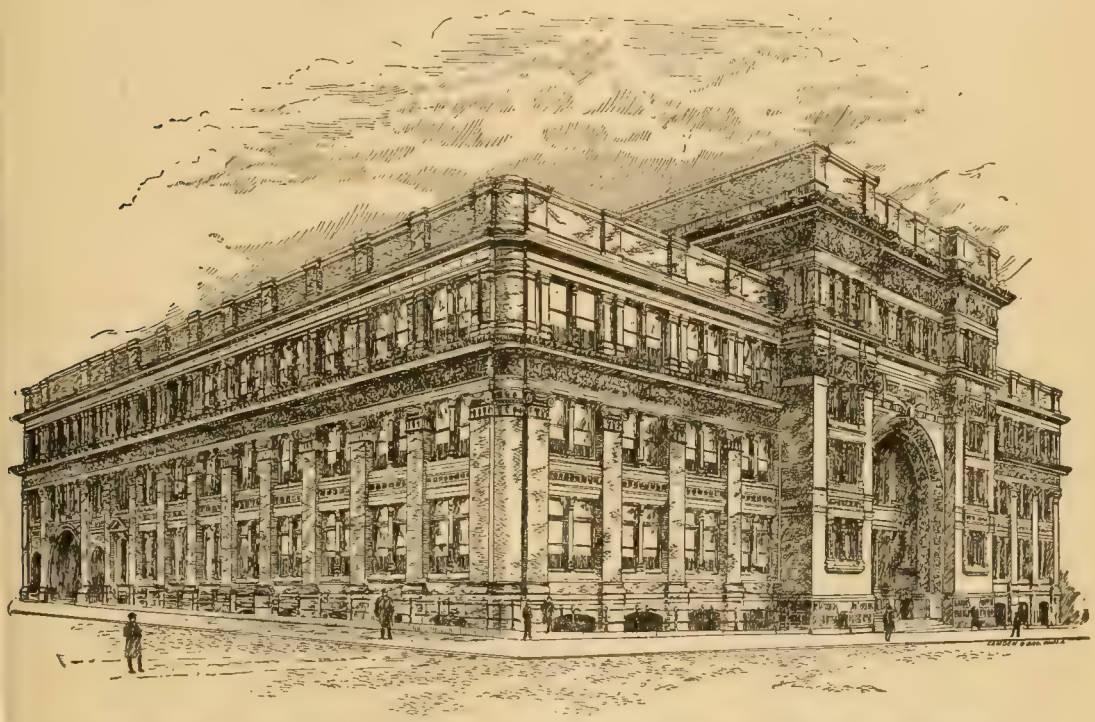
GIFTS TO OTHER COUNTRIES.

So great was his reputation for liberality that he probably received more applications for help than any other man in the country. Begging letters came to him by the score in his daily mail, and visitors on begging missions were constantly calling on him. He was always easy of access, and very seldom turned a deaf ear to a deserving case. But his good works were not confined to his own city and country. He presented to Westminster Abbey an elegant stained glass memorial window in honor of the poets George Herbert and William Cowper. In 1887, the jubilee year of Queen Victoria, Mr. Childs presented to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, a public drinking fountain, with clock tower. He subsequently gave to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, London, a memorial window to John Milton. This gift was inspired by his friend, Archdeacon Farrar. This window was formally unveiled on the 18th of February, 1888. In March, 1889, there was unveiled in St. Thomas' Church, Winchester, England, a reredos, the gift of Mr. Childs also.

In many other ways he has given of his wealth to worthy objects in England and on the continent. As a compliment from the English government he was appointed in 1876 Honorary Commissioner for Great Britain and the Colonies to the Centennial Exhibition. He never held any other public office. He was frequently urged to accept a political appointment, and was asked to represent his country abroad in an exceedingly exalted position, but he refused this, as he did every other similar offer.

The homes of Mr. Childs were the abodes of picturesque beauty and of everything that could make them inviting. In Bryn Mawr, one of Philadelphia's prettiest suburbs, was his country house, known by the name of "Wootton." Great lawns sloping away on all sides of the house are dotted here and there with trees, every one of which has been planted by some man or woman whose name has served to make the history of to-day. It is a bright, breezy, wide-halled, and charmingly rambling structure, and it is filled with costly, quaint, and beautiful things from all parts of the world.

Among Mr. Childs' guests were Generals Grant, Sherman, Meade, Sheridan, Hancock, McDowell, and Patterson; Edmund Quincy, Chief Justice Waite, A. J. Drexel, Asa Packer, the Astors, Cadwaladers, Professor Joseph Henry, Hamilton Fish, Robert C. Winthrop, Charles Francis Adams, Presidents Hayes, Arthur, and Cleveland; Chauncey M. Depew, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thomas A. Edison, Simon Cameron, Henry Wilson, William M. Evarts, James G. Blaine, John Welsh, August Belmont, Alexander H. Stephens, Samuel J. Tilden, Cyrus W. Field, B. J. Lossing, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Charlotte Cushman, Christine Nilsson, Harriet Hosmer, John Bigelow, Thomas F. Bayard, Parke Godwin, Edwards Pierrepont, and many others.



THE DREXEL INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA, FOUNDED BY MR. CHILDS' FRIEND AND PARTNER.

Mr. Childs said that one of the chief pleasures of his life had been the

keeping of an open house to worthy and distinguished persons. The reception he gave to the Emperor and Empress of Brazil was perhaps the most notable gathering ever assembled in any private house in America. There were six hundred guests, and Mr. Childs' was the first private house at which the Emperor and Empress had ever been entertained.

Among his English visitors were the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Newcastle, Lords Dufferin, Rosebery, Houghton, Ilchester, Ross, Iddesleigh, Rayleigh, Herschel, Caithness, and Dunraven; Sir Stafford Northcote, Lady Franklin, Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, Charles Dickens, George Augustus Sala, Joseph Chamberlain, M. P.; James Anthony Froude, Professor Tyndall, Professor Bonamy Price, Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Colonel Sir Herbert Sanford, Charles Kean, Marquis de Rochambeau, John Walter, M. P.; Sir Charles Reed, Herbert Spencer, Thomas Hughes, M. P.; Sir John Rose, Sir Edmond Thornton, and Robert Chambers, D. C. L.

Mr. Childs was an intimate friend of General Grant and of many of the representative men of this country and Europe. A friend of his says: "When I carried letters from him to Europe, in 1867, his name was a talisman, and it was pleasant to see how noblemen like the Duke of Buckingham honored the indorsement of an American who thirty years ago was a poor boy."

His closest personal friend, probably, was Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, the banker. They were intimately associated both in business and social matters, and there was a long-continued partnership of the two in charitable work. Every morning in pleasant weather Mr. Childs could be seen at the same hour walking down Chestnut street to his office by the side of his friend, Mr. Drexel, and in the afternoon the familiar figures could be seen returning together. "Remembering their good deeds," says one writer, "the reader of Dickens was very apt to think of the Cheeryble Brothers as he saw the plump and smiling figures of the two friends as they walked up Chestnut street on an afternoon."

Mr. Childs died in Philadelphia, after a brief illness, on February 3, 1894.

In person Mr. Childs was rather below the medium height. He was inclined to be stout, but made it a rule to walk to and from his office and to live very temperately. He had a bright, smiling, amiable face, and was never known to be out of temper. He was gifted with the faculty of placing every one at ease in his company, and it was said of him that he gave a Christmas dinner to newsboys and bootblacks or dined traveling dukes and earls with the same ease and familiarity.

"Perhaps I cannot better sum up my advice to young people," writes Mr. Childs, "than to say that I have derived, and still find, the greatest pleasure in my life from doing good to others. Do good constantly, patiently, and wisely, and you will never have cause to say that your life is not worth living."



MARSHALL FIELD.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

MARSHALL FIELD,

THE MODERN BUSINESS MAN.



LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO.

THE term "New West" to most of us is apt to call up a picture of the growth of a great agricultural country; of vast areas of land brought under cultivation; of enormous crops raised; of improved processes in farming and mining. But the new West in reality includes a great deal more than this. With the growth of the country have sprung up great cities, which are just as typical features of the West as the mines of Colorado or the wheat farms of Dakota. The most important crop, after all, is the crop which is raised in cities as well as in the country,—the crop which indeed raises the cities,—namely, the crop of *men*. Marshall Field is one of the men who has made the new West. His influence on the growth, trade, and habits of mercantile life would be hard to measure. A more complete contrast between the West of to-day, and the West as it was when he became a part of it, would be hard to find.

Marshall Field was a country boy, born in Conway, Massachusetts, in 1835. His father was a farmer, a man in moderate circumstances, able to give his son the moderate but sound education which every intelligent New England farmer considers indispensable. He had in his boyhood the advantages of good public schools, and later of the Conway Academy. Marshall was a quiet, thoughtful boy, always inclined to make the most of his opportunities. He never liked farming, however, but from his earliest years inclined toward a mercantile life;

and when he was seventeen left the farm and went to Pittsfield, where he obtained employment in a country store. Here he remained four years, and exhausted the opportunities of the situation, so far as business training was concerned. In these four years he developed a determination to reach something higher than was attainable in a New England country town. The tendency of the time was toward the West, and in 1856 he left Massachusetts and made straight for Chicago, where he became a salesman in the wholesale dry-goods house of Cooley, Farwell & Co.



A CHICAGO MANSION IN THE EARLY DAYS.

When Marshall Field reached Chicago, the city, and the whole country as well, was in a state of wild unrest and feverish growth. Chicago had been originally built on the prairie level; not high enough above the waters of the lake to permit cellars underneath the houses, or to allow facilities for drainage. The grade of the street was being raised some eight feet, and the buildings also had to come up to the same level. The streets were in a state of chaos, and going round them was a perpetual going up and down stairs.

The most characteristic feature of western life in the year preceding the

panic of 1857 was unsettlement. The growth of the country was tremendous; the crops were increasing enormously, and the stream of immigration, increasing the population and the products of the country to an unheard-of extent, taxed every avenue of trade to the last degree. To do business safely amid the changing life of a new country, where men were poor one day and rich the next, and where few took time or had the prudence to ascertain from day to day where they stood, required rare abilities and a "level head." The whole tendency of business at such a time is speculative. To be conservative is well-nigh impossible. Marshall Field had a conservative mind; he was cool, careful, calculating, prudent. To such a man a training in the midst of such conditions was invaluable, and it helped him in great degree to form the character which became the basis of such great success.

Over this chaos of unhealthy growth, speculation, and unsettlement the panic of 1857 swept like a tornado. Of the prominent business houses of Chicago one of the survivors was that of Cooley, Farwell & Co., and the lessons which were received in that time of trial made Marshall Field indispensable to the house he served. By 1860 he had worked his way up to the position of junior partner. Then came the flush times of the war, and the unsettlement of financial conditions produced by a fluctuating currency. But such conditions as these, which, in a man of less steadiness, would have produced a tendency toward speculation, worked exactly the other way with Marshall Field. As the temptations to reckless dealing multiplied, he grew more cautious and careful. While everybody else was expanding credits, he was restricting them. Safety was the first condition insisted upon, and the result was to establish the house upon a basis which nothing could shake.

In 1865 the firm was re-organized, and Mr. Field, who had for some time been the real head, became so in name as well, the title of the firm being changed to Field, Palmer & Leiter. Two years later, with the withdrawal of Mr. Palmer, the firm was changed to Field, Leiter & Co., the guiding and controlling spirit of the house remaining still the same.

After the war the life of the West exhibited still the same conditions. In those well-remembered years of expansion and speculation preceding the panic of 1873, the great firm of which Mr. Field was the head went on the steady, safe course which was inevitable under his control. Their business grew even more rapidly than that of others, although Mr. Field had applied to it conditions which many in the same line of business believed to be absolutely preventive of growth. At a time when other houses were extending almost unlimited credit to their customers, and themselves buying on a similar basis, he restricted credits absolutely to thirty and sixty days, and required absolute promptness in the meeting of accounts when due. This was of itself sufficiently novel; but a still more novel feature was that of paying cash for all purchases, thus restricting the

credit which he took even more rigidly than that which he gave to buyers. Nor could he be tempted to speculate upon the credit of his house in other ways. He absolutely refused to sell goods of inferior character, no matter what the inducements offered. He insisted upon practically guaranteeing the quality of all goods sold; and this, with the low prices which a practical cash system enabled him to make, drew to his house the cream of the trade from a large part of the entire West.

In 1871 came another great blow, but of a different kind. This was the



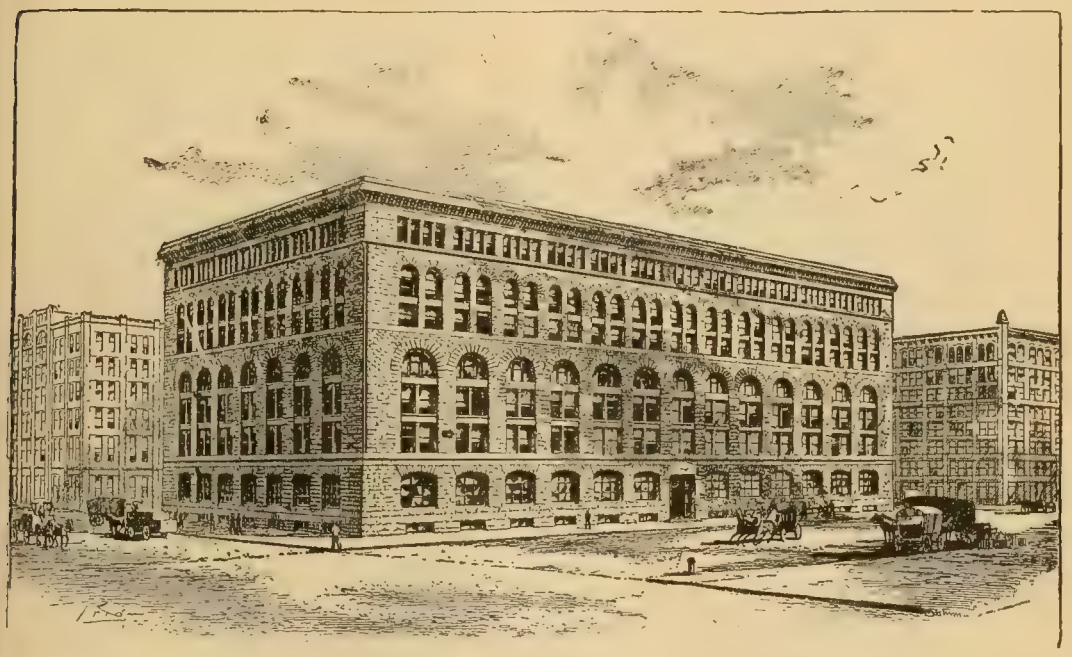
THE BURNING OF CHICAGO IN 1871.

fire which almost entirely destroyed the city of Chicago. Mr. Field was, of course, well insured; no man of his well-known prudence would neglect that; but in this emergency insurance itself failed, for so many of the companies were wiped out by the disaster that a comparatively small part of the insurance had was available.

"What next?" was the question on thousands of lips, as men stood gazing on the smoking ruins of Chicago. With Marshall Field it was a question of the best thing available. Few buildings of any kind were left standing; but

at the corner of State and Twentieth streets were some horse-car sheds which had been spared by the fire. While the smoke was still rising from the ruins of the great city, Mr. Field hired these sheds, and began to fit them up for the accommodation of the dry-goods business. At the same time gangs of men were set to work clearing away the ruins of the burned stores of the firm, and erecting on them new buildings for permanent use. In the next year the new stores were ready for occupancy. In rebuilding a great improvement had been made by separating the retail from the wholesale department, giving to each a building adapted to its own especial needs.

On the heels of the fire came the great panic of 1873; but the house of



WHOLESALE STORE OF MARSHALL FIELD & CO.

Marshall Field & Company passed through it unscathed. It was hard to ruin a house which owed nothing, and whose customers had paid all bills up to within two months. The long-credit concerns, almost without exception, went down in the crash, but Mr. Field's house stood more firm than ever.

In the years that followed, the business grew steadily. The wholesale department especially expanded, until in 1885 it was necessary to build once more. In that year was begun a building of granite and sandstone which is to-day one of the finest wholesale dry-goods establishments in the world. To the retail store, building after building has been added on the State street side, and later a magnificent annex at Wabash avenue and Washington street. In

1865 Mr. Field's firm did a business aggregating $8,000,000; in 1892 the figures had risen to $70,000,000.

In 1881 Mr. Leiter withdrew from the firm, and the name became Marshall Field & Company. It consists of Mr. Field and eight junior partners. All of these have grown up in the house. The store is a great school, which has furnished from its graduates not only the heads of the business itself, but also heads for many other businesses throughout the country.

"Glancing over the hundreds of men in the wholesale department yester-



THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING, CHICAGO.

day," says a Chicago reporter, "the writer saw a splendid display of bright young faces. Scarcely an employee in the building could boast of forty years of life, and gray hairs were not in line at all. With scarcely an exception, every man in a responsible position has grown up with the house, and won his spurs by merit; and in a number of cases the spurs carry from $10,000 to $30,000 per year salary with them. It is in a great measure true of Marshall Field & Company's employees that they are 'raised in the house,' and among them the great merchant has found his most loyal friends and ablest counsellors."



JOHN WANAMAKER.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

JOHN WANAMAKER,

THE GREAT BUSINESS ORGANIZER.



HE time-honored saying that "What man has done, man may do," has cheered and encouraged multitudes of patient workers, toiling upward along the steep road to success. But among the mass are a few whose motto might well read, "I will do what others have never yet done." Something of originality, of special and unique power, marks the individuality of a few. Among these is John Wanamaker. He has not only achieved success, but in achieving it he has wrought changes in the business world which will long remain as marks and monuments of the peculiar powers which distinguish his character.

John Wanamaker was born in Philadelphia in 1837. Like many other Americans who have risen to the top, he began at the bottom. His father was a brickmaker, and the boy's first business experience was in "turning bricks" and doing odd jobs around the yard. When he was a few years older, school had to be given up for steady work. He found a place as errand boy in a bookstore, where he earned a salary of $1.25 a week. Every morning and evening he trudged over the four miles which lay between his home and the store, eating at noon the simple lunch which he brought with him from home, put up for him by a loving mother's hands.

Soon he left the bookstore, and secured employment in a clothing store at $1.50 a week,—a large advance to him then. He quickly began to rise. He was prompt, obliging, civil to customers, and attentive to business. He was one of the kind of boys that are always in demand. His salary began to rise also and kept on rising.

John's poverty had obliged him to leave school with a very limited education; but he was always anxious to get more. He read and studied in the evenings, and improved every opportunity to add to his stock of knowledge. In later years, when he was asked how he got his education, he answered, "I took it in as I went along, as a locomotive takes up water from a track tank." It is said that he received a special impulse toward study by hearing a sermon in

which the speaker used a number of words the meaning of which John did not know. Having a good memory, he carried these words in his head until the next morning, when he had a chance to look them up in the dictionary. He concluded that, as the preacher would not be likely to use words which were not understood by most of the congregation, the trouble must be that John Wanamaker was uncommonly ignorant; and this condition of affairs he resolved to remedy.

When the civil war broke out in 1861, John Wanamaker was twenty-three years old. He had saved a little money, had acquired a thorough knowledge of the clothing business, and married a wife. In April of that year he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Nathan Brown, and embarked in the clothing business at Sixth and Market streets. From the beginning the business prospered. Both the partners were practical men. No unnecessary help was employed. They were not ashamed to take down the shutters, to sweep the store, or to deliver packages themselves, if necessary. But the business soon reached dimensions which gave them other work to do. It was perpetually outgrowing its facilities in every direction; and to meet and provide for this expansion called into exercise just those powers which Mr. Wanamaker possesses in such wonderful measure,—the powers of organization. In 1868 Mr. Brown died. By 1871 the business had absorbed all the space from Market to the next street,—a space which, when the firm began business, had been occupied by forty-five tenants. Still it continued to grow, and in 1875 the large block occupied by the old Pennsylvania freight depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, was bought, and a store built for a business of a new kind. The old, rambling freight station was remodeled, and turned into a great mart of trade, where dry goods, clothing, furniture, books, and nearly everything in the shape of supplies for the person and the home were sold, a separate department being devoted to each. Upon the establishment of this great "department store," Mr. Wanamaker concentrated all his energies, and the experience of his previous career in his extensive lines of business.



JOHN WANAMAKER AS A YOUNG MAN.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Wanamaker's innovations upon previous methods have revolutionized the manner of conducting retail businesses in general. Up to the time when his clothing store began to make its mark, the atti-

tude of merchants toward customers was commonly rather that of a party doing a favor. The modern spirit of doing everything possible to conciliate and accommodate the customer was almost unknown. The characteristics of retail stores were negligent, indifferent, and sometimes surly salesmen; slowness, confusion, and lack of method in delivering goods, and general absence of the spirit of seeking and cultivating business, which is now the rule instead of the exception. Moreover, a sale once made was made forever. A merchant who in that day was asked to take back unsatisfactory goods and return the money would have met the request with contemptuous astonishment. Wanamaker changed all this. He not only sought trade, but made it evident that he was seeking trade. A customer coming into his store was met as a courteous host would meet a guest. His wants were quickly ascertained; he was put in the hands of a polite and accommodating salesman, who did everything in his power to supply him with the article that suited him; and if for any reason, or even without reason, the goods which he had bought did not please him, they might be returned, and the money was repaid. When this last feature was inaugurated, it was looked upon with incredulous contempt by competitors. "*That* won't last long," they said with confidence; but not only did it last, but they were themselves obliged to conform to the practice, and it is now the uniform custom among the best stores.



GEORGE H. STUART, ONE OF MR. WANAMAKER'S PROMINENT CO-LABORERS.

From the time when he first began business, John Wanamaker had a rare appreciation of the value of advertising, and his persistence and originality in this field have always distinguished his business. In this respect also he was a pioneer. Before his time the capabilities of advertising were little known or believed in. It was done fitfully and carelessly at best. The idea of advertising a retail business regularly, week in and week out, rain or shine, good business or bad business, was one which was almost as novel as Wanamaker's plan of returning the money for unsatisfactory goods. For some time after these innovations were begun, he had the field to himself. His competitors had no faith that such new-fangled notions would last, and waited with contemptuous confidence for his business to wind itself up. But they waited in vain. Instead of ruining his business under these methods, it grew at such a rate that it was almost impossible to provide accommodations for it which did not in a few years become too small. As it grew, Wanamaker grew. Every year developed his

wonderful organizing powers, and when the time came for the purchase of the great building at Thirteenth and Market streets, he was better prepared than ever before to build upon it a store in which should be carried on a business that would embody the results of all his previous experience.

The secret of Mr. Wanamaker's great success in business may be summed up in one word,—Organization. It has been his uniform practice to secure for the heads of departments the best men to be had, regardless of cost. Many men in his employ receive salaries larger than those of cabinet ministers. They are given full latitude for exercising all their best powers, and full reward for success. Each head of a department is treated as though he were himself the owner and master of the department. He is charged with all the expenses of the department, including his share of rent and advertising, the salaries of clerks, bookkeepers, etc. On the other hand, he is credited with all of the profits made in his department, and if he is able to show good results and increased sales, his position becomes better and better. He is allowed to manage his department in his own way, limited only by certain fixed rules of policy common to the entire store. This system of management gives the responsible heads of the business every incentive to do their best, and results in an organization which is well-nigh perfect.



BETHANY SUNDAY-SCHOOL TENT, 1859.

In addition to the other motives furnished by Mr. Wanamaker for those in his employ to do the best of which they are capable, it has been for some years his practice to share profits to a certain extent with his employees. At the end of the first year after this practice was begun, $100,000 of profits were received by the employees of the Thirteenth street store.

Considering the great load which Mr. Wanamaker has carried for many years, and considering also the fact that he has not followed the beaten paths of trade, but has been a great innovator, and constantly introducing novel methods of business, it is not surprising to learn that he has more than once been on the edge of failure ; but, like the greatest generals, he is a man who does not know when he is beaten. He refuses to recognize defeat, and the result has been that even the greatest emergencies have been met, and victory secured. He has not only learned how to do business himself, but he has taught thousands of others. Department stores, conducted on the same plan as that of the great emporium at Thirteenth and Market streets, have sprung up all over the United States ; and for the ease with which buyers of all sorts of goods at retail can now make their purchases, and for the general tone of reliability, accommoda-

tion, promptness, and cheapness which pervade retail business, the buyers of to-day have chiefly to thank John Wanamaker.

HIS WORK FOR OTHERS.

No one who knows the abounding and restless energy which characterizes Mr. Wanamaker, and his humane desire for the welfare of others, would expect to find his time employed exclusively for his own benefit. His public work has long been a most important part of his life. Before he went into the clothing



BETHANY CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL BUILDING.

business in 1861 he filled the position of Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, an organization in which his interest has never ceased. In later years, when he was carrying on a very large business, he became the President of this Association. His genius for organization has wrought results in that body no less important than those which he had already brought about in his own business. He helped to point out and develop the possibilities of the organization, which had hitherto been little known. During his presidency the splendid new building of the Association at Fifteenth and Chestnut streets was built, and this, like his store, was an object lesson to

others who were carrying on the same line of work. Since that time handsome buildings for homes of the local associations have sprung up in nearly all the large cities of the United States, and in these homes are found facilities for instruction, for social work, and for the help and betterment of young men generally, which have made the Young Men's Christian Association such a power for good.

One of the most characteristic of Mr. Wanamaker's enterprises outside of his own business is the Sunday-school of Bethany Presbyterian Church, of which he has long been superintendent. His connection with this now famous school goes back to the days when he was a poor and struggling young man. In the early days of his business life, and while still embarrassed by narrow means, Mr. Wanamaker went into one of the roughest districts of Philadelphia, where low groggeries abounded, and opened a Sunday-school in a shop occupied during the week by shoemakers. The district was one of the lowest and most disorderly in the city. It was even looked upon as dangerous to attempt such work in such a neighborhood. But to Mr. Wanamaker the obvious reflection was that the worse the neighborhood the greater the need of improvement. He succeeded in interesting the children, and the children interested their parents. After a few months the school had so increased that it outgrew the accommodations, and a large tent was rented in which it was carried on during the summer. From this beginning grew up the famous Bethany Sunday-school, which is now one of the largest in the country. Out of the school grew a church, whose membership is made up largely of the parents of the Sabbath-school children, and of the Sabbath-school children themselves, who have grown to manhood and womanhood in the years since this work was begun. Sunday-school and church together have wrought a great change in the character of that district, and now the person who should suggest that there was danger in attempting to do such work in that neighborhood would be met with surprise indeed.

It is characteristic of Mr. Wanamaker that for rest from business he turns, not to idleness, but to work of a different sort. His Sundays are spent in religious work of various kinds. He is interested in movements for the spread of practical Christianity in almost every direction. He was one of the pioneers in the Moody and Sankey revival movement, and before the freight station was remodeled as a store in 1875, it was for some months used for the meetings, where frequently twenty thousand persons were gathered at one time. He was one of the original organizers of the Christian Commission, and of the Citizens' Relief Committee, a Philadelphia organization which gives aid in cases of sudden disaster, pestilence, or other trouble anywhere, which appeals to the sympathies of the citizens of Philadelphia. He is one of the managers of the Williamson Trade School. At the time of the Centennial Exposition he was

Chairman of the Bureau of Revenue, and raised the first million dollars for that great enterprise. He was also Chairman of the Press Committee, and in many ways aided to make the work successful. When Mr. Harrison was elected to the Presidency in 1888, Mr. Wanamaker entered his cabinet as Postmaster-General,—a position for which his talents and experience in business organization especially fitted him. His administration of the Post-Office Department was marked by a number of reforms, and a great improvement in its methods. At the end of his term of office he took a well-earned vacation, making with his family an extensive tour through the United States and Mexico. On this journey he received many tokens of high esteem and wide popularity.



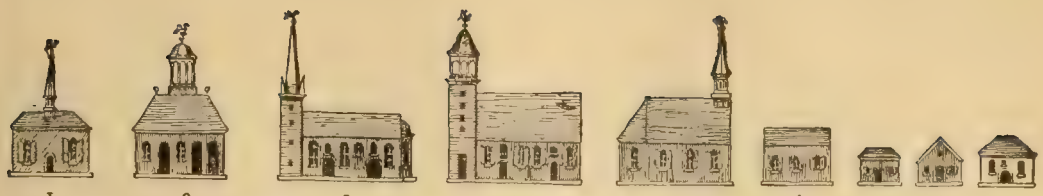
"LINDENHURST," MR. WANAMAKER'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE NEAR JENKINTOWN, PA.

Mr. Wanamaker has given to the various charities and benevolent enterprises what is of more value than money, namely, himself and his abilities. Even when the duties of Postmaster-General of the United States were added to his already enormous undertakings, he came regularly every week from Washington to Philadelphia to superintend his Sunday-school at Bethany. But few have been more generous givers of money as well. He has given over $100,000 to Bethany Church and Sunday-school; he has given $100,000 to the Young Men's Christian Association. The Children's Wing of the Presbyterian Hospital, practically a complete hospital in itself, was paid for by Mrs. Wanamaker. He has established on Broad street a home for those of his female employees who have no regular home in the city; and in many other ways Mr. Wanamaker has given proof of the spirit of practical good work which is the moving force of his whole life.



HENRY WARD BEECHER

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

PLACES OF WORSHIP IN NEW YORK IN 1742.

1. Lutheran. 2. French. 3. Trinity. 4. New Dutch. 5. Old Dutch. 6. Presbyterian. 7. Baptist. 8. Quaker. 9. Synagogue.

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

THE GREAT PULPIT ORATOR AND REFORMER.



BIBLE BROUGHT OVER IN THE "MAYFLOWER."

IN the dark days of the War of 1812 there lived and labored in the town of Litchfield, Connecticut, a Congregational minister named Lyman Beecher. Like most preachers of that day, he was poor in this world's goods, but rich in children. Seven of these already gathered around his fireside when, on June 24, 1813, his son Henry Ward Beecher, destined to leave so deep and strong an impress upon the life and thought of his day, was born.

Dr. Beecher's salary was eight hundred dollars a year, not always promptly paid; and under these circumstances it may easily be imagined that the tenth member of the family received only such care and attention as were absolutely required. The struggle for existence was too severe to leave much time or thought for other things. Litchfield was a mountain town, where the winter was a stern reality for six months of the year, where there were giant winds, and drifting snows of immeasurable depth, and ice and sleet storms of a sublime power and magnitude. Under this rugged nursing the boy grew outwardly vigorous. When but three or four years old he was sent to the Widow Kilbourn's school, where he said his letters twice a day,

and passed the rest of his time in hemming a brown towel or a check apron. It was not expected that he would learn very much from "Marm Kilbourn," but the school kept him out of the way of the "home folks" for the greater part of the day. Next, a small, unpainted district school-house being erected within a stone's throw of the parsonage, he graduated from Ma'am Kilbourn's thither.

Henry Ward was not marked out by the prophecies of partial friends for any brilliant future. His utterance was thick and indistinct, partly from bashfulness and partly from enlargement of the tonsils of his throat, so that in speaking or reading he was with difficulty understood. The last success that ever would have been predicted for him is that of an orator. "When Henry is sent to me with a message," said a good aunt, "I always have to make him say it three times. The first time I have no manner of an idea, more than if he spoke Choctaw; the second, I catch now and then a word; by the third time I begin to understand."



OLD DUTCH CHURCH, NEW UTRECHT, LONG ISLAND.

Sunday was a day of terror to Henry, for on that day the Catechism was administered to him. "I think," said he afterward to his congregation, referring to this part of his life, "that to force childhood to associate religion with such dry morsels is to violate the spirit, not only of the New Testament, but of common sense as well. I know one thing, that if I am 'lax and latitudinarian,' the Sunday Catechism is to blame for a part of it. The dinners that I have lost because I could not go through 'sanctification,' and 'justification,' and 'adoption,' and all such questions, lie heavily on my memory! . . . One Sunday afternoon with my Aunt Esther did me more good than forty Sundays in church with my father. He thundered over my head; she sweetly instructed me down in my heart. The promise that she would read Joseph's history to me on Sunday was enough to draw a silver thread of obedience through the entire week; and if I was tempted to break my promise, I said, 'No; Aunt Esther is going to read on Sunday;' and I would do, or I would not do, all through the week, for the sake of getting that sweet instruction on Sunday."

When Henry was twelve years old his father accepted a call to Boston and removed thither with his family. At this time the boy developed a great love of adventure, and he was filled with a longing to be a sailor. This feeling made him restless and discontented, and he resolved to leave home and ship on board some vessel sailing from the harbor. He hovered about the wharves, con-

versing with the sailors and captains, and sometimes carrying his little bundle with him. But the thoughts of home were too strong for him, and he could never quite summon resolution enough to run away. In a fit of desperation he wrote a letter to his brother, telling him of his wish to go to sea, and informing him that he meant to first ask his father's permission, and if that were not granted he would go without it. This letter he dropped where his father would be sure to find it. Dr. Beecher soon discovered it, and, reading it, put it into his pocket without comment. The next day he asked the boy if he had ever thought of any definite avocation for his future life.

"Yes," said Henry, "I want to go to sea. I want to enter the navy, be a midshipman, and rise to be a commander."

"Oh, I see," said the Doctor, cheerfully; "but in order to prepare for that you must study mathematics and navigation."

"I am ready, sir."

"Very well. I'll send you up to Amherst next week, to Mount Pleasant, and then you'll begin your preparatory studies at once. As soon as you are well prepared, I presume I can make interest to get you an appointment."

The boy was delighted, and the next week started for Amherst. The Doctor felt sure that the sailor scheme would never come to anything, and exclaimed, exultantly, as he bade his son good-bye, "I shall have that boy in the ministry yet."

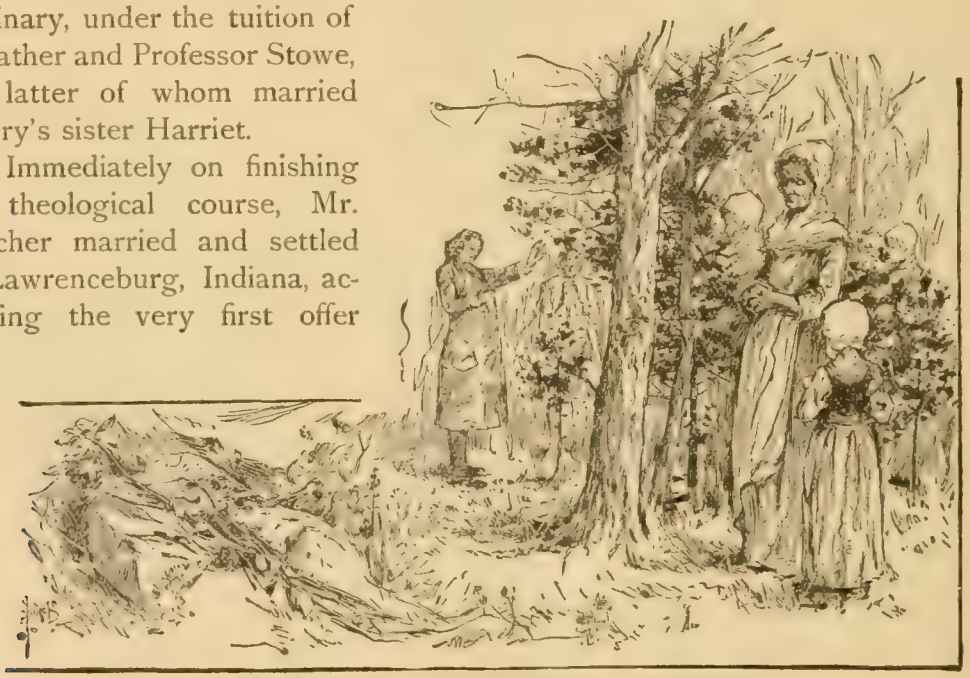
At the Mount Pleasant Institute young Beecher took lessons in elocution from Professor John E. Lovell. Under the instructions of this able teacher, he learned to manage his voice, and to overcome the thickness and indistinctness of utterance which previous to this had troubled him so much. He continued at this school for three years, devoting himself to study with determination and success, and taking rank as one of the most promising pupils of the school.

As time passed on, the ardent desire for a seafaring life began to weaken. The stories of Nelson's conquests and Captain Cook's wanderings lost something of their old fascination. Life was filling fast with larger meanings. About this time, when in a mood of spiritual anxiety, a religious revival arose, stirring the deep undercurrents of his nature. Henry Ward Beecher resolved to be a Christian, and set himself to "follow the Lord fully." His conversion—if we may use that word in this connection—was not the doleful giving up of everything glad and beautiful to live a life of gloom and sadness. It was a joyful consecration to the Lord. If Mr. Beecher could not have been a joyful Christian, he would not have been a Christian at all. All life was glad to him. Existence alone, under the blue skies and in the happy fields, was a luxury. And he judged that the Christian life ought to be of all lives the most joyful. True to these convictions, his life was sunny where some thought it should only be solemn. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe writes of him at this period in her own

characteristic manner: "The only thing," she says, "which prevented Henry from taking the first rank as a religious young man was the want of that sobriety and solemnity which was looked upon as essential to the Christian character. He was like a converted bobolink, who should be brought to judgment for short quirks and undignified twitters and tweedles among the daisy heads, instead of flying in dignified paternal sweeps, like a good swallow of the sanctuary, or sitting in solemnized meditations in the depths of pine trees, like the owl."

In 1832 Dr. Beecher removed from Boston to Cincinnati, to enter upon the presidency of Lane Seminary, to which he had been elected. Henry followed him to the West after his graduation at Amherst, and, in 1836, completed his theological studies at the seminary, under the tuition of his father and Professor Stowe, the latter of whom married Henry's sister Harriet.

Immediately on finishing his theological course, Mr. Beecher married and settled in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, accepting the very first offer



MORAVIAN EASTER SERVICE, BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

made him. It was work that he wanted, and one place he thought about as good as another. His parish was a little town on the Ohio river, not far from Cincinnati. Here he preached in a small church, and did all the work of the parish sexton, making his fires, trimming his lamps, sweeping his house, and ringing his bell. "I did all," he said whimsically, "but come to hear myself preach—that they had to do."

Mr. Beecher was soon invited from Lawrenceburg to Indianapolis, the capital of the State, where he labored for eight years. A member of his church in Indianapolis thus gives his recollections of him:—

"In the early spring of 1842 a revival began, more noticeable than any that

this community has seen. The whole town was pervaded by the influences of religion. For many weeks the work continued with unabated power, and nearly one hundred persons were added to the church on profession of their faith. This was God's work. It is not improper, however, to speak of the pastor in that revival, as he is remembered by some of the congregation, plunging through the wet streets, his trousers stuck in his muddy boot-legs, earnest, untiring, swift; with a merry heart, a glowing face, and a helpful word for every one; the whole day preaching Christ to the people where he could find them, and at night preaching still where the people were sure to find him. Some of those who have been pillars since found the Saviour in that memorable time. Nor was the awakening succeeded by an immediate relapse.

"Early in the following year, at the March and April communions, the church had larger accessions. There was, indeed, a wholesome and nearly continuous growth up to the time when the first pastor resigned, to accept a call to the Plymouth Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, New York. This occurred August 24, 1847."

HIS WORK AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

On his removal to Brooklyn, Mr. Beecher immediately announced in Plymouth pulpit the same principles that he had followed in Indianapolis; namely, his determination to preach Christ among them, not as a bygone historical personage, but as the living Lord and God, and to bring all the ways and usages of society to the test of his standards. He announced that he considered temperance and anti-slavery a part of the gospel of Christ, and should preach them accordingly.

In the ten years of agitation preceding the civil war, Plymouth Church rose grandly to the need of the age. When Wendell Phillips found no place for free speech in New York or Brooklyn, Mr. Beecher invited him to the platform of his church, and counted the words of the great abolitionist no desecration; for did not the Son of Man come to preach the gospel to the poor, and to set the captives free? From the hour that Wendell Phillips made his great anti-slavery speech in Plymouth Church, until the Emancipation Proclamation, nearly twenty years after, the Plymouth preacher became a flaming advocate for liberty of speech and action on the question of the national evil. If there was anything on earth to which he was sensitive, up to the day of his death, it was any form of denial to liberty, either in literature, politics, or religion.

A touching incident occurred early in the year of 1861, which helped to increase Mr. Beecher's reputation as the friend of the slave:—

A beautiful octoroon girl, raised and owned by a prominent citizen of this country, Mr. John Churchman, attempted to make her escape North. She was arrested and brought back. Her master then determined to sell her, and found a ready purchaser in another citizen, Mr. Fred Scheffer. Mr. Scheffer proposed

to Sarah that she should go North, and raise enough money from the Abolitionists to purchase herself. This proposition she eagerly accepted, and, being furnished with means by Mrs. Scheffer to pay her fare, she started. A few days after her arrival in New York she was taken to Mr. Beecher, and on the following Sabbath evening was escorted to his pulpit in Brooklyn. She was a woman of commanding presence, winning face, and long, jet-black hair, and, of course, attracted most eager attention and interest from the large and wealthy congregation assembled. She was requested to loosen her hair, and as she did so it fell in glistening waves over her shoulders and below her waist. Robed in white, her face crimsoned and her form heaving under the excitement of the occasion, she stood in that august presence a very Venus in form and feature. For a moment Mr. Beecher remained by her side without uttering a word, until the audience was wrought up to a high pitch of curiosity and excitement. Then, in his impressive way, he related her story and her mission. Before he concluded his pathetic recital the vast audience was a sea of commotion; and as the pastor announced that he wanted $2000 for the girl before him to redeem her promise to pay for freedom, costly jewels and trinkets and notes and specie piled in so fast that in less time than it takes to write it, enough and more was contributed than was necessary to meet the call that had been made.



REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

In 1860 the crisis of the nation was seen to be at hand, and Plymouth's patriot preacher girded himself for the fight. With pen and voice he labored for the success of Abraham Lincoln in the campaign of 1860, urging the preservation of the Union. When, on April 12, 1861, the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter, Mr. Beecher sprang to the aid of his country. From Plymouth pulpit came ringing words of patriotism, cheering the timid, encouraging the downcast, denouncing traitors, but hopeful of the future, pointing out clearly the path of right and duty for those who loved their country. His church, prompt to answer, raised and equipped a regiment, the First Long Island, in which his eldest son was an officer. Before this regiment went into active service, Mr. Beecher often visited the camp and preached to the young soldiers, many being "my own boys," as he used to call them.

Meanwhile, besides the cares of his pastorate, he was constantly delivering speeches. At last his health began to fail. His voice gave way, and he was imperatively commanded to seek rest. To recruit his exhausted energies he sailed for Europe, little thinking that a work awaited him in England far more arduous than anything which he had yet undertaken.

On his outward voyage Mr. Beecher was urged to speak in England for the Union cause, but declined on the ground of his health. After some weeks of travel in France and Switzerland, he was met at Paris with the news of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and also with letters from friends in England saying that a small party there was supporting the side of the North against heavy odds, and again urging him to help them with his voice. At last he consented, and engagements were made for him to speak in the chief cities of England.

In order to fully comprehend the situation, it is necessary to recall the state of feeling in England at that time. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote after Mr



COLONIAL MONASTERY, ILLUSTRATING EARLIER DAYS.

Beecher's return: "The devil had got the start of the clergyman, as he very often does, after all. The wretches who had been for three years pouring their leprous distillment into the ears of Great Britain had preoccupied the ground and were determined to silence the minister if they could. For this purpose they looked to the heathen populace of the nominally Christian British cities They covered the walls with blood-red placards, they stimulated the mob by inflammatory appeals, they filled the air with threats of riot and murder. It was in the midst of scenes like these that the single, solitary American opened his lips to speak in behalf of his country."

But Mr. Beecher braved the British lion in his most angry mood. His great speeches in Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and London were magnificent as specimens of natural oratory, but they were sublime and heroic as the utterances of one who loved his country, who believed his country to be in the right, and dared to say so in the face of all the world.

Mr. Beecher had a firmly knit, vigorous physical frame, come down from generations of yeomen renowned for strength, and it stood him in good service now. In giving an account afterward he said: "I had to speak extempore on subjects the most delicate and difficult as between our two nations, where even the shading of my words was of importance, and yet I had to outscream a mob and drown the roar of a multitude. It was like driving a team of runaway horses and making love to a lady at the same time."

The printed record of this speech, as it came from England, has constant parentheses of wild uproars, hootings, howls, cat-calls, clamorous denials and interruptions; but by cheerfulness, perfect, fearless good-humor, intense perseverance, and a powerful voice, Mr. Beecher said all he had to say, in spite of the uproar.

The following description of the great meeting in London is from the pen of a gentleman who was present:—

> It was my privilege to hear him when he addressed an audience of Englishmen in Exeter Hall, London, on the then all-absorbing topic of the American war. Never shall I forget the scene. The masses of the English people had already taken sides in favor of the Southern Confederacy, and only a few, such, for instance, as Rev. Newman Hall, Baptist Noel, Francis Newman, and a few other nonconformist clergymen of the same stamp, had the courage to defend the North, and this at the hazard of mob violence, when Mr. Beecher suddenly appeared, and, fighting his way from Manchester to London, dared to face the howling mobs who assailed him, and by his indomitable courage succeeded in gaining at least a respectful hearing, which at Exeter Hall culminated in a grand triumph for liberty and justice. On that occasion his grand eloquence carried his audience until burst after burst of deafening cheers greeted every period; and the scene at the close of his address can never be fully realized, except by those who were eye-witnesses of this grand event. To him alone should be attributed the credit of having turned the tide of English opinion, and of having succeeded in laying the foundation of that better judgment which prevented the government from officially recognizing the Confederacy."

Soon after his return the war closed, and he went to Charleston to deliver the address at Fort Sumter upon the occasion of the rehoisting of the flag of the United States over that work. The news of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln met him upon his return to Brooklyn, and drew from him one of his most memorable sermons. At the close of hostilities, he preached a sermon to his congregation, urging forgiveness and conciliation toward the South as the policy of the hour, saying truly that that crisis was a rare opportunity, which would never come again if spurned. The sermon was unpopular, and caused him some trouble even in his own congregation.

During the years after the war Mr. Beecher was busy with voice and pen, in the pulpit, on the lecture platform, and in the press. His reputation and influence as a preacher were immense; and Plymouth Church became the centre of what may properly be called a permanent revival of religion. Suddenly, in the midst of this busy, happy, and useful life, came the great trouble known as the Beecher-Tilton scandal, which, though bravely met and finally conquered, cast such a dreadful shadow over Mr. Beecher's life.

THE BEECHER-TILTON TRIAL.

"This most distressing episode in Mr. Beecher's life," says an account which appeared at the time of his death, "occurred when his fame and influence were at their zenith. At a time when the most cultured classes of the country accepted him as their guide, when the first place as a preacher and an orator was accorded to him on all hands, and when his writings were eagerly read from one end of the land to the other, a formidable assault was made upon his reputation. At first vague hints were circulated reflecting upon him; then a direct charge appeared in print; finally, in an action at law, brought by Theodore Tilton against Mr. Beecher, with a claim for $100,000 damages, the whole case was disclosed, and for six months the morbid appetites of the sensual and the malice of scoffers at Christianity were gratified by the terrible accusation against the pastor of Plymouth Church.

"Three times did Mr. Beecher meet his accusers, and three times the charge was investigated. First it was heard by a committee of the church, appointed at Mr. Beecher's request, and the committee pronounced the pastor innocent. Afterward it was tried in court, when the jury disagreed; and thirdly, by a council of Congregational ministers. Undoubtedly the scandal was a cause of reproach not only to Mr. Beecher, but to religion. That it would be so if it were made public, whatever the issue might be, Mr. Beecher and his friends had foreseen from the first, and, unhappily, in attempting to prevent its coming to trial, they prejudiced the case; their efforts to keep it from the public were regarded as an admission of guilt. It was a noteworthy fact that Theodore Tilton, who brought the charge, was a *protégé* of Mr. Beecher's, a man possessing undoubted talent, a sphere for the exercise of which had been provided by Mr. Beecher."

The unwavering fidelity of Plymouth Church to its pastor during this fierce ordeal, the love and sympathy of his wife, and the unfaltering allegiance of a host of friends in this country and in Europe, encouraged and supported him, and enabled him to continue his pastorate and public work. But the damage to the cause of religion was incalculable; and nothing but the cheerful and steadfast faith which had become a part of his being could have enabled him to recover from this awful trial.

From among the latest utterances of Mr. Beecher in Plymouth Church, we take the following paragraph, which gives the impression that he was half aware that his end was not far off:—

"I look back now upon nearly forty years' ministry here, and see what the fruit has been. It has not been as large and as good as it would have been if you had had a better fruiterer. But I am not unwilling to compare with others the men and women that have grown up under my preaching, their development in nobleness, their cheer, their hopefulness, their courage, their kindness, their lovableness, and their self-denial, which ceases to be self-denial because they learn to love working for others. I think I am not apt to be proud, but I may thank God that I have the test before me in hundreds and in thousands that the word preached by me has been blessed, not simply to the hope of their final salvation, but to their present evolution into higher, statelier, more beautiful, attractive, winning souls.

"I have never preached what I did not believe; I have never asked myself whether to preach a truth that I did believe would be popular or unpopular. I have never been afraid of man, though I have been afraid of God as the child is afraid of a father that he loves. The whole conception of life that I have had has been to serve my fellow-man, and when, in the day that men despised the poor oppressed negroes, that could not plead their own cause, I was more than willing, I was inexpressibly grateful, to be permitted to stand for them, and not to forsake them until they were clothed in the majesty of equal rights by the great revolution. I attempted all my life long to take the part of those who had no defender; and I have done it. And in all matters in my own church I have steadily sought one thing—to reproduce, so far as I was able to reproduce, the lineaments of the Lord Jesus Christ in your hearts."

HIS LAST DAYS.

The dawn of the year 1887 found Mr. Beecher in the enjoyment of good health, and full of plans of work. He had addressed himself with new energy to the second part of his "Life of Jesus, the Christ," and was also engaged on his autobiography, which would have been of unspeakable value. But his sun was setting, though he knew it not. The golden bowl was soon to be shattered, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern. The voice that had swayed tens of thousands, and influenced the history of the nation through two generations, was to be hushed in pathetic silence.

He had often expressed the hope that he might be spared the agonies of a lingering illness. His hope was fully realized. On the evening of March 3, 1887, he retired to bed, and after an hour or two of restlessness, he fell into that dreamless sleep that knows no waking. He continued in this unconscious state till the morning of Tuesday, March 8th, when, with his family gathered

around him, he passed away. A ray of sunlight, full and strong, flashed into the chamber just as his last breath was drawn. Calmly, and with no struggle, the regular breathing ceased, and the great preacher was gone. The face, though worn, looked peaceful and noble. The blue eyes which had looked for the last time on earthly scenes were closed, and the eloquent tongue was silent forever.

There was nothing of gloom in the last tribute to the nation's foremost citizen. All day long, through the aisles which led to his coffin, passed the ceaseless stream, never pausing; yet night fell, and found many thousands still ungratified. Churches were thronged to hear his praises and thank God for



PASSOVER SUPPER, AS OBSERVED BY THE JEWS IN NEW YORK IN 1892.

such a man, yet not a tithe of those eager to do him reverence could find a foothold; the streets about his resting-place teemed all day with hundreds awaiting their turn; no building in the world could have contained the myriads gathered to do honor to his name.

One who knew him and loved him well writes thus of that funeral scene: "He loved the multitude, and the multitude came to his funeral; he loved the flowers, and ten thousand buds breathed their fragrance and clad his resting-place in beauty; he loved music, and the voice of the organ rose, and the anthems which had delighted him again rolled their harmonies to the rafters; he loved the sunshine, and it streamed through the windows and was a halo around him.

No emblem of sorrow or parting was there, but the symbols of love, and faith, and hope, the glad tokens of resurrection, immortality, and eternal reward, such as befitted his life, his death, and his fame, which shall endure, for many generations shall approve him and bless him."

"What biographer shall statue this incomparable man? Almost any one may feel that his forehead does not touch the feet of the noble figure; but it is from below that we appreciate impressive objects. Defects of teaching and defects of character will be recorded. Men without faults are apt to be men without force. The faults of great and generous natures are often the shadows which their virtues cast. But there is noble praise for him which far outweighs the deficiencies. In the life-long warfare that he waged against the slavery of moral evil, and in behalf of intellectual, religious, and political liberty, he wielded the weapon of oratory with the splendid excellence of insight, sincerity, sympathy, simplicity, and strength. 'Lay on his coffin a sword; for he was a brave, brilliant, and effective soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity.'"

LEADERS OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL REFORM.

BY ALLEN C. THOMAS, A. M.
Professor of History, Haverford College.

EVERY generation has its men and women who, moved by circumstances, or roused by evils around them, boldly grapple with the conditions which confront them. Often this has to be begun alone; afterwards they are supported by those who have either been ignorant of the evils existing, or have been too timid to enter upon the work themselves. We here sketch briefly a few representative men of this class not elsewhere noticed in this volume.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

WIDE sympathies and broad Christian charity are potent factors in the uplifting of men, and there have been many in America who have exhibited these characteristics, but few possess them to a greater degree than the present pastor of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Lyman Abbott. He comes of good New England stock, and was born December 18, 1835, at Roxbury, Massachusetts. He is the third son of Jacob Abbott, so dear to the children of the past generation, as the author of those books which were the delight of the childhood of many still living—the "Rollo Books," the "Jonas Books," and the "Lucy Books." The plain, practical, broad common sense in Jacob Abbott, which dictated the composition of these attractive realistic stories, has been inherited in large measure by his son. Lyman Abbott was graduated from the University of the City of New York, in 1853, then studied law and was admitted to the bar. He soon found that the ministry had greater attraction for him than the law, and after studying theology with his uncle John S. C. Abbott, so well-known as the author of the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," he was ordained in 1860, a minister of the Congregational Church. He went the same year to take charge of a congregation at Terre Haute, Indiana. After five years' work he became discouraged, for there seemed to be little or no fruit from his labors. He came to the

conclusion that, after all, he had mistaken his calling, and so in 1865 he accepted the position of Secretary to the American Freedman's Commission, an office which took him to New York. Returning to Terre Haute on a visit, he saw that his previous labors had not been in vain, but had brought forth abundant fruit in the lives of former members of his congregation. It was perhaps this fact that induced him to reënter the ministry, and for three years to be the pastor of the New England Church in New York. He did not, however, lay aside the literary work he had taken up while connected with the Freedman's Association. He conducted the "Literary Record" in *Harper's Monthly*, and became editor of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* in 1871. Resigning his connection with other papers he became joint editor with Henry Ward Beecher of the *Christian Union* in 1876, and its chief editor in 1881. After some years the name of the paper was changed to *The Outlook*, as indicating more nearly the character of the journal. In October, 1887, after the death of Henry Ward Beecher, he was chosen temporary Pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, and later he was invited to remain permanently at the head of that large congregation. He has written much, and has published a number of volumes, nearly all upon religious subjects, but his influence has been chiefly exerted through the pulpit, and especially through the columns of the *Christian Union* and *The Outlook*, one of the most ably conducted weeklies in the country. Popular in its presentation, trenchant in its comments upon contemporary men and events, clear and unmistakable in its position, few papers have a more decided influence upon their readers. Its tone is high, and its view of what is going on in the world is wide and compre-



LYMAN ABBOTT.

hensive. All subjects are treated fearlessly and independently, and truth, purity, and earnestness in religion and politics are insisted upon. Not the least interesting columns of the paper are those devoted to "Notes and Queries," where, in a few well-chosen words, the difficulties of correspondents are answered, and at the same time valuable lessons are enforced. Lyman Abbott is one of the leaders of liberal Christian thought, is sympathetic with every movement for the advancement of mankind, a strong believer in practical Christianity, and a hater of all kinds of cant.

As a speaker differing widely from his great predecessor in the Plymouth pulpit, Lyman Abbott's success is due to the clearness with which he presents his subject, to his earnestness, and to his practical way of putting things.

THOMAS DEWITT TALMAGE.

POPULAR PULPIT ORATOR.

THOMAS DEWITT TALMAGE, another noted Brooklyn preacher, lecturer and editor, is a great contrast to Lyman Abbott; indeed, two men can hardly be more different. The one appeals to calm intelligence, reason and common sense, while the other appeals to the imagination and to the feelings. The one is a quiet, self-possessed speaker, the other an impassioned, almost dramatic orator. Born at Bound Brook, New Jersey, January 7, 1832, Thomas De Witt Talmage is the youngest of twelve children. He was prepared for college in the schools of New Brunswick, New Jersey, and at nineteen entered the University of the city of New York and was graduated in the same class as Lyman Abbott. Like him also he began the study of law, but after three years decided that the ministry was his proper field for work. The fact that two of his uncles, one brother-in-law and three brothers were ministers, did not deter him. He entered the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church at New Brunswick, and in due time was ordained. He accepted a call to Belleville, New Jersey, and afterwards was settled at Syracuse, New York; from which place he went to Philadelphia, where he remained from 1862 to 1869. In the latter year he received three calls, one from Chicago, one from San Francisco, and one from Brooklyn from the Central Presbyterian Church; the last he decided to accept and went to the new field in March, 1869. Though the congregation was an exceedingly small one, he was offered a good salary, with an excellent opening for work. The attendance increased from the very beginning, and in less than two years, a new building being a necessity, he persuaded the trustees to build a Tabernacle, offering to give up his salary until it was finished.

This Tabernacle was destroyed by fire in December, 1872, but was rebuilt on a larger scale in 1874. The new Tabernacle seated 4650, and was the largest Protestant place of worship in America. Congregational singing was a marked feature in the church, and from the great size of the congregation it was a very impressive part of the service. In 1889 this Tabernacle was destroyed by fire; another was constructed, but in 1894 this was also burnt down.

While living in Philadelphia he began to give public lectures, and soon became one of the most popular lecturers on the platform. He has lectured extensively throughout the United States, always commanding large audiences. He has been a prolific author, and his works have had a very wide circulation, his "From the Manger to the Throne," a life of Christ, as much so as any of his books, except, perhaps, his "Sports that Kill." But no small part of his influence and popularity has been won through the columns of newspapers and periodicals. He was for several years editor of *The Christian at Work*, also of *The Advance*, and of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, and is now the editor of the *Christian Herald*, a religious weekly of large circulation. Through his sermons, which, by means of a syndicate are published every week simultaneously in about six hundred newspapers, he reaches perhaps the largest audience of any living American preacher. His lively style and graphic language attract many readers for whom the average sermon has little or no interest.

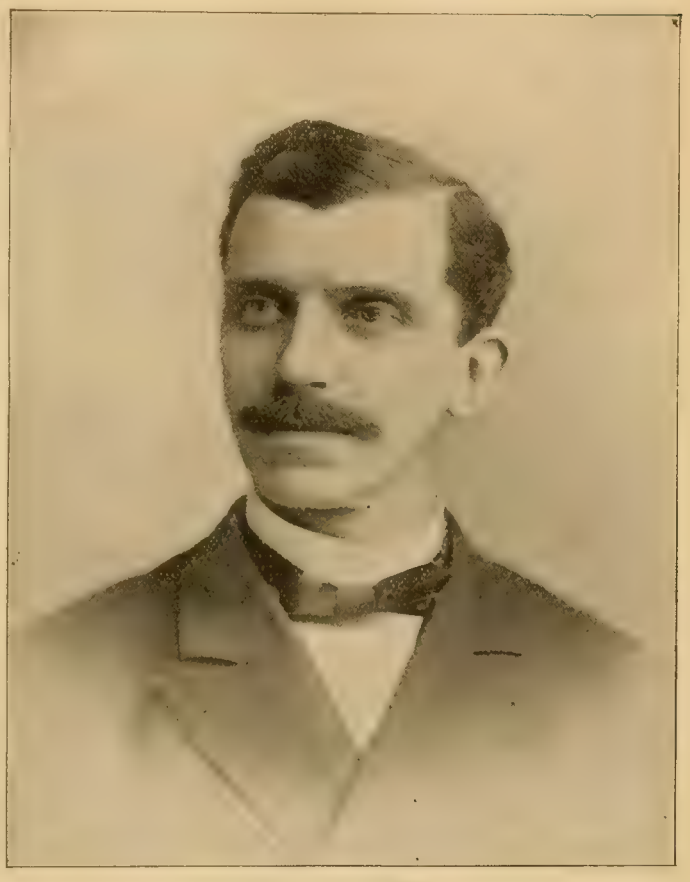


THOMAS DEWITT TALMAGE.

In all his writings he is vivid in his description, dramatic in his rendering, and popular in his manner of presentation. He is undoubtedly the best known preacher in the country. Dr. Talmage recently accepted a call to Washington, but still continues the editorship of the *Christian Herald*.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

PASTOR OF THE LARGEST CONGREGATION IN AMERICA.



RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

Russell H. Conwell, like Lyman Abbott and Dr. Talmage, is a very popular lecturer and preacher, as well as the pastor of a large congregation, now perhaps the largest in the United States. Born February 15, 1843, at South Worthington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, he was brought up as a real New England country boy, working on the farm, doing the chores, and attending an old fashioned district school. At sixteen he went to Wilbraham Academy, and in 1861, with a brother, he entered Yale College. But it was the time of the civil war, and inspired with patriotic fervor he left college and in 1862 enlisted in the Massachusetts 46th regiment, was made Captain, and later a staff officer in the Artillery. He was severely wounded while in Sherman's army, and before he fully recovered, the war had come to an end. He studied law, and in 1865 married and removed to Minneapolis, where he took up journalism, and established one or two newspapers. His health failing he gave up business, accepting the position of Emigration Commissioner for the State of Minnesota, and went to Germany, but soon resigned his position and attended lectures for a time at Leipsic. In 1870 he made the tour of the world as special correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and the *Boston Traveller*. As a result of personal knowledge gained at Hong Kong, he published his first book, "Why and How the Chinese Emigrate." Returning to America he opened an office for practicing law in Boston and met with success. He lost most of his property during the financial crisis of 1873 and 1874, and began

afresh. His mind had frequently turned to theological subjects, leading him to read much on religious topics. Feeling that he was called to the ministry, he began by speaking to the sailors on the wharves, by entering into various kinds of mission work, and by taking a Bible class at Tremont Temple, which, beginning with four scholars, in a few months numbered six hundred. He hesitated some time before entering upon the work of the ministry, but it was not long before an opening presented itself. Being consulted as a lawyer in regard to the sale of a deserted Baptist Meeting-house at Lexington, Massachusetts, he advised the trustees to keep it, and hold service in it, and to their surprise offered himself as a preacher. The experiment was made; at the first service there were sixteen or seventeen present, at the next forty, and at the third the house was crowded. He now was sure of two things: first, that he had found his true calling, and second, that there must be a new place for worship. The trustees said they could not even pay for new windows in the old building. But his mind was made up, and he chose a novel method of raising money. Early Monday morning, taking an axe he himself began to tear down the old house. This strange proceeding attracted the attention of passers by and called forth questions, with the result that subscriptions kept coming in all day. Before the year was out a new meeting-house was ready for its energetic pastor. He attended lectures at the Newton Theological Seminary and was ordained in 1879.

In 1882, he accepted a call to the Grace Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at a small salary, and with a smaller congregation than the church at Lexington. In less than a year his congregation numbered 1200, and a larger auditorium was seen to be a necessity. In 1891 the Temple was finished, one of the most complete church edifices anywhere. Its seating capacity is 4100, which can be increased by chairs to 4600. The plan and construction of the building show the place which the pastor believes a church building should occupy. It has the usual features of a large church, in addition to the main room, such as Sunday-school rooms and the Pastor's Bible-class room, which together seat about 3000. But behind these are a dining-room seating 500, rooms for the Trustees, for the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, cloak rooms, pantries, kitchens, etc., while in an annex are the boilers, engines, and electric plant. The church building is intended to be the centre of the religious activity of the congregation, the place from which every religious and philanthropic effort should begin.

One of the most important outgrowths of this church is the Temple College, a place where working people, especially those who have received a very elementary education, can obtain instruction practically without cost to themselves. The institution is intended to supplement, not supplant the public schools. The extent to which this work has grown, is indicated by

the fact that during the year ending May, 1894, in the day, afternoon, and evening departments the attendance aggregated 2000 pupils.

Mr. Conwell is one of the most popular public lecturers in the country. His receipts from his lectures have been very large, of which it is said, about four-fifths have been used to assist the educational work of his church.

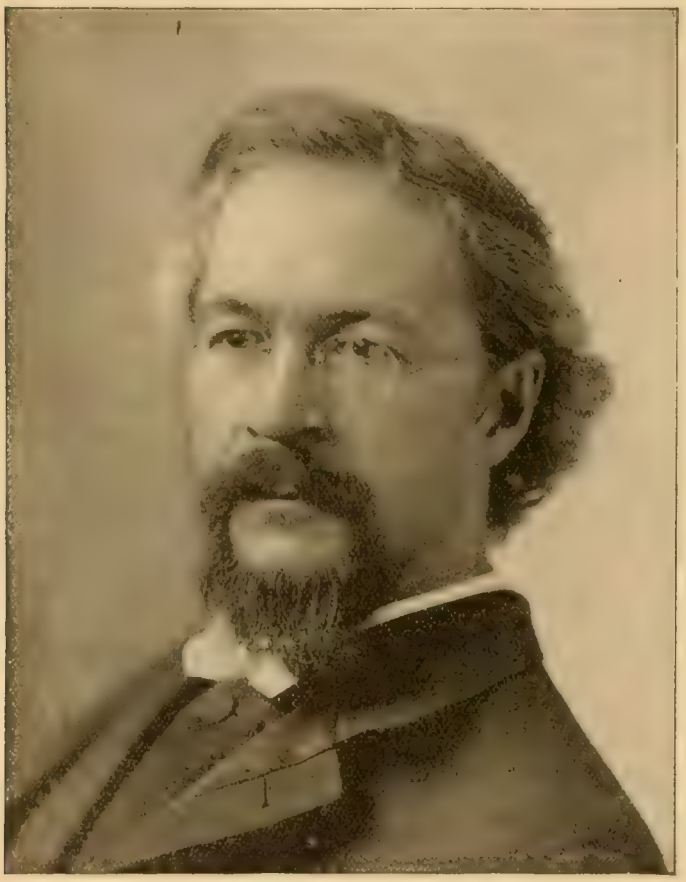
CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

THE CHAMPION OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.

Few names have of late been more prominently brought before the notice of the people than that of Charles H. Parkhurst of New York city, a reformer in the truest sense of the word. He was born in Framingham, Massachusetts, February 17, 1842. When he was about eleven years old the family moved to Clinton, in the same State. Here young Parkhurst attended school, was clerk for a time in a store, and prepared himself for college. He entered Amherst in 1862 and was graduated in 1866. He was Principal of the Amherst High School for two years, and continued in the profession of teaching for some time afterward; but feeling that he was called to the ministry, he went to Germany, studying at Halle, Leipsic, and Bonn. During this formative period of his life he was greatly influenced by his mother, who helped him with his studies, having been a teacher herself. But aside from home training, the most salient influences of his life came from his fortunate association while at Amherst College with its late President, Julius H. Seelye. It was on the recommendation of President Seelye that the Congregational Church at Lenox, Massachusetts, engaged young Parkhurst as their pastor on his return from Europe. Indirectly, President Seelye was the means of bringing the future reformer to New York. As a preacher his style is not specially finished, but his discourses are epigrammatic, independent, practical and full of force. He is far from being what is known as a popular preacher.

In the course of his parish work, he became much interested in young men, and was led to look into the opportunities which they had in the great city for rational enjoyment and recreation. He was much impressed in discovering how much vice abounded, and how great are the allurements in a large city to draw young men away from purity of life and manners. He found that within a very short distance of his own church there were haunts of the grossest vices, accompanied by manifold devices to attract and hold young men. In the course of further investigation he became satisfied that these places, though well known to the police, were left unharmed, or were connived at; that of the numerous saloons, not a few were unlicensed, and that a large Sunday trade was carried on in spite of the law. He had become a member of the New York Society

for the Prevention of Crime, and in 1891, on the death of its President, Dr. Howard Crosby, he was chosen to succeed him. He made a point of his acceptance that the Society should devote itself mainly, not to the bringing of lawbreakers to justice, but that it should use all the influence and power it had, to make those who were bound to see that laws should be enforced, do their duty. In other words, that the Society should attack the police officers, and men who, in conniving at crime and infraction of the laws, were "the abettors and accessories of those crimes which are the result of the disposition to immorality, to gambling, and to drink." "We shall never suppress these crimes," he said, "until we suppress the influences which make it possible for them to exist." As a part of the campaign he preached a sermon February 14, 1892, in which he attacked the administration of the city with unsparing hand.



CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

During the next four weeks, through detectives and through personal visits, Dr. Parkhurst secured two hundred and eighty-four cases of gross violation of law, and on March 13th he preached his second sermon, in which he could say "I know." When summoned before the Grand Jury, his testimony was unimpeachable and had great effect, for the Jury in its charge boldly condemned the police. It is needless to say that Dr. Parkhurst's arraignment created a great sensation, for his sermons were reported and commented upon in every newspaper of the city. The individuals who were attacked at first smiled and paid little attention. Many who were his friends said he was righteous overmuch; others said he was an alarmist; others, that he sought notoriety; others ridiculed him, or showed indignation at his methods; some even said he was a public nuisance. Still he kept on

until by his charges and proofs he forced an investigation by the Legislature. The revelations made before the investigating committee abundantly confirmed Dr. Parkhurst's allegations. Police officers in high positions were brought to trial and convicted and others fled. The community was shocked and disgusted by the revelations, and, as a result of the movement begun by the fearless reformer, the elections of November, 1894, completely overthrew the political ring in control of the city, which was now placed in charge of men pledged to reform, and to honest and faithful administration of the laws. It is not too much to say that had it not been for the able and untiring efforts of Dr. Parkhurst this revolution would not have taken place. He well deserves the triumph he has gained. Every newspaper speaks of him with respect and no one dares to ignore him. It is a personal victory probably unequaled in this country, and the effect has not been limited to New York. Encouraged by his success, men elsewhere, who were hopeless of accomplishing anything in the direction of reform, have been nerved to greater efforts, and good citizens have been roused to do their part in supporting Municipal Reform by their voice, their influence and their votes.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

THE GREAT EVANGELIST.

All of the remarkable men whose lives and work have been briefly considered, are educated men, college bred, and further trained by travel, or by circumstances particularly favorable to the development of the intellectual faculties. They all, moreover, are ministers of the Gospel, and in no small degree have used the vantage ground of the pulpit. We now come to a man who has had neither the advantages of college or university training, nor of any circumstances which can be held to be in any way specially favorable to the development of power and influence. And yet, perhaps, no one of those described in this chapter is better known, or has had wider or more beneficial influence upon his fellowmen than the layman who still bears the simple name of Dwight L. Moody. He was born February 5, 1837, at Northfield, Massachusetts, the sixth child of his parents. When he was about four years old his father died, suddenly, leaving his widow scantily provided for. The little Dwight grew up, amid the beautiful surroundings of the Connecticut valley, living the hard life of a country boy whose family are in narrow circumstances. When he was somewhat past seventeen his school days came to an end, and he started out to make his fortune. He went to Boston, where he was converted. In September, 1855, he went to Chicago, and secured a position as salesman in a boot and shoe store. Young Moody's rough and ready manners, his earnestness

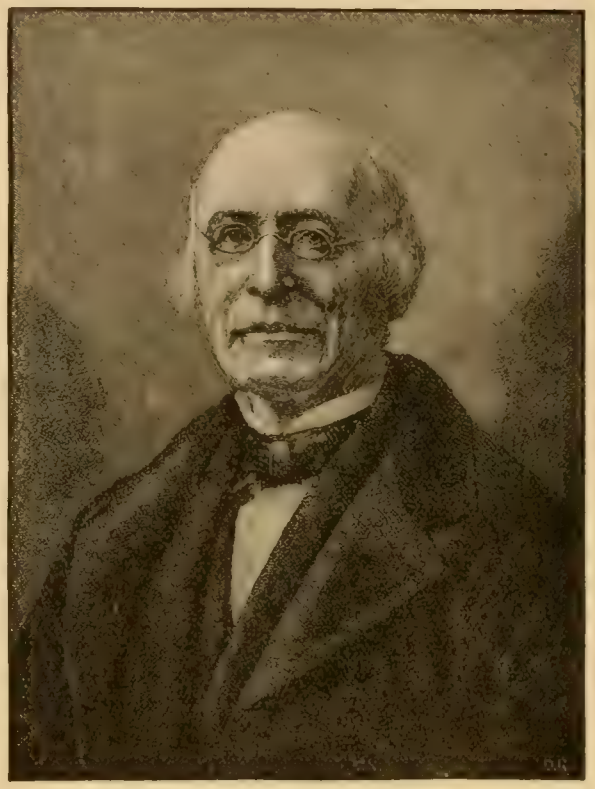
and untiring energy were well suited to his new position, and he was very successful. He carried with him from Boston his desire for Christian activity, and after uniting himself with the Plymouth Congregational Church, one of the first things he did was to hire four pews in the church and keep them filled Sunday after Sunday with young men. Soon he felt he must have a Mission of his own. He found, before long, a place to his mind—an empty saloon, almost within call of about two hundred drinking places and gambling resorts. Young Moody had little education, and little experience, but he had earnestness, faith, and a longing desire to help others. The school greatly prospered, within a year the average attendance reaching six hundred and fifty.

Though successful in his business, he came to be so full of his religious work that he gave up mercantile life altogether, in order that he might devote his whole time to the work of an evangelist. The old Northside Mission continued to be his chief interest. The work grew, and in 1863 a building was erected, the cost of which was defrayed by money raised by Mr. Moody himself.

In 1871 at a convention in Indianapolis, Moody met with Ira D. Sankey, and was so struck with the power of his singing that as soon as he was introduced to him, after asking where he lived, and a few other questions, he said, "I want you." "What for?" "To help me in my work at Chicago." "I cannot leave my business." "You must. I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business and come to Chicago to me." After due deliberation Sankey went, and then began that wonderful partnership in the work of evangelization; and thus was formed that combination of names, Moody and Sankey, so familiar to hundreds of thousands.

In 1872, the two friends visited the British Isles as evangelists. It took time for them to get fairly started, but after some weeks, meetings, the like of which had never been seen, were held all over the land. In London, the audiences numbered, in some instances, eighteen and twenty thousand, composed of all classes of the community. It was during this trip that the collection of hymns so well-known as the Moody and Sankey's Gospel Hymns was compiled.

For the past twenty years and more Mr. Moody has continued to live the life of an evangelist, and has visited many cities and towns all over the United States, he also has gone over into Canada, and again visited England. In 1886 he invited the Colleges of the United States and Canada to send delegates to a Summer School of College Students at Mt. Hermon, near Northfield. This and other conventions at Northfield have been attended by many hundreds, who have been addressed by Mr. Moody himself, and by distinguished and practiced speakers and workers from at home and abroad. At the time of the Columbian Fair he organized a system of religious meetings to be held in Chicago during the continuance of the exhibition. Hundreds of thousands thus came under the influence of the great evangelist.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,

THE GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY AGITATOR.



HE long struggle over slavery in the United States developed two characters which were a curious contrast to each other,—Calhoun and Garrison; the man who believed that slavery was divinely right, and who would sacrifice the Union to establish it, and the man who believed slavery eternally wrong, and who would sacrifice the Union to destroy it. Calhoun died ten years before the great war by which the long debate was at last ended; but to Garrison it was given to see the final triumph of freedom. History records no more impressive scene than that which took place after the fall of Charleston, when Garrison stood beside the grave of the great advocate of slavery. There were the victor and the vanquished. In these two men were embodied the opposing moral forces whose conflict had brought about the great struggle. The cause to which Calhoun's life had been devoted was overthrown at the cost of untold blood and treasure, and the conqueror stood gazing upon the tomb which held his dust.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in 1805, in Newburyport, Massachusetts. When he was only three years old, his father, who was a sailor, deserted his family, leaving his wife and two boys in great poverty. Lloyd learned the trade of printing, and when only twenty-one became editor of the Newburyport *Free Press*, in which the earliest productions of the poet Whittier were first published. He afterward edited the *National Philanthropist*, of Boston, devoted to temperance and other reforms, and a paper at Bennington, Vermont. The real work of his life, however, began in 1829, when he joined Benjamin Lundy in publishing the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, in Baltimore.

Lundy was a gentle and mild-mannered Quaker, devoted to gradual emancipation and colonization. He had but little conception of the white heat which burned in Garrison's bosom, or of the conflagration which it would kindle in a country ruled by the slave power. The theory of gradual emancipation was contemptuously tolerated by the pro-slavery party, as it furnished a sort of safety-valve which kept agitation from reaching too high a pressure. When

Garrison joined Lundy, it was agreed that each should advocate his own principles, signing his initials to his articles. "Thus," says Goldwin Smith, "the *Genius* had two voices, of which one was by far the louder and clearer."

In his salutatory, Garrison declared for immediate and unconditional emancipation. This declaration could not fail to arrest attention in a city like Baltimore, which was the centre of slave-traffic, and where slave auctions and the shipment of cargoes of slaves were constantly going on. Every week the *Genius* had a column of slavery horrors, a large share of which occurred in Baltimore. One Sunday the two reformers were visited by a slave, who had just been flogged with a cowhide; his fault being that he had not loaded a wagon to suit the overseer. On his bleeding back they counted twenty-seven terrible gashes. Garrison noted that he frequently heard in passing houses the sound of the whip, and cries of anguish.

Garrison's engagement on the *Genius* was still recent when he got into trouble with a Mr. Todd, a merchant of his own town of Newburyport, who had allowed one of his ships to be freighted with slaves from Baltimore. Todd was denounced in a flaming editorial, for which Garrison was promptly sued. He was adjudged guilty of libel, and condemned to pay a fine of fifty dollars and costs, amounting in all to about one hundred dollars. Not being able to pay the fine, he was sent to jail. His imprisonment, however, did not depress or discourage him. He was allowed to receive visitors, and had the free range of the prison. His friends outside, among them John G. Whittier, were more troubled than he himself. To their sympathetic letters he responded by contrasting his brief and mild captivity with the cruel and life-long captivity of the slaves; and he asked, if the oppression of one man excited so much sympathy, how much greater ought to be the sympathy excited by the far worse oppression of millions. After forty-nine days' imprisonment, Whittier was successful in securing the aid of Arthur Tappan, a wealthy merchant of New York, who paid Garrison's fine, and he was set free.

This episode brought the partnership of Garrison and Lundy to an end. Garrison went back to Massachusetts, and in 1830 began lecturing for the cause. But he soon had a chilling experience in the quarter where he might have expected warm sympathy. The churches of both Newburyport and Boston were closed against him; if the pastor was willing to open the door, the trustees, more careful of financial interests, were not. At Boston it was left for a society of avowed infidels to give the Christian lecturer the use of a hall for a cause in which they had no interest beyond their loyalty to freedom of opinion, and in support of which he appealed to the gospel which they rejected.

Garrison soon resolved to publish a paper of his own in support of immediate abolition,—a paper which should have but one voice, and that clear and unmistakable. His partnership with Lundy had convinced him that no gentle

and gradual measures would accomplish anything. Slavery was at the height of its power. Instead of gradual decay and extinction, which the framers of the constitution had anticipated, it had begun to dream of endless life and unlimited extension. The people idolized the Union, which they believed to be the source of security, wealth, and power, and any threat of secession by the slaveholders was enough to bring to their knees those who regarded the Union as essential.



A SLAVE HUNT.

On Saturday, Janu-

ary 1st, 1831, appeared in Boston the first number of the *Liberator*. It was a small four-page paper, with four columns to the page, and was to be issued weekly Garrison had not a dollar of capital. The paper was printed at first with borrowed type. His only helper was his old friend, Isaac Knapp, who had become his partner in the enterprise. The two did all the work of every kind. In the first issue they declared their determination to continue the paper as long as they had bread and water to live on. They did in fact live on bread and milk, with a little fruit and cakes bought in small shops near by.

Emancipation, immediate, unconditional, and without compensation, was the doctrine which the *Liberator*, as soon as it got fairly under way, began to preach. The utter wrongfulness and sinfulness of slavery was the basis of the movement, and in adopting it Garrison had grasped the certain assurance of ultimate victory.

The salutatory of the *Liberator* showed that its editor meant to speak out without restraint. "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard!"

The *Liberator*, in spite of the smallness of its circulation, soon told. The South was profoundly moved. The slaves, indeed, could not read; but the pictorial heading, which represented an auction at which "slaves, horses, and other cattle" were being offered for sale, and a whipping-post, at which a slave was being flogged, spoke only too plainly. In the background was the Capitol at Washington, with a flag inscribed "Liberty" floating over the dome. Vigilance associations took Garrison in hand. First came bloodthirsty editorials; then threats of lynching; then attempts to prevent by law the circulation of the *Liberator* at the South. The grand jury of North Carolina indicted Garrison for the circulation of "a paper of seditious tendency," the penalty for which was whipping and imprisonment for the first offense, and death for the second. The Assembly of Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars to any one who, under the laws of that State, should arrest the editor, bring him to trial, and prosecute him to conviction.

In 1833 Garrison was sent to England by the Anti-Slavery Society. The act abolishing slavery in the West Indies was then before Parliament, and there was great public interest in the subject. Garrison was heartily received, and among other attentions paid him, was invited to breakfast by Buxton. When he entered, his host, instead of taking his hand at once, scanned him with a look of

surprise, and inquired with an accent of doubt whether he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Garrison, of Boston. Being told that he had, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, I thought you were a black man! and I have consequently invited this company of ladies and gentlemen to be present to welcome Mr. Garrison, the black advocate of emancipation from the United States of America." Garrison took this as a high compliment, since it implied a belief that no white American would plead as he had done for the slave.

On Garrison's return he was received as a traducer of his country, because of his utterances in England. A meeting to organize an Anti-Slavery Society in New York, for which he chanced to come in, was mobbed, and the Abolitionists driven from the hall. A threatening mob beset the *Liberator* office at Boston. But Garrison, in face of the storm, nailed his colors to the mast. "I speak the truth, painful, humiliating, and terrible as it is; and because I am bold and faithful to do so, am I to be branded as the calumniator and enemy of my country? Sir, it is because my affection for her is intense and paramount to all selfish considerations that I do not parley with her crimes. I know that she can neither be truly happy nor prosperous while she continues to manacle and brutalize every sixth child born on her soil. Lying lips are speaking 'Peace, peace' to her, but she shall not see peace until the tears of her repentance shall have washed away every stain of blood from her escutcheon."

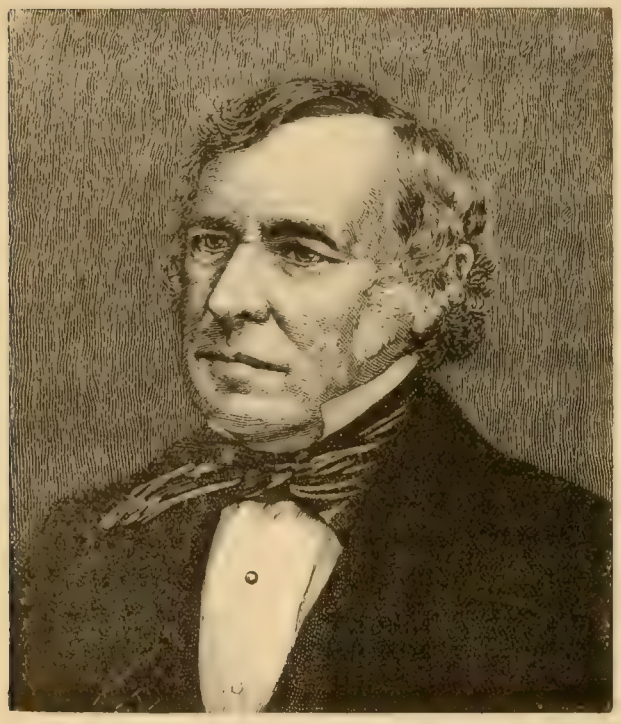
In October, 1833, a call was issued for a convention to form the American Anti-Slavery Society. The meeting-place was in Philadelphia, to which in the beginning of December the Abolitionists made their way, though many had to meet the difficulties of a slender purse. On the steamboat from New York Garrison got into conversation with a fellow-passenger on the subject of slavery. The stranger was most favorably impressed by Garrison's exposition, and said that if all Abolitionists were as fair and reasonable as he there would be less opposition to the enterprise. "But, sir, depend upon it, that hare-brained, reckless fanatic, Garrison, will damage if he does not shipwreck any cause." "Allow me, sir," said a fellow-delegate, the Rev. S. J. May, "to introduce you to Mr. Garrison."

THE ERA OF MOB LAW.

In 1834, George Thompson, a famous English anti-slavery lecturer, with whom Garrison had formed an alliance in England, was brought over to the United States to assist in the crusade. Thompson was a most eloquent man, and had done good service to the cause in his own country. The arrival of the "British emissary," and his appearance on the anti-slavery platform in New England, where he did not fail to show his power, inflamed the popular wrath to fury. The result was a riot, got up, not by a rabble, but by "men of property and standing," in Boston, who were determined "to put a stop to the impudent, bullying conduct of the foreign vagrant, Thompson, and his associates in mis-

chief!" Thompson was expected to speak at a meeting of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society. Fortunately he was not there; had he fallen into the hands of the mob, it is certain he would have been tarred and feathered, and not unlikely that he would have been lynched. Missing their intended victim, the mob laid violent hands on Garrison, tore his clothes off his back, and dragged him through the streets with a rope round his body. He was rescued from his enemies by Mayor Lyman, who saw no other way to place him in safety than to send him to prison, to which he was accordingly consigned, the crowd surging fiercely round the flying carriage.

In 1845 the triumph of slavery seemed complete. The annexation of Texas, as fresh slave territory, was accomplished, and a war of conquest against Mexico was soon begun. In 1847, Garrison, accompanied by Frederick Douglass, the famous negro orator, traveled in the West. When seated in the cars, Douglass was ordered by a white man, who had a lady with him, to "get out of that seat." He quietly replied that he would give up the seat if asked in a civil manner; whereupon the white man seized him, dragged him violently out of the seat, and when Douglass protested, threatened to knock his teeth down his throat. At Harrisburg, the mob, having heard that a "nigger" was to lecture, greeted them with brickbats, firecrackers, and rotten eggs. Douglass was not allowed to sit at the tables of the hotels, and for two days hardly tasted food. The clergy were generally hostile. Sometimes places for meetings could hardly be found; but at other places great crowds attended, and listened with respect and sympathy.



ZACHARY TAYLOR, PRESIDENT IN 1849–'50.

The next episode in Garrison's life was pleasant. George Thompson, now an M. P., ventured over again from England. He was charged to present a testimonial to Garrison, in the shape of a gold watch, commemorating the twenty years of the *Liberator's* life. In acknowledgment, Garrison said:—

"Mr. President, if this were a rotten egg" (holding up the watch) "or a

brickbat, I should know how to receive it." (Laughing and cheers.) "If these cheers were the yells of a frantic mob seeking my life, I should know precisely how to behave. But the presentation of this valuable gift is as unexpected by me as would be the falling of the stars from the heavens ; and I feel indescribably small before you in accepting it. A gold watch! Why, I have been compensated in this cause a million times over! In the darkest hour, in the greatest peril, I have felt just at that moment that it was everything to be in such a cause."

In 1854 the slavery question became the foremost political issue. From thenceforth no agitation was needed to keep it before the country ; and as Garrison no longer stood alone in denouncing slavery, his position became more tolerable. When Lincoln was elected, and the secession movement began, Garrison welcomed the dissolution of the Union, which he had called "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," in the language of Scripture, because the Constitution recognized and protected slavery. "Now, then," said Garrison, "let there be a convention of the Free States called to organize an independent government on free and just principles ; let the South take the public property on which it has laid piratical hands, let it take even the capital if it will, and depart in peace to organize its own confederation of violence and tyranny." But he had scarcely penned the words when all thought of peaceful separation was swept away by the torrent of public wrath evoked by the firing on Fort Sumter.

Whatever the professions of the Government might be, the war was practically a war against slavery. While it was a war for the Union only, Garrison stood aloof ; nor till it manifestly became a war against slavery was his sympathy declared. Even then he seemed to feel that his position needed explanation ; and he humorously said that when he called the Union "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," he had not foreseen that death and hell would secede. After emancipation he heartily supported President Lincoln. He was a conspicuous figure on that memorable occasion in Boston when Andrew, the great "war governor" of Massachusetts, put the colors into the hands of Colonel Shaw, the devoted young commander of the first negro regiment, who fell while leading his regiment in the assault on Fort Wagner. After the close of the war, when the thirteenth amendment, abolishing slavery, was passed, he felt that the long contest was at an end. He resolved to cease the publication of the *Liberator*, and retire to private life. "Most happy am I," he said, "to be no longer in conflict with the mass of my fellow-countrymen on the subject of slavery. For no man of any refinement or sensibility can be indifferent to the approbation of his fellow-men, if it be rightly earned."

Most touching and inspiring was the strain of praise and thanksgiving with which he concluded the *Liberator* :—

"Rejoice, and give praise and glory to God, ye who have so long and

so untiringly participated in all the trials and vicissitudes of that mighty conflict! Having sown in tears, now reap in joy. Hail, redeemed, regenerated America! Hail, North and South, East and West! Hail, the cause of peace, of liberty, of righteousness, thus mightily strengthened and signally glorified! . . . Hail, ye ransomed millions, no more to be chained, scourged, mutilated, bought and sold in the market, robbed of all rights, hunted as partridges upon the mountains, in your flight to obtain deliverance from the house of bondage, branded and scorned as a connecting link between the human race and the brute creation! Hail, all nations, tribes, kindreds, and peoples, 'made of one blood,' interested in a common redemption, heirs of the same immortal destiny! Hail, angels in glory and spirits of the just made perfect, and tune your harps anew, singing, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints!". . .

The evening of Garrison's life was as peaceful as its prime had been stormy. He was a frequent contributor to periodicals, and he took a keen interest in political affairs, especially in all measures affecting the black race. His work had won for him many devoted friends, both in America and England, in whose society his leisure was happily spent.

He died in New York on May 24, 1879, and was buried in Boston.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.



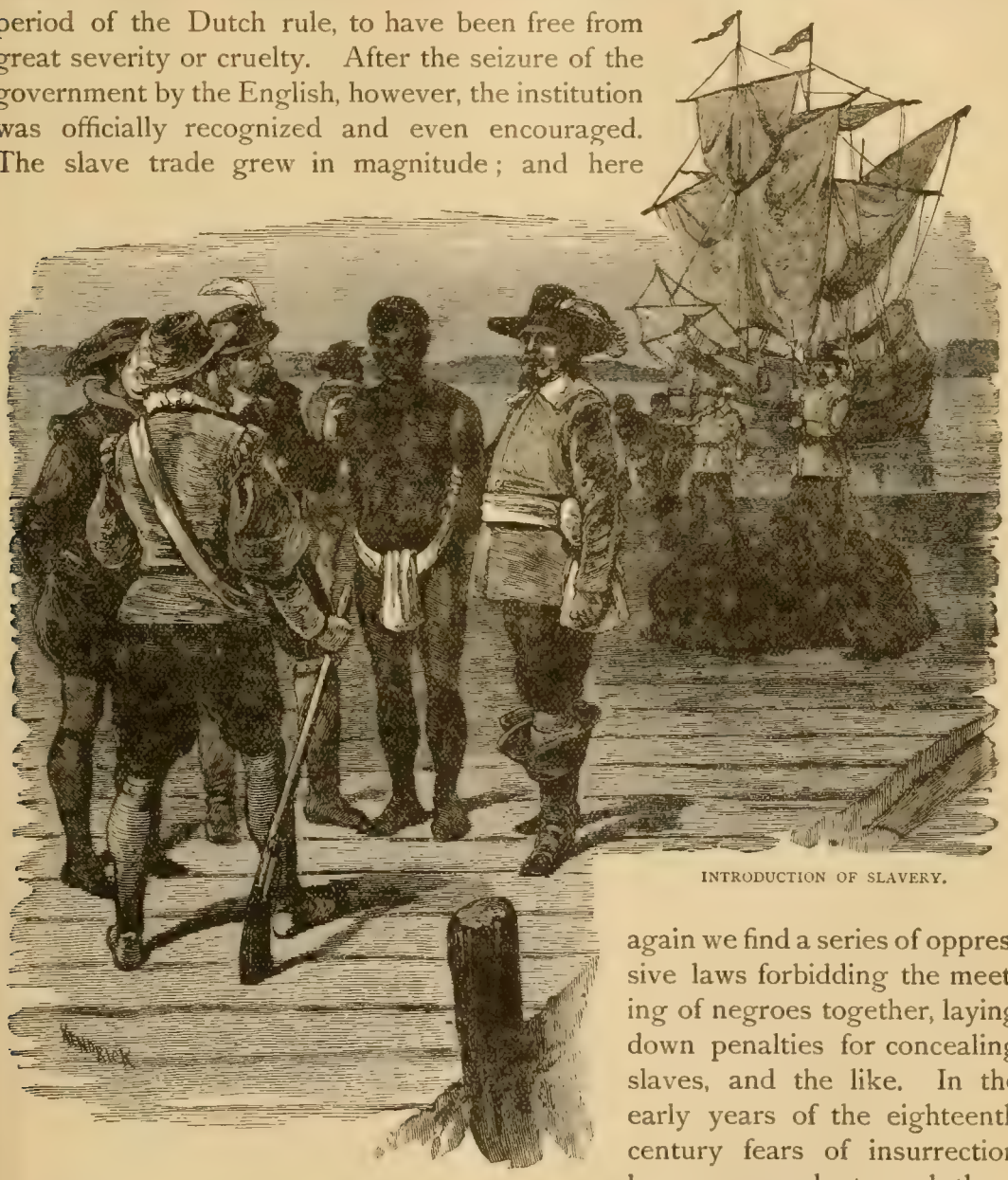
THE history of the negro in America is, in brief, the record of slavery agitation, political struggle, civil war, emancipation, and gradual growth into citizenship. When, over two hundred and seventy years ago—it is in doubt whether the correct date is 1619 or 1620—a few wretched negroes, some say fourteen some say twenty, were bartered for provisions by the crew of a Dutch man-of-war, then lying off the Virginia coast, it would have seemed incredible that in 1890 the negro population of the Southern States alone should almost reach a total of seven million souls. The peculiarity of the form of slavery, begun almost by chance it seemed, in that act of barter in the feeble little colony of Virginia, was that it was based on the claim of race inferiority. African negroes had, indeed, been sold into slavery among many nations for perhaps three thousand years; but in its earlier periods slavery was rather the outcome of war than the deliberate subject of trade, and white captives no less than black were ruthlessly thrown into servitude. It has been estimated that in historical times some forty million Africans have been enslaved. The discovery and colonization of America gave an immense stimulus to the African slave trade. The Spaniards found the Indian an intractable slave, and for the arduous labors of colonization soon began to make use of negro slaves, importing them in great numbers and declaring that one negro was worth, as a human beast of burden, four Indians. Soon the English adventurers took up the traffic. It is to Sir John Hawkins, the ardent discoverer, that the English-speaking peoples owe their participation in the slave trade. He has put it on record as the result of one of his famous voyages, that he found "that negroes were very good merchandise in Hispaniola and might easily be had on the coast of Guinea." For his early adventures of this kind he was roundly taken to task by Queen Elizabeth. But tradition says that he boldly faced her with argument, and ended by convincing the Virgin Queen that the slave trade was not merely a lucrative but a philanthropic undertaking.

Certain it is that she acquiesced in future slave trading, while her successors, Charles II and James II, chartered four slave trading companies and received a share in their profits. It is noteworthy that both Great Britain and the United States recognized the horrors of the slave trade as regards the seizing and transportation from Africa of the unhappy negroes, long before they could bring themselves to deal with the problem of slavery as a domestic institution. Of those horrors nothing can be said in exaggeration. They exist to-day in the interior of Africa, in no less terrible form than a hundred years ago; and the year 1891 has seen the Great Powers combining in the attempt to eradicate an evil of enormous and growing proportions. The peculiar atrocities attending the exportation of slaves from Africa to other countries have, however, happily become a thing of the past. What those atrocities were even in our day may be judged from one of many accounts given by a no means squeamish or over sensitive sailor, Admiral Hobart. He thus describes the appearance of a slaver just captured by a British ship: "There were four hundred and sixty Africans on board, and what a sight it was! The schooner had been eighty-five days at sea. They were short of water and provisions; three distinct diseases—namely, small-pox, ophthalmia, and diarrhœa in its worst form—had broken out, while coming across, among the poor, doomed wretches. On opening the hold we saw a mass of arms, legs, and bodies, all crushed together. Many of the bodies to whom these limbs belonged were dead or dying. In fact, when we had made some sort of clearance among them we found in that fearful hold eleven bodies lying among the living freight. Water! Water! was the cry. Many of them as soon as free jumped into the sea, partly from the delirious state they were in, partly because they had been told that if taken by the English they would be tortured and eaten."

The institution of slavery, introduced as we have seen into Virginia, grew at first very slowly. Twenty-five years after the first slaves were landed the negro population of the colony was only three hundred. But the conditions of agriculture and of climate were such, that once slavery obtained a fair start, it spread with continually increasing rapidity. We find the Colonial Assembly passing one after another a series of laws defining the condition of the negro slave more and more clearly, and more and more pitilessly. Thus, a distinction was soon made between them and Indians held in servitude. It was enacted, "that all servants not being Christians imported into this colony by shipping, shall be slaves for their lives; but what shall come by land shall serve, if boyes or girles until thirty years of age, if men or women twelve years and no longer." And before the end of the century a long series of laws so encompassed the negro with limitations and prohibitions, that he almost ceased to have any criminal or civil rights and became a mere personal chattel.

In some of the Northern colonies slavery seemed to take root as readily

and to flourish as rapidly as in the South. It was only after a considerable time that social and commercial conditions arose which led to its gradual abandonment. In New York a mild type of negro slavery was introduced by the Dutch. The relation of master and slave seems in the period of the Dutch rule, to have been free from great severity or cruelty. After the seizure of the government by the English, however, the institution was officially recognized and even encouraged. The slave trade grew in magnitude; and here

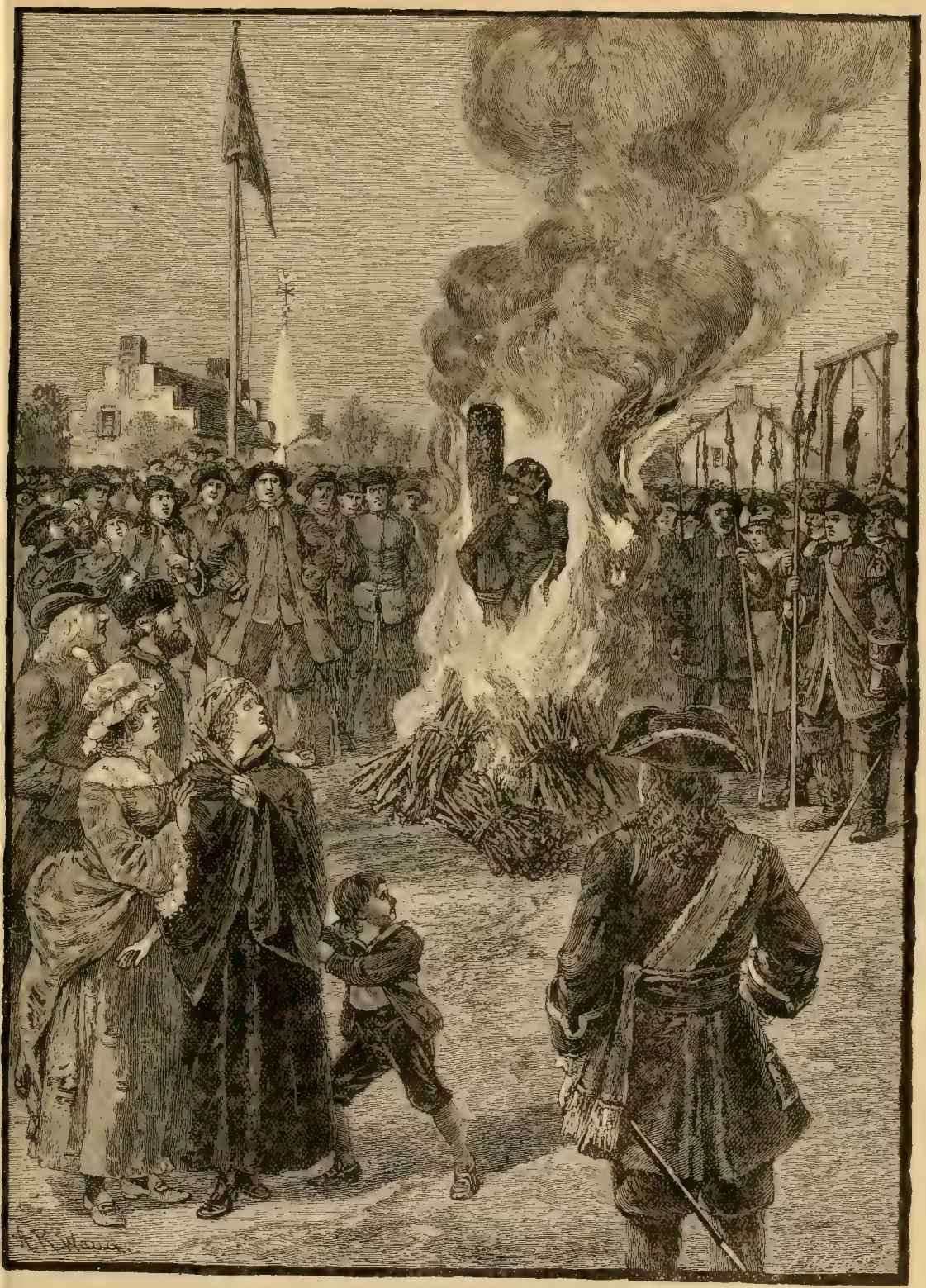


INTRODUCTION OF SLAVERY.

again we find a series of oppressive laws forbidding the meeting of negroes together, laying down penalties for concealing slaves, and the like. In the early years of the eighteenth century fears of insurrection became prevalent, and these fears culminated in 1741 in the episode of the so-called Negro Plot. Very briefly stated, this plot grew out of a succession of fires supposed to have been the work of negro incendiaries. The most astonishing contradictions and self-inculpations

are to be found in the involved mass of testimony taken at the different trials. It is certain that the perjury and incoherent accusations of these trials can only be equaled by those of the alleged witches at Salem, or of the famous Popish plot of Titus Oates. The result is summed up in the bare statement that in three months one hundred and fifty negroes were imprisoned, of whom fourteen were burned at the stake, eighteen hanged, and seventy-one were transported. Another result was the passing of even more stringent legislation, curtailing the rights and defining the legal status of the slave. When the Revolution broke out there were not less than fifteen thousand slaves in New York, a number greatly in excess of that held by any other Northern colony.

Massachusetts, the home in later days of so many of the most eloquent abolition agitators, was from the very first, until after the war with Great Britain was well under way, a stronghold of slavery. The records of 1633 tell of the fright of Indians who saw a "Blackamoor" in a tree-top whom they took for the devil in person, but who turned out to be an escaped slave. A few years later the authorities of the colony officially recognized the institution. It is true that in 1645 the general court of Massachusetts ordered certain kidnapped negroes to be returned to their native country, but this was not because they were slaves but because their holders had stolen them away from other masters. Despite specious arguments to the contrary, it is certain that, to quote Chief Justice Parsons, "Slavery was introduced into Massachusetts soon after its first settlement, and was tolerated until the ratification of the present constitution in 1780." The curious may find in ancient Boston newspapers no lack of such advertisements as that, in 1728, of the sale of "two very likely negro girls" and of "A likely negro woman of about nineteen years and a child about seven months of age, to be sold together or apart." A Tory writer before the outbreak of the Revolution, sneers at the Bostonians for their talk about freedom when they possessed two thousand negro slaves. Even Peter Faneuil, who built the famous "Cradle of Liberty," was himself, at that very time, actively engaged in the slave trade. There is some truth in the once common taunt of the pro-slavery orators that the North imported slaves, the South only bought them. Certainly there was no more active centre of the slave trade than Bristol Bay, whence cargoes of rum and iron goods were sent to the African coast and exchanged for human cargoes. These slaves were, however, usually taken, not to Massachusetts, but to the West Indies or to Virginia. One curious outcome of slavery in Massachusetts was that from the gross superstition of a negro slave, Tituba, first sprang the hideous delusions of the Salem witchcraft trials. The negro, it may be here noted, played a not insignificant part in Massachusetts Revolutionary annals. Of negro blood was Crispus Attucks, one of the "martyrs" of the Boston riot; it was a negro whose shot killed the



EXECUTING NEGROES IN NEW YORK.

British General Pitcairn at Bunker Hill; and it was a negro also who planned the attack on Percy's supply train.

As with New York and Massachusetts, so with the other colonies. Either slavery was introduced by greedy speculators from abroad or it spread easily from adjoining colonies. In 1776 the slave population of the thirteen colonies was almost exactly half a million, nine-tenths of whom were to be found in the Southern States. In the War of the Revolution the question of arming the negroes raised bitter opposition. In the end a comparatively few were enrolled, and it is admitted that they served faithfully and with courage. Rhode Island even formed a regiment of blacks, and at the siege of Newport and afterwards at Point's Bridge, New York, this body of soldiers fought not only without reproach but with positive heroism.

With the debates preceding the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States the political problem of slavery as a national question began. Under the colonial system the responsibility for the traffic might be charged, with some justice, to the mother country. But from the day when the Declaration of Independence asserted "That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," the peoples of the new, self-governing States could not but have seen that with them lay the responsibility. There is ample evidence that the fixing of the popular mind on liberty as an ideal bore results immediately in arousing anti-slavery sentiment. Such sentiment existed in the South as well as in the North. Even North Carolina in 1786 declared the slave trade of "evil consequences and highly impolitic." All the Northern States abolished slavery, beginning with Vermont, in 1777 and ending with New Jersey in 1804. It should be added, however, that many of the Northern slaves were not freed, but sold to the South. As we have already intimated, also, the agricultural and commercial conditions in the North were such as to make slave labor less and less profitable, while in the South the social order of things, agricultural conditions, and the climate, were gradually making it seemingly indispensable.

When the Constitutional debates began the trend of opinion seemed strongly against slavery. Many delegates thought that the evil would die out of itself. One thought the abolition of slavery already rapidly going on and soon to be completed. Another asserted that "slavery in time will not be a speck in our country." Mr. Jefferson, on the other hand, in view of the retention of slavery, declared roundly that he trembled for his country when he remembered that God was just. And John Adams urged again and again that "every measure of prudence ought to be assumed for the eventual total extirpation of slavery from the United States." The obstinate States in the convention were South Carolina and Georgia. Their delegates declared that their States

would absolutely refuse ratification to the Constitution unless slavery were recognized. The compromise sections finally agreed upon avoided the use of the words slave and slavery but clearly recognized the institution and even gave the slave States the advantage of sending representatives to Congress on a basis of population determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, "three-fifths of all other persons." The other persons thus referred to were, it is needless to add, negro slaves.

The entire dealing with the question of slavery, at the framing of the Constitution, was a series of compromises. This is seen again in the postponement of forbidding the slave trade from abroad. Some of the Southern States had absolutely declined to listen to any proposition which would restrict their freedom of action in this matter, and they were yielded to so far that Congress was forbidden to make the traffic unlawful before the year 1808. As that time approached, President Jefferson urged Congress to withdraw the country from all "further participation in those violations of human rights which have so long been continued on the unoffending inhabitants of Africa." Such an act was at once adopted, and by it heavy fines were imposed on all persons fitting out vessels for the slave trade and also upon all actually engaged in the trade, while vessels so employed became absolutely forfeited. Twelve years later another act was passed declaring the importation of slaves to be actual piracy. This latter law, however, was of little practical value, as it was not until 1861 that a conviction was obtained under it. Then, at last, when the whole slave question was about to be settled forever, a ship-master was convicted and hanged for piracy in New York for the crime of being engaged in the slave trade. In despite of all laws, however, the trade in slaves was continued secretly, and the profits were so enormous that the risks did not prevent continual attempts to smuggle slaves into the territory of the United States.

The first quarter of a century of our history, after the adoption of the Constitution, was marked by comparative quietude in regard to the future of slavery. In the North, as we have seen, the institution died a natural death, but there was no disposition evinced in the Northern States to interfere with it in the South. The first great battle took place in 1820 over the so-called Missouri Compromise. Now, for the first time, the country was divided, sectionally and in a strictly political way, upon issues which involved the future policy of the United States as to the extension or restriction of slave territory. State after State had been admitted into the Union, but there had been an alternation of slave and free States, so that the political balance was not disturbed. Thus, Virginia was balanced by Kentucky, Tennessee by Ohio, Louisiana by Indiana, and Mississippi by Illinois. The last State admitted had been Alabama, of course as a slaveholding State. Now it was proposed to admit Missouri, and, to still maintain the equality of political power, it was contended that slavery should be

prohibited within her borders. But the slave power had by this time acquired great strength, and was deeply impressed with the necessity of establishing itself in the vast territory west of the Mississippi. The Southern States would not tolerate for a moment the proposed prohibition of slavery in the new State of Missouri. On the other hand, the Middle and Eastern States were beginning to be aroused to the danger threatening public peace if slavery were to be allowed indefinite extension. They had believed that the Ordinance of 1787, adopted simultaneously with the Constitution, and which forbade slavery to be established in the territory northwest of the Ohio, had settled this question definitely. A fierce debate was waged through two sessions of Congress, and in the end it was agreed to withdraw the prohibition of slavery in Missouri, but absolutely prohibit it forever in all the territory lying north of 36° 30′ latitude. This was a compromise, satisfactory only because it seemed to dispose of the question of slavery in the territories once and forever. It was carried mainly by the great personal influence of Henry Clay. It did, indeed, dispose of slavery as a matter of national legislative discussion for thirty years.

But this interval was distinctively the period of agitation. Anti-slavery sentiment of a mild type had long existed. The Quakers had, since Revolutionary times held anti-slavery doctrines, had released their own servants from bondage, and had disfellowshiped members who refused to concur in the sacrifice. The very last public act of Benjamin Franklin was the framing of a memorial to Congress deprecating the existence of slavery in a free country. In New York the Manumission Society had been founded in 1785, with John Jay and Alexander Hamilton, in turn, as its presidents. But all the writing and speaking was directed against slavery as an institution and in a general way, and with no tone of aggression. Gradual emancipation or colonization were the only remedies suggested. It was with the founding of the "Liberator" by William Lloyd Garrison, in 1831, that the era of aggressive abolitionism began. Garrison and his society maintained that slavery was a sin against God and man; that immediate emancipation was a duty; that slave owners had no claim to compensation; that all laws upholding slavery were, before God, null and void. Garrison exclaimed: "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch. And I will be heard." His paper bore conspicuously the motto "No union with slaveholders." The Abolitionists were, in numbers, a feeble band; as a party they never acquired strength, nor were their tenets adopted strictly by any political party; but they served the purpose of arousing the conscience of the nation. They were abused, vilified, mobbed, all but killed. Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck—through those very streets which, in 1854, had their shops closed and hung in black, with flags Union down and a huge coffin suspended in mid-air, on the day when the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, was marched through

them on his way back to his master, under a guard of nearly two thousand men. Mr. Garrison's society soon took the ground that the union of States with slavery retained was "an agreement with hell and a covenant with death," and openly advocated secession of the non-slaveholding States. On this issue the Abolitionists split into two branches, and those who threw off Garrison's lead maintained that there was power enough under the Constitution to do away with slavery. To the fierce invective and constant agitation of Garrison were, in time, added the splendid oratory of Wendell Phillips, the economic arguments of Horace Greeley, the wise statesmanship of Charles Sumner, the fervid writ-



A COTTON FIELD IN GEORGIA.

ings of Channing and Emerson, and the noble poetry of Whittier. All these and others, in varied ways and from different points of view, joined in educating the public opinion of the North to see that the permanent existence of slavery was incompatible with that of a free Republic.

In the South, meanwhile, the institution was intrenching itself more and more firmly. The invention of the cotton-gin and the beginning of the reign of Cotton as King made the great plantation system a seeming commercial necessity. From the deprecatory and half apologetic utterances of early Southern statesmen we come to Mr. Calhoun's declaration that slavery "now preserves

in quiet and security more than six and a half million human beings, and that it could not be destroyed without destroying the peace and prosperity of nearly half the States in the Union." The Abolitionists were regarded in the South with the bitterest hatred. Attempts were even made to compel the Northern States to silence the anti-slavery orators, to prohibit the circulation through the mail of anti-slavery speeches, and to refuse a hearing in Congress to anti-slavery petitions. The influence of the South was still dominant in the North. Though the feeling against slavery spread, there co-existed with it the belief that an open quarrel with the South meant commercial ruin; and the anti-slavery sentiment was also neutralized by the nobler feeling that the Union must be preserved at all hazards, and that there was no constitutional mode of interfering with the slave system. The annexation of Texas was a distinct gain to the slave power, and the Mexican war was undertaken, said John Quincy Adams, in order that "the slaveholding power in the Government shall be secured and riveted."

The actual condition of the negro over whom such a strife was being waged differed materially in different parts of the South, and under masters of different character, in the same locality. It had its side of cruelty, oppression, and atrocity; it had also its side of kindness on the part of master and of devotion on the part of slave. Its dark side has been made familiar to readers by such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as Dickens' "American Notes," and as Edmund Kirk's "Among the Pines;" its brighter side has been charmingly depicted in the stories of Thomas Nelson Page, of Joel Chandler Harris, and of Harry Edwards. On the great cotton plantations of Mississippi and Alabama the slave was often overtaxed and harshly treated; in the domestic life of Virginia, on the other hand, he was as a rule most kindly used, and often a relation of deep affection sprang up between him and his master. Of insurrections, such as those not uncommon in the West Indies, only one of any extent was ever planned in our slave territory—that of Nat Turner, in Southampton County, Virginia—and that was instantly suppressed.

With this state of public feeling North and South, it was with increased bitterness and increased sectionalism that the subject of slavery in new States was again debated in the Congress of 1850. The Liberty Party, which held that slavery might be abolished under the Constitution, had been merged in the Free Soil Party, whose cardinal principle was, "To secure free soil to a free people" without interfering with slavery in existing States, but insisting on its exclusion from territory so far free. The proposed admission of California was not affected by the Missouri Compromise. Its status as a future free or slave State was the turning point of the famous debates in the Senate of 1850, in which Webster, Calhoun, Douglas and Seward won fame—debates which have never been equaled in our history in eloquence and acerbity. It was in the

course of these debates that Mr. Seward, while denying that the Constitution recognized property in man, struck out his famous dictum, "There is a higher law than the Constitution." The end reached was a compromise which allowed California to settle for itself the question of slavery, forbade the slave trade in the District of Columbia, but enacted a strict fugitive slave law. To the Abolitionists this fugitive slave law, sustained in its most extreme measures by the courts in the famous—or as they called it, infamous—Dred Scott case, was as fuel to fire. They defied it in every possible way. The Underground Railway was the outcome of this defiance. By it a chain of secret stations was



A NEGRO VILLAGE IN ALABAMA.

established, from one to the other of which the slave was guided at night until at last he reached the Canada border. The most used of these routes in the East was from Baltimore to New York, thence north through New England; that most employed in the West was from Cincinnati to Detroit. It has been estimated that not fewer than thirty thousand slaves were thus assisted to freedom.

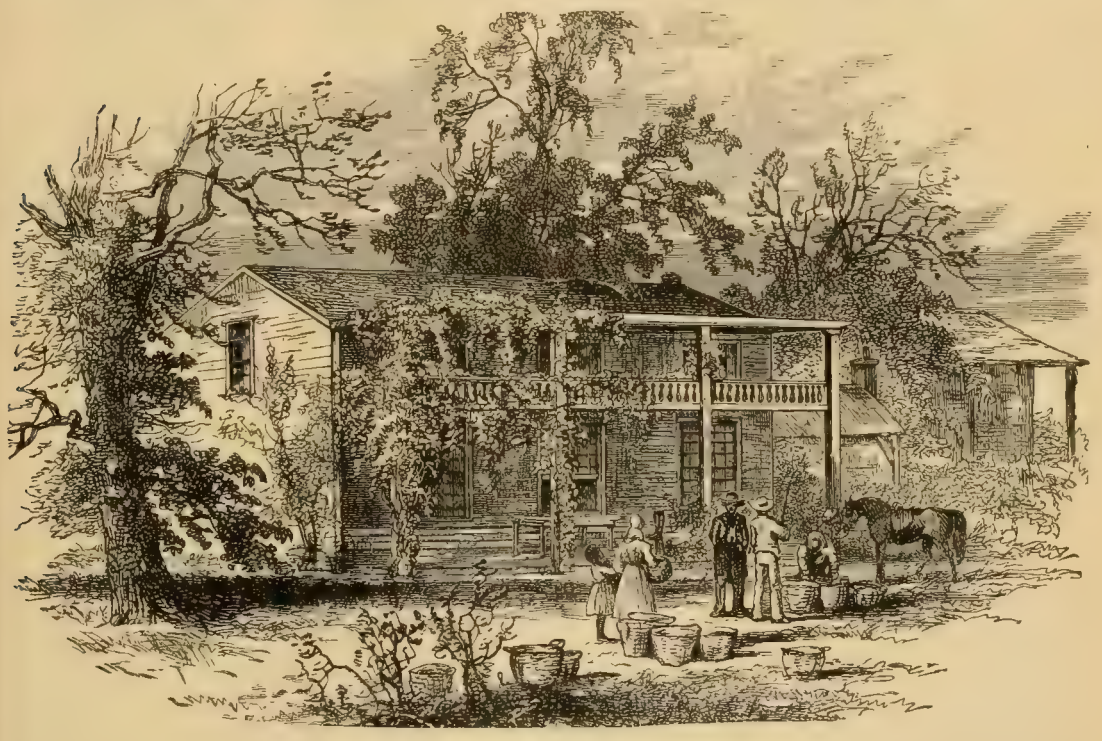
Soon the struggle was changed to another part of the Western territory, now beginning to grow so rapidly as to demand the forming of new States. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill introduced by Douglas was in effect the repeal of the

Missouri Compromise in that it left the question as to whether slavery should be carried into the new territories to the decision of the settlers themselves. As a consequence immigration was directed by both the anti-slavery and the pro-slavery parties to Kansas, each determined on obtaining a majority to control the form of the proposed State Constitution. Then began a series of acts of violence which almost amounted to civil war. "Bleeding Kansas" became a phrase in almost every one's mouth. Border ruffians swaggered at the polls and attempted to drive out the assisted emigrants sent to Kansas by the Abolition societies. The result of the election of the Legislature on its face made Kansas a slave State, but a great part of the people refused to accept this result; and a convention was held at Topeka which resolved that Kansas should be free even if the laws formed by the Legislature should have to be "resisted to a bloody issue."

Prominent among the armed supporters of free State ideas in Kansas was Captain John Brown, a man whose watchword was at all times Action. "Talk," he said, "is a national institution; but it does no good for the slave." He believed that slavery could only be coped with by armed force. His theory was that the way to make free men of slaves was for the slaves themselves to resist any attempt to coerce them by their masters. He was undoubtedly a fanatic in that he did not stop to measure probabilities or to take account of the written law. His attempt at Harper's Ferry was without reasonable hope, and as the intended beginning of a great military movement was a ridiculous fiasco. But there was that about the man that none could call ridiculous. Rash and unreasoning as his action seemed, he was yet, even by his enemies, recognized as a man of unswerving conscience, of high ideals, of deep belief in the brotherhood of mankind. His offense against law and peace was cheerfully paid for by his death and that of others near and dear to him. Almost no one at that day could be found to applaud his plot, but the incident had an effect on the minds of the people altogether out of proportion to its intrinsic character. More and more as time went on he became recognized as a pro-martyr of a cause which could be achieved only by the most complete self-sacrifice of individuals.

Events of vast importance to the future of the negro in America now hurried fast upon each other's footsteps—the final settlement of the Kansas dispute by its becoming a free State; the forming and rapid growth of the Republican party; the division of the Democratic party into Northern and Southern factions; the election of Abraham Lincoln; the secession of South Carolina, and, finally, the greatest civil war the world has known. Though that war would never have been waged were it not for the negro, and though his fate was inevitably involved in its result, it must be remembered that it was not undertaken on his account. Before the struggle began Mr. Lincoln said: "If

there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to destroy or to save slavery." And the Northern press emphasized over and over again the fact that this was "a white man's war." But the logic of events is inexorable. It seems amazing now that Union generals should have been puzzled as to the question whether they ought in duty to return runaway slaves to their masters. General Butler settled the controversy by one happy phrase when he called the fugitives "contraband of war." Soon it was deemed right



to use these contrabands, to employ the new-coined word, as the South was using the negroes still in bondage, to aid in the non-fighting work of the army —on fortification, team driving, cooking, and so on. From this it was but a step, though a step not taken without much perturbation, to employ them as soldiers. At Vicksburg, at Fort Pillow, and in many another battle, the negro showed beyond dispute that he could fight for his liberty. No fiercer or braver charge was made in the war than that upon the parapet of Fort Wagner by Colonel Shaw's gallant colored regiment, the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth.

In a thousand ways the negro figures in the history of the war. In its

literature he everywhere stands out picturesquely. He sought the flag with the greatest avidity for freedom; flocking in crowds, old men and young, women and children, sometimes with quaint odds and ends of personal belongings, often empty-handed, always enthusiastic and hopeful, almost always densely ignorant of the meaning of freedom and of self-support. But while the negro showed this avidity for liberty, his conduct toward his old masters was often generous, and almost never did he seize the opportunity to inflict vengeance for his past wrongs. The eloquent Southern orator and writer, Henry W. Grady, said: "History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety and the unprotected homes rested in peace. . . A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted."

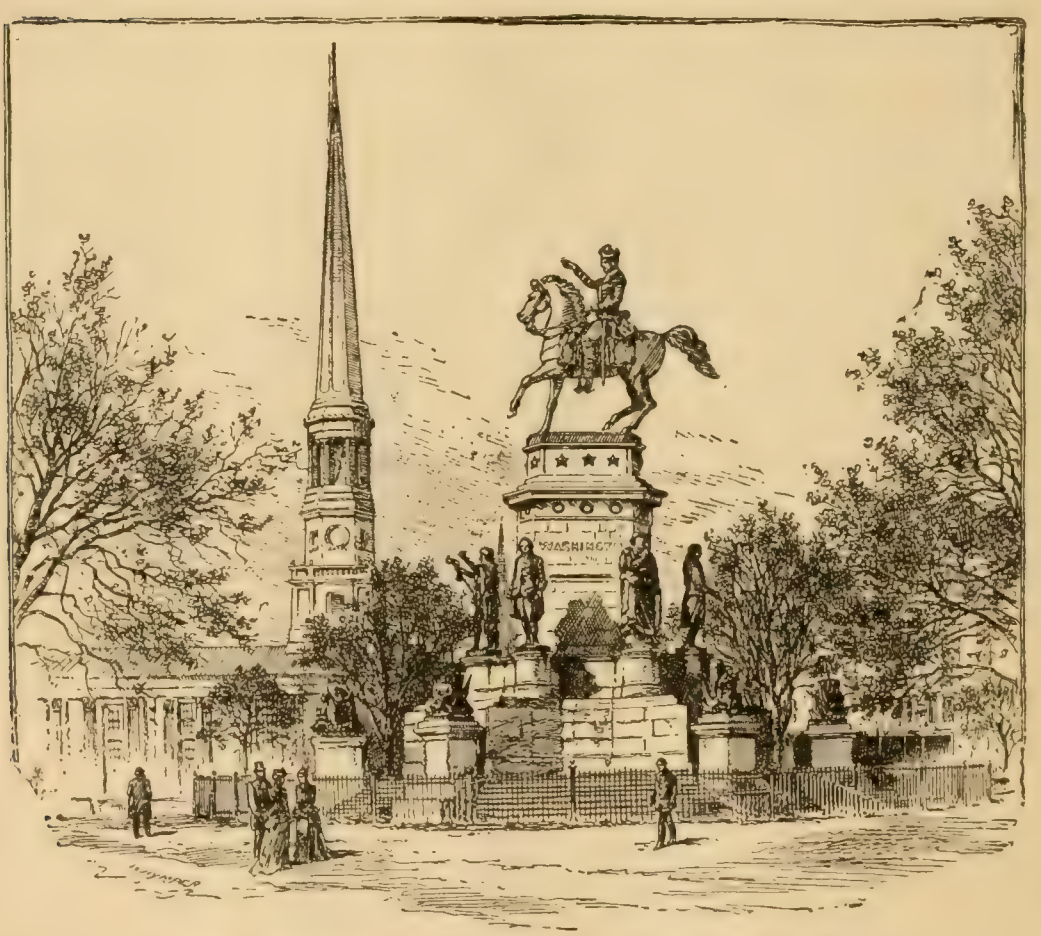
It was with conditions, and only after great hesitation, that the final step of emancipating the slaves was taken by President Lincoln in September, 1862. The proclamation was distinctly a war measure, but its reception by the North and by the foreign powers and its immediate effect upon the contest were such that its expediency was at once recognized. Thereafter there was possible no question as to the personal freedom of the negro in the United States of America. With the Confederacy, slavery went down once and forever. In the so-called reconstruction period which followed, the negro suffered almost as much from the over-zeal of his political friends as from the prejudice of his old masters. A negro writer, who is a historian of his race, has declared that the Government gave the negro the statute book when he should have had the spelling book; that it placed him in the legislature when he ought to have been in the school house, and that, so to speak, "the heels were put where the brains ought to have been." A quarter of a century and more has passed since that turbulent period began, and if the negro has become less prominent as a political factor, all the more for that reason has he been advancing steadily though slowly in the requisites of citizenship. He has learned that he must, by force of circumstances, turn his attention, for the time at least, rather to educational, industrial, and material progress than to political ambition. And the record of his advance on these lines is promising and hopeful. In Mississippi alone, for instance, the negroes own one-fifth of the entire property in the State. In all, the negroes of the South to-day possess two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of property. Everywhere throughout the South white men and negroes may be found working together.

At the beginning of the war the negro population of the country was about four millions, to-day it is between seven and seven and a-half millions; in 1880, fifteen-sixteenths of the whole colored population belonged to the Southern States, and the census of 1890 shows that the proportion has not greatly changed.

This ratio in itself shows how absurdly trifling in results have been all the movements toward colonization or emigration to Northern States. The negro emphatically belongs to the Southern States, and in them and by them his future must be determined. Another point decided conclusively by the census of 1890 is seen in the refutation of an idea based, indeed, on the census of 1880, but due in its origin to the very faulty census of 1870. This idea was that the colored population had increased much more rapidly in proportion than the white population. The new census shows, on the contrary, that the whites in the Southern States increased during the last decade nearly twice as rapidly as the negroes, or, as the census bulletin puts it, in increase of population, "the colored race has not held its own against the white man in a region where the climate and conditions are, of all those which the country affords, the best suited to its development."

The promise of the negro race to-day is not so much in the development of men of exceptional talent, such as Frederick Douglas or Senator Bruce, as in the general spread of intelligence and knowledge. The Southern States have very generally given the negro equal educational opportunities with the whites, while the eagerness of the race to learn is shown in the recently ascertained fact that while the colored population has increased only twenty-seven per cent. the enrollment in the colored schools has increased one hundred and thirty-seven per cent. Fifty industrial schools are crowded by the colored youth of the South. Institutions of higher education, like the Atlanta University, and Hampton Institute of Virginia, and Tuskegee College, are doing admirable work in turning out hundreds of negroes fitted to educate their own race. Within a year or two honors and scholarships have been taken by half a dozen colored young men at Harvard, at Cornell, at Phillips Academy and at other Northern schools and colleges of the highest rank. The fact that a young negro, Mr. Morgan, was in 1890 elected by his classmates at Harvard as the class orator has a special significance. Yet there is greater significance, as a negro newspaper man writes, in the fact that the equatorial telescope now used by the Lawrence University of Wisconsin was made entirely by colored pupils in the School of Mechanical Arts of Nashville, Tenn. In other words, the Afro-American is finding his place as an intelligent worker, a property owner, and an independent citizen, rather than as an agitator, a politician or a race advocate. In religion, superstition and effusive sentiment are giving way to stricter morality. In educational matters, ambition for the high-sounding and the abstract is giving place to practical and industrial acquirements. It will be many years before the character of the negro, for centuries dwarfed and distorted by oppression and ignorance, reaches its normal growth, but that the race is now at last upon the right path and is being guided by the true principles cannot be doubted.

Says one who has made an exceedingly thorough personal study of the subject in all the Southern States: "The evolution in the condition has kept pace with that of any other races, and I think has been even a little better. The same forces of evolution that have brought him to where he is now will bring him further. One thing is indisputable: the negro knows his destiny is in his own hands. He finds that his salvation is not through politics, but through industrial methods.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON IN THE GROUNDS OF THE STATE HOUSE, RICHMOND.



FRANCES E. WILLARD.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

FRANCES E. WILLARD,

THE ORGANIZER AND HEAD OF THE "W. C. T. U."



WITH the latter years of this century a new power has made itself felt in the world,—the power of organized womanhood. Fifty years ago such a body as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was not only unknown, but impossible; and fifty years ago the woman who has done more than any other to bring it into being was a bright, healthy child of five years, living at Oberlin, Ohio, whither her father and mother had moved from Monroe County, New York, where she was born in September, 1839. In 1846 there was another move westward, this time to Forest Home, near Janesville, Wisconsin. Here Miss Willard spent twelve years, in which she grew from a child to a woman. She had wise parents, who gave free rein to the romping, freedom-loving girl, and let her grow up "near to nature's heart." She could ride a horse or fight a prairie fire "just as well as a man."

After twelve years of life on Wisconsin prairies, the Willard family moved to Evanston, on the shore of Lake Michigan, just north of Chicago. Here Miss Willard began her work as a teacher, which she pursued in different institutions until 1870, when she was chosen president of Evanston College for Ladies. This place she filled until 1874, when she finally gave up teaching to enter upon a new and still larger work.

In 1873 occurred in Ohio the memorable "Women's Crusade" against the rum shops. Bands of devoted women besieged the saloons for days and weeks together, entreating the saloon-keepers to cease selling liquor, praying and singing hymns incessantly in bar-rooms or on the sidewalks, until the men who kept them agreed to close them up, and in many cases emptied barrels of liquor into the gutters. This movement at once arrested Miss Willard's attention. She saw in it the germ of a mighty power for good. She resigned her position as president of the college at Evanston, and threw all her energies into the anti-liquor movement. With her customary thoroughness she entered upon a sys-

tematic study of the subject of intemperance and the sale of liquor, and of the different measures which had been undertaken to abate this mighty evil. She sought the counsel of Neal Dow and other leaders in the temperance cause. She joined in the crusade against liquor-selling in Pittsburgh, kneeling in prayer on the sawdust-covered floors of the saloons, and leading the host in singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Rock of Ages," in strains which awed and melted the hearts of the multitude thronging the streets. The result of her work was a determination to combine in one mighty organization the many separate bands of women temperance workers which had sprung up over the country; and this was achieved in the autumn of 1874, in the organization at Cleveland of that wonderful body, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The resolution which was adopted at that meeting, written by Miss Willard herself, beautifully expresses the spirit in which they entered upon the work. It read as follows:—

"*Resolved*, That, recognizing that our cause is and will be contested by mighty, determined, and relentless forces, we will, trusting in Him who is the Prince of Peace, meet argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, denunciation with kindness, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer."

From that time Miss Willard's life is the history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Like the "handful of corn in the tops of the mountains," all over this and in other lands it has taken root and grown until the fruit does indeed "shake like Lebanon." In almost every corner of the United States is a subordinate organization of some sort, a local union, a children's band, a young woman's circle, or perhaps all of these. It has built the great "Temperance Temple," one of the largest of the immense business buildings in Chicago. It has organized a large publishing business, from whose busy presses temperance literature is constantly being circulated in all parts of the country. It has by its political power made and unmade governors, senators, and representatives; and it has done much to bring the time when women shall take an equal share in the government of church and state. In all this work the head and guiding spirit has been Frances E. Willard.

Overwork has of late somewhat impaired her health, and made travel and rest abroad necessary. But in whatever corner of the world she may dwell, there is always a warm corner kept for her in the many thousand hearts and homes that have been cheered and brightened by her work "for God and home and native land."

Miss Willard's friend and co-worker, Hannah Whitall Smith (see page 623), says of her: "Miss Willard has been to me the embodiment of all that is lovely and good and womanly and strong and noble and tender in human nature. She has done more to enlarge our sympathies, widen our outlook, and develop our gifts, than any man or any other woman of our time."

FAMOUS AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

President of the World's W. C. T. U.

THIS book of American biography would be incomplete without some account of what women have done and suffered in helping to make the great republic what it is. I am therefore glad once more to take up my pen to treat of this my favorite theme.



HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.

There were two distinct early types of women, the Northern and the Southern. Both were patrician in their purity of ethical quality, but the latter more technically so in its environment. Individuality developed earlier in the North, because personal initiative was necessary, owing to financial needs. The Southern woman had a downier nest, and found it so soft and warm that she rested more than she worked. Her features were less distinctive than those of her Northern sister, but more soft; her tones were deeper and more mellow, but had less of the clarion timbre of conscious power. The line of grace was more pronounced in the figure and movement of the Southerner—the line of power was apparent in the expression and bearing of the woman of the North. Each was a noble type, the one more lovely, the other more achieving.

As a matter of history, public schools, which were established in New England within 25 years after the landing of the Pilgrims, had no room for girls, and Harvard College, founded twenty years after the Massachusetts landing,

was for young men, not for their sisters. Half a century passed before public schools were granted to the people. It was prophetic that Hartford, Connecticut, should witness the first of these—that beautiful city in which Emma Willard reached her early fame. The date in Hartford was 1771, only five years before the Revolution. In the South, the better class of girls never dreamed of going to the public school; like the aristocracy of Great Britain, they were taught by the governess, a shadowy figure who had small Latin and less Greek—indeed, small everything, except a smattering of English, much manner, and unbounded deference. This describes the situation in early days; but when Emma Willard sent out from her training school in Troy young and forceful women, combining Northern strength with Southern grace, they wrought marvels in the thought and development of the Southern woman in those semi-baronial homes which slave labor rendered possible, even on a new continent.

The Dame-School was the source from which Northern girls imbibed the little that they knew up to the present century. Our highest authority on this subject is Miss Mary F. Eastman, who says that these schools were of an inferior order, in which women, often those who themselves could hardly more than read, would gather a few girls about them, teach them to "make their manners," according to the ancient phrase, drill the alphabet into their brains, and enough beyond that to enable them to spell out the Catechism, which every well-regulated girl was obliged to learn by heart. Charles Francis Adams says that during the first 150 years of our colonial history "the cultivation of the female mind was regarded with utter indifference," and Abigail Adams in one of her famous letters declares that "it was fashionable to ridicule female learning." These were the days when women given to scolding were condemned to sit in public with their tongues held in cleft sticks, or were thrice dipped from a ducking stool. Miss Eastman says, referring to this barbarism, "It would be better that their tongues had been tamed by instruction to becoming speech, or that they had been permitted to drink at the fountain of learning." It is significant that in Northampton, Massachusetts, as late as the year 1788, and in an intelligent community, where Smith's College is now located, the village fathers voted "not to be at the expense for schooling girls." In 1792 the Selectmen of Newburyport decided that "during the summer months, when the boys have diminished, the Master shall receive girls for instruction in grammar and reading, after the dismission of the boys in the afternoon, for an hour and a half." The visitor to this beautiful and historic seaport is shown with pride the site on which stood the school-house to which it is believed women were first admitted on this continent to an education at public expense. That was just one hundred years ago. The same progressive town voted in 1803 to establish four girls' schools, the first on record, which were to be kept six months in the year, from six to eight o'clock in the morning and on Thursday afternoon,—for the

boys had the pick of the time as well as the training. We next find it recorded that in 1789, when the Revolutionary War had been over for six years, the city of Boston, rising to the occasion, established three reading and writing schools, which were open all the year round to boys, and to girls from April to October. There were no free schools in that city for "that boy's sister" until this date. In Rhode Island girls were not admitted to the public schools till 1828. But little by little the different gates were opened, until in about the first quarter of our century girls were permitted to attend the whole year through, the same as boys; but it must be remembered that this was in New England, which has always led in everything pertaining to intellectual development. The more remote States followed at a greater distance. Now came the battle for the higher education—which was much more difficult. The whole woman question was here passed in review, and the conservative cast of mind, as was inevitable from its native limitation, declared that the family relation would be subverted and the new continent depopulated if women were permitted to follow their own sweet will in the development of the intellects with which, by some strange inconsistency of fate, they were endowed. Much as it is the fashion to decry the Church as the great conservative force, let it be gratefully remembered by women everywhere, that the first schools of higher education were denominational institutions, and resulted from the enlightened love of generous fathers, who, having girls of promise in their families, felt that they had no right to leave their mental cultivation unprovided for. Happily, competition among the different Churches developed along the line of multiplying these seminaries of higher education for girls, for no Church wished its daughters to attend a school founded by some other! Perhaps this education of the future mothers of our nation is the best result to which we can refer in the everlasting battle among the broken fragments of the body of Christ. High schools for girls did not exist until about the middle of the present century. As in the lower grades, the girls came only at early hours, because it was a settled principle that they must not be in the same school with boys, and they must in nowise inconvenience these latent lords of creation. From the first, however, the girls have proved to be so eager for instruction that their fathers, pleased, perhaps, to see repetitions of themselves in the vigorous intellects of these little ones, have responded to their importunities by establishing separate high schools for their daughters. The first to do this was Newburyport again, in 1842, and Salem, Mass. (where once they hanged the witches), in 1845, but progressive Boston did not found a high school for girls until 1852—almost two hundred years after she had established a Latin school for boys, and more than two hundred after the founding of Harvard College for young men.

The practical outcome of high-school education in these latter years has been the State university, and women owe more to this last-named institution

than to any other single force, for their education, up to this time. By the inevitable processes of thought, the men who had admitted girls to every department of public school instruction could not close to them the doors of that highest school—the university. By parity of reasoning, when the university added professional schools, it would have been most illogical to deny to the young women, entrance to these; hence the higher classes of occupation, all of which are taught in various State institutions, and later on professional schools for doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, etc., have been freely opened to young women at State expense. Collegiate training for women was more difficult to gain. The pioneer was Oberlin, founded in Ohio, in 1833; woman was welcomed here from the beginning. Mount Holyoke Seminary, in Massachusetts, was established in 1836, by the immortal Mary Lyon—that daughter of the people—who, by her unique method of domestic services performed wholly by the students, enabled the farmer's daughter to win as good an intellectual training as Madam Emma Willard provided in Troy for the daughters of the rich. In 1852 Antioch College was founded in Ohio, and women were admitted to all of its advantages. In 1862 Cornell University was established on the same basis, until now there is not a college west of the Alleghanies the advantages of which are not equally offered to the sons and daughters of our people, while the Leland Stanford University, recently opened on the Pacific Coast, near San Francisco, and having an endowment of $20,000,000, is in all its departments free to women. The same is true of the great new Chicago University, founded by John D. Rockafeller; the great Northwestern University, of the Methodist Church, at Evanston, in the suburbs of the city; while the Annex of Harvard; Barnard College, in connection with Columbia College, of New York city; the newly acquired rights of women at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, and Middlebury College—that ancient and honorable institution in Vermont,—with the American University of the Methodists, founded by Bishop Hurst, in Washington, D. C., and Evelyn College, which is the Annex of Princeton, in New York—mark the latest openings for women in the fields of higher education—collegiate and professional. Vanderbilt, in the South, cannot long resist the oncoming tide, that each day cries more insistently, "Place aux dames!" and "The tools to those that can use them."

In 1865 Matthew Vassar founded, in Poughkeepsie, New York, a college for women. This was a real college, and, with Smith, Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr, shows the high-water mark of woman's separate education in this country. Nobody questions that before another generation the colleges that have the annex will be themselves annexed, and co-education will universally prevail.

There is another phase of the higher education of women which has exerted a vast influence on the public sentiment of the Republic. Nothing

shows the advance made in a single century from a more salient point of view, than the fact that from having been grudgingly admitted to the lowest grade of the public school, and obliged to attend at the unseemly hour of six o'clock in the morning, woman, when she had the opportunity, proved herself so worthy of it that to-day *eighty-two per cent. of all the teachers in the public schools in the United States are women.* The normal schools of the forty-four States, with their admirable methods of the latest and most helpful kinds for the acquirement of thorough training as teachers, swarm with the girl of the period. Recently, when I addressed the Normal School near Chicago, under the care of that famous educator, Colonel Francis W. Parker, seventy-five fair damsels, in graceful reform dress, walked up the aisle to the platform, accompanied by a single specimen of the genus homo attired in black, and I laughingly said to myself, "Is he in mourning by reason of lonesomeness and lost opportunity, or does he serve as an exclamation point to mark the new order of things?"

Southern women have wakened to a new life since the war. Higher education and self-support are now accepted as a matter of course by all save the most prejudiced minds, while the whole cause of woman, in the large sense herein defined, is supported by the ablest brains among Southern men and women. The White Ribbon movement has been the largest influence thus far introduced into that sunny land, to reveal to the home-folk their privileges and powers in this Christian civilization.

Women have been appointed as directors, jointly with men, in the Columbian Exposition of 1893, and those mighty "auxiliary" departments, which mean the convening of philanthropic, educational, religious, and other specialties from every quarter of Christendom for great conventions throughout the World's Fair, means more than we thought possible at first, and especially to the bright women of the South.

As a natural outcome of the mental development of women throughout the Republic, they have now the range of almost all forms of industry, and are practically debarred from none they care to follow. The recent census enumerates over four thousand different branches of employment in which women are now engaged, and the consensus of opinion is, that as a class they do admirably well. It is no longer considered a token of refinement to live upon the toil of others, but women who support themselves have the hearty respect and good will of all sensible women and of all members of the other sex whose good will and respect are worth desiring. As brain-power is the basis of success in every undertaking, whether it be baking potatoes or writing sonnets, the immense amplitude given to the activities of woman-kind is the greatest fact of the century. To translate this mass of brain from the dormant to the active stage means, not only to the individuals now living, but through the mighty forces of heredity to coming generations, more than the greatest mind can

possibly perceive. The expansion thus given to the total of brain momentum throughout the nation may be trusted to conduct us to such discoveries, inventions, philosophies, applications of religion, as the most adventurous have not yet dreamed, and will, we believe, be for the universal uplifting of the race in power, in purity, and peace.

It is to be remembered that all these mighty opportunities have come to women largely by the permission of men. They might have formed industrial and other guilds and rigidly excluded women from membership. If men, as a class, had been imbued with the spirit manifested by that brilliant writer, Mr. Grant Allen (who deliberately declares that there is nothing that woman has ever done as well as man can do it, except to extend the census list), where would women have been in respect to the development of brain and hand? Mr. Grant Allen remands them to that one occupation in which they have distinguished themselves, and says they were "told off" like so many soldiers from an army selected to conduct some difficult enterprise, and that, having been thus separated to a special work, they have not in the nature of the case a right to scatter elsewhere. But as he is the only man who has ever said this in public and in so many words, and as our brothers of the journalistic pen have impaled him without mercy on the point of that swift weapon, we may conclude that the common sense of universal manhood has reached the conclusion: Let any woman do whatever thing she can do well. Upon this basis all business colleges and schools for typewriting and shorthand are now open to women; manual training and industrial schools admit them freely; colleges and universities, professional schools and art classes, accord them every advantage; the whole field of journalism is open to them, and but two citadels yet remain to be captured,—those of ecclesiastical and civil power. Sapping and mining are going on vigorously around these citadels, and many of their outposts have been already taken. Twenty-three States have already granted school suffrage; Kansas has municipal, and Wyoming complete suffrage for women. In the younger denominations women stand equal with men in the pulpit as well as out of it, and the question of inducting them into every position in the great denominations is being actively discussed and often favorably commented upon by the great constituency of ministers, editors, and publicists.

The place of woman in literature is striking. Here she has won the largest standing room. No publisher asks the question, "Did a woman furnish that manuscript?" but he pays according to its merit. The same is true in journalism. Clubs for women are springing up everywhere, philanthropic guilds are numerous, there are religious societies practically without number, and reform movements are more vigorously directed by women than by the most notable or most distinguished experts among men.

Perhaps no feature of this splendid evolution is more remarkable than the last, namely, the intellectual development of woman as a home-maker. The bright, well-disciplined intellects among society women have now found their exact niche. They are somewhat too conservative to take up the temperance reform or the suffrage movement, although we believe that almost without exception these great enterprises have their hearty sympathy, but in the department of woman as a housekeeper and home-maker they find a congenial field. They would help lift this profession from the plane of drudgery. They would so train the household workers, once called servants, that theirs shall be a veritable vocation. All that science and art can do to elevate the culinary department of the home, to improve its sanitary conditions, and to embellish its surroundings, these women are determined to see done. The number of new industries and the subdivisions or new avocations that will grow out of this movement are incalculable. We rejoice in it, for while we firmly believe in the old French motto, "Place aux dames!" and "The tools to those that can use them," we always think that the mother is the central figure of our civilization, and to be treated accordingly; that the home-maker is the genius of what is most holy and happy in our lives. We believe that invention, science, education, and religion should converge in systematic fashion upon the evolution of the home, which evolution is bound to come, and is rapidly keeping pace with developments in all other lines of human uplift.

While it pains a progressive woman to hear any man speak as if the home bounded the sphere of her sex, and while we believe the highest duty of all women is to help make the whole world home-like; while we believe that woman will bless and brighten every place she enters, and that she will enter every place, we would sympathize with the possibilities of honorable employment and of high development to those who bring just as much talent, discipline, and devotion to the building up of home as others do to the larger world outside. In making the transition from woman as a cipher outside of home, to the splendid civilization that welcomes her to every one of its activities, it was necessary for the "present distress" to emphasize out of their due proportion the importance of education, industrial avocations, philanthropic vocations, science, and art for women. But when the pendulum swings to its extreme limit, and Church and State are freely opened to her, we feel sure it will swing to the harmony of a real circuit described by the interests of home, and our brightest brains, most skillful hands, and deepest hearts shall give themselves to the beautiful amenities and sacred ministries of that institution which has been called, and not too often, "Our Heaven below."

A book is now being written entitled "A Woman of the Nineteenth Century," and is to include one thousand names of American women. It is found entirely practicable to gather up so large a number of notable names



SUSAN B. ANTHONY, THE GREAT ADVOCATE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.
BORN 1820.

illustrative of the different forms of activity in which women are now engaged. This being true, it is a hopeless endeavor to characterize even the most representative women in an article like the present. To do so would but invite the criticism of making invidious distinctions.

The political activities of women have been perhaps more criticised than any others. Naturally enough, perhaps, as politics is to-day the arena where men fight with ballots rather than with bayonets or bullets. But in England the Primrose Dames and the Women of the Liberal League are a mighty factor in working out the rights of the people on the one hand, and the preservation of aristocratic prerogative on the other. This country has yet had no political uprising of women to match that of the motherland, but the Prohibition party has for years had women as its truest allies, and in the People's party they take equal rank with men, while both declare for the ballot in the hand of woman as her rightful weapon. Conventions, committee meetings, newspaper organs, and the public platform all bear the impress to-day of the growing intelligence and disciplined zeal of women as partisans. This is but the beginning of a new movement, the consequences of which promise to be more vast than any we have yet attained in the mighty development of the multitudinous woman question.

There was in the Declaration of Independence the percussive force of giant powder when we deliberately said, "All men are born free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights, and among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." We then and there invoked that trinity of issues which are to-day involved in the mighty "Human Question," namely, the labor question, temperance question, and the woman question. Not until all these have been wrought out into statutes and constitutions will there be rest for the land. It is a blessed fact that woman cannot rise alone. From the first she has been at the bottom of the human pyramid; she has the mother heart, and the stream cannot rise higher than its fountain. Whatever lifts and puts better conditions about her in all stages of her earthly life, does the same for every son she gives to the nation by daring to walk the Via Doloroso of Danger when she passes the sacred but terrible ordeal of motherhood.

Well has the poet sung that "Men and women rise and fall together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free." No woman worthy of the name forgets that she had a father and brother in her early home, and for their sake, as much as for mother's and sister's sake, all true women seek to help both men and women in the solution of the great problems of modern civilization. To be strong-minded was once thought a crime in woman, but upon strength of mind there is a premium now. The bread-winning weapon, eagerly sought and firmly held in the delicate but untrembling hand of woman, is the only sword she needs. We would make her thoroughly independent of marriage, that she

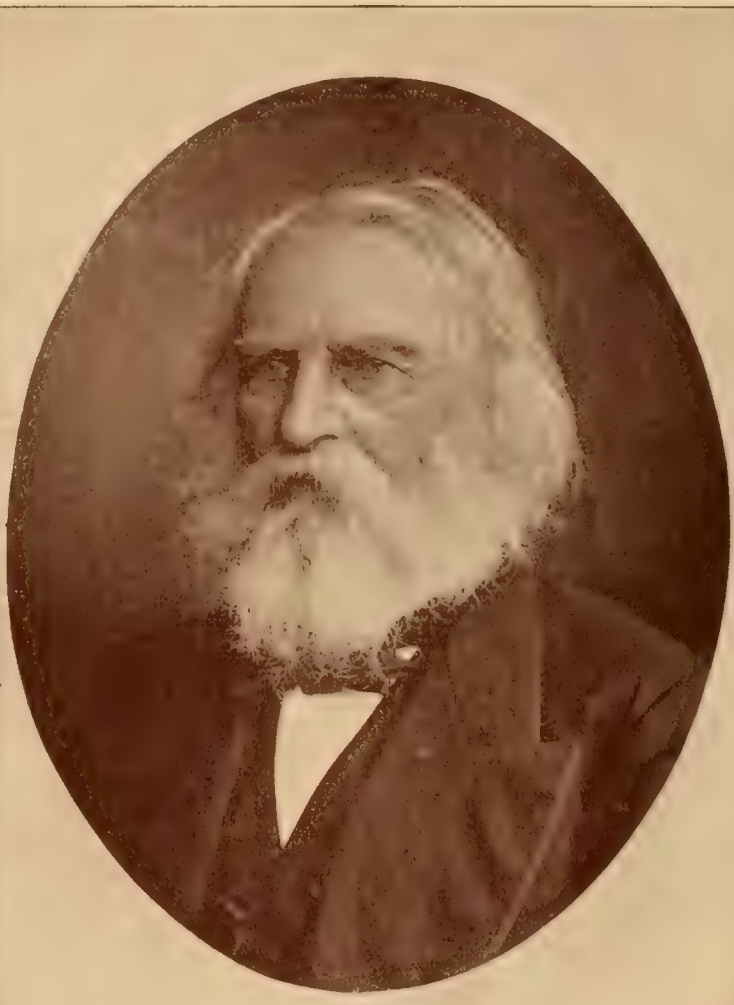
still might choose its old and sacred path from motives more complimentary to the man of her choice than that "He will be a good provider." We would educate her thoroughly, that she might be the comrade of her husband and her sons, for while religion and affection form two of the strands in the cable that binds human hearts together in the home, we believe that intellectual sympathy is that third bright strand which this glad age is weaving, and that no charm more holy or enduring survived the curse of Eden. We would endow her with power in Church and State, that these two hierarchies might belong to the many and not to the few, to the people, and not to priest and politician. We would make woman partner in the great world's activities, that she might more greatly endow the children whose gifts depend so largely on her goodness, greatness, and grace.



JULIA WARD HOWE,
Author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

God made woman with her faculties, her traits, her way of looking at all great questions from the highest to the lowest, and he made her to be a helpmeet for man, and he made man to be a helpmeet for her; he made them to stand in a republic, as I believe, bearing equally its magnificent burdens. The world needs the tender sweetness of the alto voice, the jubilant good-will of the soprano, in sermon as in psalm; tenor and bass become monotonous at last, and the full diapason of power and inspiration is impossible except we listen to the full chorus of humanity. God hasten that great chorus, in church and state alike, with its deep-hearted love and its celestial hope!

FRANCES E. WILLARD.



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

AND THE STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE, LL.B., LIT. D.,
Editor of the "Outlook," N. Y.

THE author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and the many short poems which have become "household words" in so many homes, was born in a stately old mansion in Portland, Maine, in 1807. He spent a most happy childhood in this lovely home, and at fifteen entered Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1825. He was then offered a professorship in the college, with the privilege of spending some years in Europe, in study and preparation. After his return he was married to Mary Storer Potter, a young lady of Portland, to whom he had long been attached, and entered upon the duties of his position. He was very popular with the students, and soon came to be quite a power in the University. He became a contributor to the *North American Review*, then the foremost literary periodical of America, and began to acquire reputation as a writer.

In 1835 Longfellow received the offer of a professorship in Harvard University, which he accepted, with the stipulation that he should be allowed first to spend some time abroad in the further study of German and Scandinavian literature. While in Amsterdam, his young wife died suddenly, and the bereaved husband turned for solace to intense work and study. Years afterward he embalmed her memory in the beautiful poem, "Footsteps of Angels:"—

> "With a slow and noiseless footstep
> Comes that messenger divine,
> Takes the vacant seat beside me,
> Lays her gentle hand in mine."

In 1836 he returned to Cambridge and entered upon his duties at Harvard. Here he soon began to form those friendships which were so long a blessing and delight to him and to all of the circle,—Felton, Sumner, Hillard, Lowell, Agassiz, Hawthorne, Fields, and others. With Sumner especially he became

very intimate. Whenever Sumner was in the neighborhood he always spent Sunday with his friend, and many are the records in his journal of "Sumner to dine," "Sumner to tea," or to pass the night, and always some note of the absorbing talk which reached into the midnight hours.

In 1843 Longfellow married Miss Frances Appleton, whom he had met in Europe, and who figures in the pages of "Hyperion." The famous old "Craigie mansion," which had been Washington's headquarters, was purchased, and until the poet's death remained his home. A hedge of lilacs led to the door, and grand old elms spread their branches over the house. Here his children were born; and here, in 1861, he met the great sorrow from which he never entirely recovered,—the tragic death of his wife. She was sealing some papers of the children's curls, in the library, when she trod upon a match, which set fire to her clothing, causing injuries from which she died. She was buried upon the anniversary of her marriage, crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms. Most pathetic are the passages in Longfellow's journal in after years, telling of his desolation. For a long time he could speak to no one of his grief; only after months had passed did he even allude to it in a letter to his brother: "And now, of what we both are thinking I can write no word. God's will be done." In his journal he writes: "Another walk in the pines, in the bright morning sunshine. Everything without full of loveliness; but within me the hunger, the famine of the heart." At Christmas: "How inexpressibly sad are all holidays! But the dear little girls had their Christmas-tree last night, and an unseen presence blessed the scene!"

It was long before he could take up work again; but at last he began his translation of Dante, and in this absorbing occupation found some alleviation of his sorrow. His best comforters, however, were the little group of close friends who met often to criticise the work as it proceeded, and whose society was much enjoyed. But soon these friends began to fall by the wayside,—first Felton, then Hawthorne and Agassiz, and last his beloved friend Sumner, to whom, in the exquisite poem, "Three Friends of Mine," he thus bids farewell:—

> "Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
> Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
> That are no more, and shall no more return.
> Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
> I stay a little longer, as one stays
> To cover up the embers that still burn."

The last years of Longfellow's life passed serenely at his home in Cambridge, cheered by tokens of the ever-increasing love and honor which came to him from all parts of the world. His pen was not idle; and some of his finest poems are those written in these closing years. In 1882, at the age of seventy-five, he died, and was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

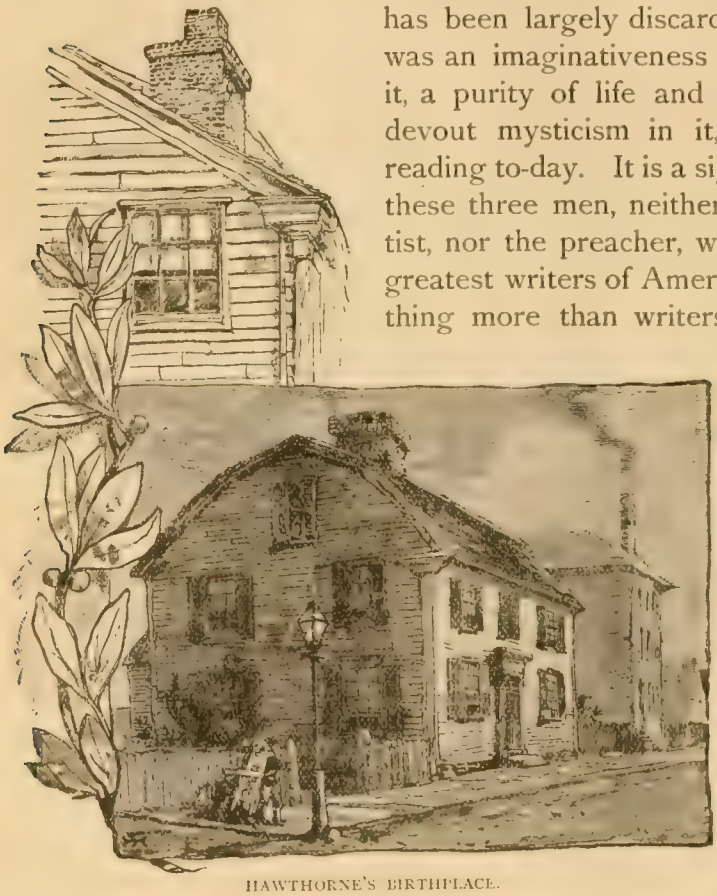
BY HAMILTON W. MABIE, LL.B., LIT. D.



SYSTEMATIC description of American literature is impossible. Our best books cannot be marshaled into one phalanx. They cannot be grouped wholly by time, by place, or by class distinctions. They are the writings of widely different times and of widely different places, if not of different civilizations. Our colonial literature bears no resemblance to that which followed the Revolution, and our present literature grows increasingly different from either. The literature of New England and that of California have little in common, while the literature of the South is in no sense akin to that of the North. Letters have always played a subordinate part in American life, and have been under the influence, not of one impulse, but of many antagonistic impulses. Our people are a heterogeneous people, and their books constitute a heterogeneous literature.

In the times of the colonies, men were too busy in nation-building to acquire the arts of book-making. A few adventurers like the brave gasconader, John Smith, wrote to the Old Country, in a style forcible, but awkward and frequently incorrect, graphic and highly imaginative descriptions of the New; a few painstaking diarists detailed, with a minuteness which can now please only the antiquarian, the daily vicissitudes of the colonists; and, more important than either, a few earnest orators instilled a high-minded patriotism into their countrymen's hearts with an eloquence more remarkable for its genuineness of conviction and ardency of feeling than for its skill in argument or mastery of language. But before the Declaration of Independence America could boast only three men whose writings, in any way, deserve the *name* of literature. There was John Woolman, the gentle-hearted Quaker, like Izaak Walton, a tailor, and like him, also, a lover of man, animal, and plant. Although he was an irrepressible reformer, his writings have none of the pride of opinion and self-righteousness which are the besetting sins of reformers. Catholic, humble, receptive, his words are a benediction. Such Charles Lamb, the purest and manliest of modern English writers, found them, and as such he praised them. Of a very different stamp was "one Mr. Wordly-Wiseman" (as one critic has

well called him) Benjamin Franklin. Well known abroad as a statesman, and still better as a scientist of the first rank, he was equally well known at home for his proverbial wisdom. He had a gift for putting much prudence into few words. His low ideals and the self-complacence which appear in his autobiography do him little credit, but as a counselor in matters of expediency he was much needed by his excitable, extravagant, and often over-sanguine countrymen. As great as either, though his writings are less enduring, was the great Calvinist divine, Jonathan Edwards. His doctrine has been largely discarded since his day, but there was an imaginativeness and clearness in depicting it, a purity of life and character behind it, and a devout mysticism in it, which make it elevating reading to-day. It is a significant fact that neither of these three men, neither the abolitionist, the scientist, nor the preacher, was primarily a writer. The greatest writers of America have always been something more than writers. Irving and Motley were diplomats, Bryant was a journalist, Holmes a physician, and Lowell had something of the statesman in him. All of them found outlets for their energies beyond their books. This circumstance has given to them a breadth of view, a sense of proportion, and a manly reserve which wins the respect of the reader and instills in him self-respect, but it has also deprived them of that intensity, that individuality, that surcharge of meaning and emotion which makes contemporary English books seem at times like the scrolls of prophets.



HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE.

It was not until after the Revolution that American literature began to take on distinctive national traits. Even then they came gradually. In our modes of thought and expression, we grew away rather than broke away from England. George Washington was more like an Englishman than like a modern Yankee, and Washington Irving, the earliest representative author of the century, was quite as truly a countryman of Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith as he was of the

native American farmer or the Dutch knickerbocker. In his essays the spirit of the eighteenth century revived. He seemed to represent an old England rather than a young America. He formed his style after the models of Queen Anne's day and improved upon them in flexibility. Foreign readers were surprised to find grace and melody in an American book, and yet little has been written in the English language more graceful and melodious, more delicate in its humor, more artistic in its moods and pictures, than the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Since its day, grace has become the characteristic virtue of American essays. It was, however, in the rollicking extravaganza of his "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York" that Irving's admirers thought they detected the new nation's peculiar gift to letters. Born in New York city, Irving had from boyhood roamed at will through its woody environs. Though no antiquarian, he was familiar with those details of its local history which could be gleaned only from the traditions of the country-folk. With such unconscious training for it, he wrote his wholesome and hearty burlesque of the phlegmatic old Dutch ancestry of the town. There has been much American extravaganza since his day, but none of it, unless it be Mr. Stockton's fantastic tales, deserves the name of literature. Quite as American as either his gracefulness or his occasionally extravagant spirits was the poetic idealism which makes of his life of Goldsmith at once a delightful idyl and a delicate interpretation of character. He found a place for the imagination in biography, the aim of which, it must be remembered, is primarily to depict character, not to narrate vicissitudes. By his very idealizing he gave his readers a new insight into Goldsmith's heart. Though it contains some pure fiction, his volume has in it much poetic truth. It must be acknowledged, however, that Irving had no such power of impressing his own personality on his reader as some of even the gentlest of English writers have had. He was lacking in originality and personal force. But he was pre-eminently a gentleman. Abroad, his courtesy of manner, his kindness of heart, his thorough genuineness and simplicity of life made him even more welcome than his books, and his books were welcome everywhere. The reputation of American letters was soundly established abroad when the great publisher, Murray, offered him fifteen thousand dollars for the privilege of issuing one of his productions in England, and Campbell, Jeffrey—the English critic of the day,—Moore, and Scott were counted among his friends. The appointment of Irving as our representative at the Court of Madrid proved later a precedent for appointing such scholars as Motley, Bancroft, and Lowell as foreign Ministers.

There was no appearance of extravaganza in any of Irving's literary contemporaries in New York. Except in the "Culprit Fay" of Joseph Rodman Drake, there was no delicate and fanciful idealism. But all who versified, versified with polish. Not always flexible, seldom spirited, never very original,

they were unexceptionably refined. They sedulously imitated classical standards. Chaste diction, soundness of feeling, and manly reserve combined to make some of Fitz-Greene Halleck's poems perfect of their kind. His "Marco Bozzaris" has deservedly come down to our day, though only as a school-boy classic. Even the fop of American letters, shallow, frivolous, clever Willis, always wrote smoothly and with an air of good breeding. The greatest representative of this class of poets, however, was William Cullen Bryant. He was born in Massachusetts, but removed to New York in 1825, when twenty-eight years of age, and a year later became the editor of the New York *Evening*



Post. His vocabulary was limited; his poetry was frigid. To be stirred by it is, in the words of Lowell, "like being stirred up by the very North Pole."* It had little capacity for growth, and was at its best before the poet was out of his teens. But it had great virtues. Written in classic English, imbued with great dignity of thought and feeling, pervaded with what Wordsworth has called the "religion of the woods"—the devout and solemn reverence for the invisible powers of nature—its manly reserve and repose elevated not only his countrymen's ideals of literary excellence, but their ideals of life as well. While he lived, New York city, which usually values only business abilities,

* James Russell Lowell, "Fable for Critics."

respected his three vocations—that of the poet, that of the conscientious and constructive journalist, and that of the public man who never held office. This last vocation has been a characteristic, if not a peculiarity, of our political life.

Although Bryant contributed no such fund of thought to American literature as did his New England contemporaries, of whom we mean to speak later, his work may be taken as a type of the epoch between the Revolution and the Civil War. But since his prime our writers have come to a parting of the ways. They can no longer be at once publicists and emulators of the English classics. The spirit of democracy, the influence of the masses, is now universally felt, even though not universally welcomed. It is dividing our modern writers into two classes, the *litterateurs*, who enter their studies as a refuge from its noise and self-confident intolerance, and the popular sympathizers, who enter their studies as a vantage-ground from which they may further popular aims and proclaim popular aspirations. The iconoclastic, self-assertive, sanguine characteristics of the masses appear, for instance, in the disordered rhythmic utterances of Walt Whitman. The strength of his lines is their freedom ; their weakness is their license. Their author is virile, but not always rational. Too often he opens his eyes wide with amazement at mere matters of quantity and magnitude. He makes extravagant claims for his extravagant muse. He does not appreciate delicate effects and nice distinctions of thought. He has something of mob violence about him, but also much mob power and vehemence. He is the pioneer and extreme of his class, but certain of his traits appear, scattered and incidental, in the work of some of our recent novelists and critics. Mr. Howells' novels, for instance, though they are often delicate and urbane and always conscientious and humanitarian, are occasionally marred by a certain aggressiveness of manner, at times approaching swagger, and by crude treatment of the literary lientage of the past. The present generation has a great conceit of its own powers, and that conceit Mr. Howells does much to cultivate. It is far too ignorant of the heart thoughts of the past, and Mr. Howells has done much to make that ignorance complacent. But among the cultured he is a strenuous proselyter for popular thought, and deserves to be counted a tribune of the people.

Over against Mr. Howells must be set the preëminent litterateur of our times, Mr. Henry James. The principal characters of his novels are Anglicized Americans of leisure ; his principal scenes are European. He exercises in his readers those scholastic qualities of mind to which the great mass of his readers are supremely indifferent. Both Mr. Howells and Mr. James, however, have one important characteristic in common. They believe that fiction should vigorously reproduce and dissect the ordinary phenomena. They would use neither Shakespeare's dramatic power of compressing some great truth of daily life into little compass, nor Hawthorne's power of gaining insight into the human heart through the use of the supernatural. They construct their novels according to

an earnest, scientific theory, and so occasionally pain and perplex the reader with problems for which they offer no solution. They are attempting to acclimatize in American letters foreign methods ; already they have not a few disciples, but whether they will finally succeed or not is still an open question.

Superior to both Mr. Howells and Mr. James in versatility, in creative power, in catholicity of sympathy, and in insight into the basal principles of art and of human nature is the novelist, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, though he is their inferior in conscientiousness of purpose, in evenness of execution, and in delicacy of expression. Mr. Crawford is cosmopolitan. There is hardly a country of importance that has not furnished him with a scene for a novel, and of every country he gives a view from within. It is the secret, however, both of Mr. Crawford's power and of his limitations that he is unique and stands outside the line of our literary development. He is in no sense a typical American novelist. Neither the democratic movement nor the aristocratic reaction measurably affects him. A class even more free from the influence of either current survives in such writers as "Ike Marvel," Charles Dudley Warner, and George William Curtis, who belong to an older school of American essayists and have the courtly graces of Irving with the practical interests of Steele and Addison. Roughly speaking, however, American literature may be divided into three periods, the colonial, the classic, and the modern ; and this last period is marked by two contradictory forces, aggressive democracy on the one hand and the appearance of caste-spirit on the other.



R. WALDO EMERSON.

Thus far we have treated chiefly of the literature of New York, for it is the least provincial, and therefore, in a sense, the most representative of the nation at large. The so-called Empire State, however, has played but a small part in American letters as compared with New England. Our greatest novelist, Hawthorne ; our greatest orator, Webster, and our greatest essayists, historians, and poets, are all New Englanders. The literature of Massachusetts and its adjacent States has a flavor of its own. It is always provincial, often narrow, occasionally fanatical, occasionally patronizing, but its voice is always the voice of conscience. It is preëminently the literature of the Puritan. Its Webster and its Wendell Phillips appeal to the sense of justice in their hearers and to that strenuous desire to maintain their individual responsibilities which is the

New Englander's idea of liberty. Its Prescott and Motley trace not the material, but the moral progress of the peoples whose development they chronicle. Its Hawthorne dramatizes the deepest problem of the conscience. The themes of its Emerson are always of natural religion. Its Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier look almost exclusively on the moral aspects of even literature and romance. There is "no art for art's sake" in Massachusetts. We can never "escape from the diocese of a strict conscience." No book furnishes mere amusement or recreation. The sense of duty sometimes inspires the New Englander with eloquence, sometimes elicits the beauties of mystical imagination sometimes presents itself in a play of wit, as in the Biglow Papers of James Russell Lowell, sometimes is made almost winsome, as in the poems of Longfellow, but it is never totally forgotten.

New Englander of New Englanders is the Quaker poet of Massachusetts, John Greenleaf Whittier. Although not a Puritan, he is the most typical of the New England poets. His early life was that of a farmer's boy, and his poems are full of farm scenes and homestead incidents. His "Snow Bound" pictures the cheer within and the cold without of a New England winter. He makes graphic the sturdy qualities of the old New England settlers. The reminiscences of his early days, picturing, as they do, a stalwart human nature, confirm the conscience of his readers against present temptations. His rhymes are often faulty, his metre sometimes rough, his spirit too surcharged with local feeling to be called national, his verse falls just short of inspiration, but what he has added to the moral worth of American letters is invaluable. He has given to American poetry a dignity of its own—the dignity of unaffected but undaunted manhood. A poet of conscience, courage, and fervor is sure to do earnest work in the world, and Whittier was among the first to throw himself into the anti-slavery cause. His anti-slavery poems, Quaker though he is, ring with a martial vigor. He has never made any peace with sin. Yet with all his warmth of temperament, often waxing hot with indignation, he has also that benignity, that gentleness, that purity of motive, that sense of peace which belong to the disciples of the "Society of Friends." He is the representative poet of his fellow Christians as well as of his State. His poems breathe the religious spirit.

The anti-slavery cause had an advocate of a very different temperament, but quite as earnest and quite as poetic, in James Russell Lowell. It was the love of letters, not the love of the muse, which first started him on his literary career. He was in his early tastes primarily a critic. To careless readers his earliest poems seemed the work of a dainty and graceful amateur, and gave no promise of his future powers. His gift of criticism, his love of verbal by-play, his enjoyment and mastery of the lighter veins in literature he did not lose as he grew older, and showed his ability as well to encounter the dangers and responsibilities

of active American citizenship and energetic public life. He was the most scholarly and most original of American critics to the end. Familiar with all the literatures of Europe, ancient and modern, at home in all the by-paths of English letters, he was yet no pedant and no traditionalist. He seemed to enter as an equal the Elysium of the poets. He was so keen and appreciative an observer of every aspect of nature that Charles Darwin said that he was born to be a naturalist. He was so alive to the world of to-day, that another friend early prophesied of him that "he would never dally with his muse when he could invite her aid in the cause of the oppressed and suffering." His literary essays revivified whatever they touched upon, because they themselves were vital with the modern spirit. His earnestness never prevented him from enjoying the quaint charms of the past. He would not have been so great a critic, however, had he not been much more than a critic. Even though his powers of execution were not equal to his powers of conception, he was a genuine poet. "He has the eye and mind of a poet," says one critic, "but wants the plastic touch which turns to shape the forms of things unknown." In his verse there was much poetry, though it was often in the rough. He was sometimes careless. He was sometimes so clever as to seem forced, and he was sometimes forced without being at all clever. But his "Commemoration Ode," his "Cathedral," and his "Vision of Sir Launfal," not to mention many minor poems, are full of poetic beauty and strong with poetic truth. It was the shame of slavery, however, that kindled his powers into flame. It was characteristic of his Yankee blood that he used not mere argument as his weapon, but wit and conscience fused by his hot indignation into a blade as keen as Damascus steel. His "Biglow Papers" are the keenest, the most racial, the most national of all American satires. The first of them appeared in 1846. In its Yankee hero, concealing not one drop of his Yankee blood, abating not one jot of his Yankee pride or Yankee manners, and softening by not one touch his Yankee wit, appeared a new figure in American life. It was a figure around which the Puritan elements of the community could rally. Lowell had awakened the dormant conscience of the nation. He fiercely ridiculed the hypocrisies and glossed-over selfishness of the slave-power and the still more contemptible cowardice of the silent and the "prudent" in the North.



WALT. WHITMAN.

He fairly defied ridicule in return, for what the drawl and dialect of his hero could not make ridiculous nothing could make ridiculous. To-day its wit still retains its freshness, and its satire of pretentiousness, demagogy, and false standards of honor in American politics has unfortunately not lost its seasonableness. His "Fable for Critics," a running comment of clever, good-natured, unfinished epigrams on his literary contemporaries, showed Lowell to be a wit, but his "Biglow Papers" showed him to be a genius and not a little of a statesman. In the words of George William Curtis, literature was Lowell's pursuit, but patriotism was his passion. He was the more patriotic that he never fought over old battles. He was too busy fighting new ones for that. Sent as our Minister to England, he represented us abroad courteously but unswervingly, nor concealed for a moment his faith in the republican constitution and democratic principles of his native country. If occasionally a democratic self-assertiveness mars the general dignity of his writings, it marks him as the more typically a modern American. No other writer represents so many and so varied phases of American life as does this wit, gentleman, publicist, critic, scholar, and poet.

LONGFELLOW.

More representative of American poetry, though not of American life, than Lowell, and more national than Whittier, and more popular than either, is our household poet, Longfellow. Originality of thought has not been a notable characteristic of American poetry, and Longfellow was not markedly original. But what he lacked in originality he supplied with scholarship. He was versed in both the Norse and the Romance languages and literatures. His mind was stored with poetic traditions. He popularized the literary heritage of Europe. Clearness of thought, precise perception, transparent expression, that definiteness and accuracy which give force, have not been notable characteristics of American poetry, and Longfellow often wrote vaguely because he saw vaguely. At times he lacked definite meaning, though the sense of the hearers is dulled to the loss by the pleasant sound of his verse. But his words are always gracious, gentle, manly, unsophisticated, melodious, and full of catholicity and contentment. They are written to comfort the sorrowing, to give courage to the toiling, or to add happiness to the youthful. The moods which he evolves from his readers are tranquil, innocent, reverent, purifying. American readers, living as they do in the stress of competition, with little in their lives to give rest to their eyes or satisfaction to their æsthetic nature, turn to poetry not so much for truths as for beauty. Since life furnishes them with vigor, but with little that is delicate or graceful, they treasure most in poetry, ease, dignity, simplicity, chasteness of diction, the quiet flow of sound on sound and mood on mood. Such qualities they find in this scholarly laureate of the people. Though Longfellow is the favorite poet of young girlhood, womanhood and the home,

there is no sentimentality and no melancholy in his personality. His pastorals are full of picturesque figures of speech, and are imbued with a love of nature and a genial love of man. The poet has done much to create among his countrymen a love of European literature and to instill the beginnings of what may prove a mellowing culture, while, in his Hiawatha and Evangeline, he has given to the world two classics, distinctively American.

There is a certain barrenness to the eye in plain American life, which we lose sight of when enjoying the scholarship and poetic imaginations of Longfellow. The same sense of barrenness, his friend and contemporary, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "philosopher of Concord," relieves in a characteristically different way. He gratifies and charms his readers with the beauties of an idealistic, vague and pantheistic philosophy, surcharged with his own poetic and imaginative individuality. His idealism was often curiously inappropriate to his circumstances and surroundings. There was an impervious self-complacence in his writings which gave to them that gravity and that appearance of wisdom and authority which are characteristic of the Oriental seer. He was sometimes superficial, but never flippant. He never argued; he never even unfolded truths; he formulated and declared *ex cathedra* dogmas, and gathered together, without sequence or system, a number of apposite apothegms in a single theme. In common with Longfellow, he was often led to say what sounded well and meant little, but unlike Longfellow he was seldom commonplace at once in manner and matter. Although no writer is in reality more provincial than Emerson, no writer has such a semblance of superiority to all prejudices of race, nation, religion and home training as he. But if there was much that was factitious in Emerson, there was also much that was genuine. He had at times an illuminating insight into the heart. His essays are elevating and suggestive. He was gifted with great powers of imagination. His severity had its source in his innermost character, and was more effectual against the storms of life than was the stoicism of the Romans, or the light-headedness of the Greeks. He was so free from all worldliness in motives or in tastes that he seemed immaculate. He had that courage in his faiths which only purity can give. He lived as in another world. If not quite the seer he purports to be, he was unquestionably a genius



LOWELL.

But far greater in genius than the idealist Emerson was the mystic and recluse, Nathaniel Hawthorne. His actual life was of the simplest. He was born in quaint Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804; he graduated from Bowdoin College, held in the course of his career two political offices, shunned publicity and wrote novels which met at the time with no remarkable sale. But from this simple career came the weirdest, most imaginative and most profound tales in American, if not in all Anglo-Saxon literature. His novels are essentially Puritan. Their scenes, their men and women, their weird traditions, their sombre creeds are unmistakably native to New England, though to a New England under the spell of the supernatural. In his own neighborhood, he found enough to feed his love of antiquity and of the legendary. His novels imbue the reader with a reverential awe for the Puritan fathers. No cavalier in Scott's novels ever seemed more romantic than do the stern and gloomy Calvinists of the "Scarlet Letter" and the "House of Seven Gables." Tales of witchcraft, of ill-starred lovers, of hereditary taints, of sin and its awful consequences, fascinated Hawthorne, and under his artistry became often fantastic, occasionally morbid, but always impressive. Never avoiding provincialism, he was always something more than provincial, for his themes dealt with human problems of universal significance. Unlike most mystics his style was transparently clear and exceedingly graceful. In those delicate, varied and impalpable but permanent effects which are gained by a happy arrangement of words in their sentences, no modern writer surpasses him, while no American writer equals him in that unerring directness and unswerving force which come from the exact use of words. To the rhetorician, his style is a study; to the lay reader a delight that eludes analysis. There is also much humor and satire in Hawthorne, so delicate as to escape the observation of the careless and the obtuse.

MINOR NOVELISTS.

That the love of mystery, which found its perfect expansion in Hawthorne, was something of a national art, not merely a personal trait, is evident after reading the crude, but effective and highly original tales of our first American novelist, Charles Brockden Brown, who wrote impossible but impassioned stories of the supernatural and pseudo-supernatural. Edgar Allan Poe, a much better known writer of the same school, delighted in working out the horrible fancies of his brain in graphic and often artistic forms. His tales suffer, however, from their total lack of moral substance. It is a significant fact, testifying, possibly to the sense of freedom and therefore the contentment which our national writers feel, that Poe was the only American author of any prominence to wreck his happiness and his character from sheer perversity and love of extravagance. He was the only one in this country to fling himself, as did Marlowe, Byron, and many others in England, so willfully against the conventional standards of his

environment as to destroy himself. His plots are so sensational and his dramatic efforts so bold and unnatural that we seldom give their author sufficient credit for his polished and careful workmanship. Though there was a certain flashiness in his art which cheapens it, he was both an artist and a genius. "There comes Poe," says Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics,"

> "With his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
> Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge."

A romancist of a very different type was James Fenimore Cooper, sometimes diffuse and sometimes stilted, but more frequently an exciting narrator of Indian tales and pioneer adventures. The power of his stories is due not to any noticeable gifts of style or to any remarkable originality or profundity of thought, but to the wild prairie life or as wild sea life which they minutely depict, and to the romantic types of Indian, trapper and sailor, which they have created. They are written in an honest, hearty and patriotic spirit, and the "Spy," the "Pilot," and the "Leather-Stocking Tales" are still the delight of boys. Manly tales of pure adventure are rare in American literature. Our romance is usually didactic, sentimental, supernatural or retrospective. Didactic romance has attained its best expression and gained the greatest results in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—a tale full of dramatic situations, written with Yankee directness and Puritan sympathy for the oppressed, and by its very bias and idealism of invaluable service to the anti-Slavery cause. Pathetic romance is best typified by the Ramona of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson—a tale full of poetic insight as well as of poetic beauty, in behalf of the Indian. Its author is the greatest representative of a large school of modern writers, characterized by extreme sensitiveness, artistic perception, poetic aspirations and a somewhat sentimental but a very genuine love for the suffering and the oppressed. Their chief fault is, that while they soften the heart they never invigorate the will.



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.
(After a Photograph by Notman, Boston.)

It is to the South that we must turn for the best examples of retrospective romance. Idealizing has always been the Southerner's peculiar gift; in the com-

paratively successful days before the war, it usually ran into bombast and grandiloquence, but the disasters of invasion and conquest have subdued it to the pastoral, the pathetic, the retrospective. In the days of slavery politics absorbed all the best energies and intellect of the South, but since the days of reconstruction, more than one Southerner of promise has found in literature an attractive career. In a number of short dialect stories of plantation days, as well as in the tender, musical, visionary poems of Sidney Lanier, the South has contributed new and artistic elements to American literature. Indeed, the South is the home of our most characteristic short stories. The typical Southerner is still imbued with an intense local patriotism. Every village under his native skies is a little world to him. He finds compacted within its narrow limits many a theme for a brief romance, full of human interest. The romance of its vicissitudes in war, the romance of its love scenes—where love is still looked upon as the grand passion—the pathos of the disasters it suffered in the South's defeat, and the quaint humor of its colored folk, make a union of elements favorable to the story-teller's art. The South has produced at least two authors to do justice to these gifts of circumstance. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page depicts in his pages the South before the war. Under his hand, an idealizing regret beautifies the past till it seems a golden age. A half vicarious boastfulness, a meagre achievement and a genuine poetic aspiration blend in the true Southerner's temperament. Mr. Page has nothing of the boastfulness; he seldom, if ever, depicts the meagre externals, but he does exquisite justice to the poetic aspirations of his countrymen. His tales are pathetic, romantic, picturesque, catholic, and toward both races sympathetic and appreciative. Of very different temperament is his compeer, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. Mr. Harris's sketches are artistically true, not, as is the case with Mr. Page, because they reveal the aspirations of the old-time Southern temperament, but because of their author's alert observations of life as it is. He is alive with a vitality which makes for cheerfulness, quickness, deftness, appreciativeness. Though he deals with a passing, if not a past, civilization, he looks back to it neither regretfully, nor inimically, nor indifferently. He even goes to it for invigoration. Though there is pathos in his stories, they are full of hope and freshness of life. On the one hand he does not touch such deep chords as does Mr. Page; on the other, he is more vivacious and stimulating.

Successful studies in provincial life, however, are not limited to the South. Every distinctive region in the United States can claim its distinctive literature. To-day Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett, of a decade or so ago, Saxe Holme, and to go back much earlier, Hawthorne, are the names which naturally occur to us, when we turn to New England. Of these, Miss Wilkins' painstaking and often painfully conscientious sketches are the most trustworthy, though not always the pleasantest depictions of Puritan manners, customs, and habits of utter-

ance. Not only to the meagre, rigid and self-repressive lives of these village Calvinists, but as well to their earnest purposes, their loyal consecration to duty and their genuine reverence for the home, the church and the state, Miss Wilkins is just. Her studies—stories they can hardly be called—are perhaps works of science rather than works of art, but in either case, they are literature.

That cosmopolitan New York should furnish material for the same scientific study in provincialism would seem to involve a contradiction in terms. Yet



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

that city has an individuality of its own, difficult as it is to depict. Mr. Janvier has done something for its art studios and its French colonies. Mr. Howells, in his "Hazard of New Fortunes," has done something for its streets and houses, but it is to Mr. Hamlin Garland and to Mr. Richard Harding Davis that we are indebted for the introduction of typical New Yorkers to American readers. Bach, in his different view, gives a hint of the literary possibilities to be found in what has heretofore seemed commonplace New York. In Mr. Eugene Field's grotesque commingling of New England reminiscence, the love of exaggeration to be found all over the western plains, and the quips of

humor and turns of tenderness which are closely associated with the Pacific coast, we find writing appropriate to Chicago, while further west, Arkansas finds utterance in the sympathetic studies of Octave Thanet. The early mining excitement of the Californian coast had its own peculiar literature in the racy sketches of Bret Harte—a skillful pupil of Dickens in his mingled humor and pathos, grotesqueness and idealism, and in his depiction of acts of gentleness in lives of hardship. His pictures of mining-life, however, have in them an originality which makes him something more than a mere pupil. He has made a distinct, though a provincial contribution to letters.

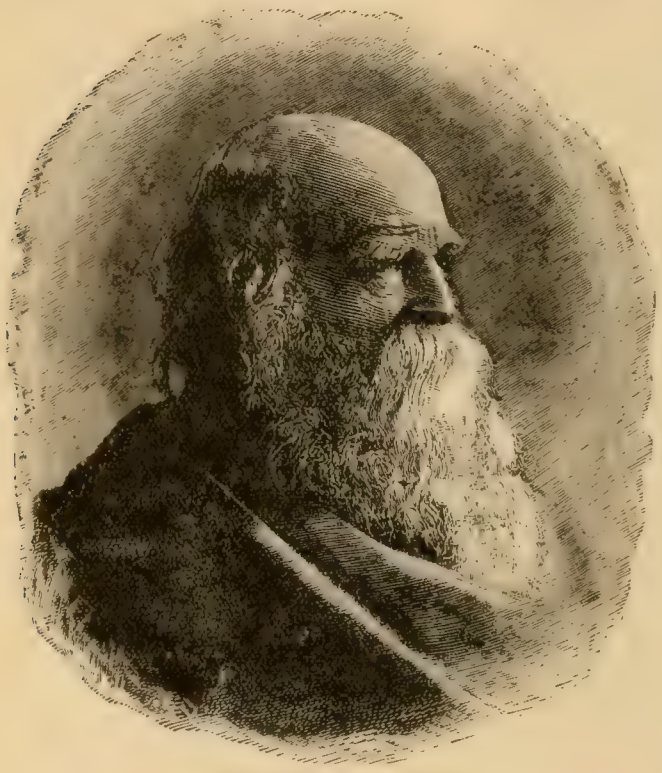
Outside of these sketches there is little genuine humor in American literature. We have many writers of extravagant burlesque ; we have in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes a kindly, brilliant, scintillating, suggestive wit ; but we can find nowhere in American letters that delicate and quizzical self-revelation, that pathetic oddness, those fantastically expressed confidences, those self-amused idiosyncracies which constitute humor and which flavored the conversations of Abraham Lincoln. There is a reserve in American writers which prevents such humor. To find it we must go to the English Charles Lamb, Thomas Fuller, and Sir Thomas Browne. Few nations, however, have produced any wittier books than Dr. Holmes' Breakfast Table Series, or more laughable extravagances than Mark Twain's, while more quiet and more graceful, though less original than either, are the shorter sketches of Charles Dudley Warner and "Ike Marvel."

Scientific observation and poetic insight united in Thoreau to give him a familiar acquaintance with the shy beauties of nature. His writings are marred by infelicities and affectations in expression, but they are the work of a genuine lover and interpreter of the woods and streams. He is the master in a school which includes an increasing number of writers every decade.

At least those American historians, Prescott, Parkman, and Motley, have gained a transatlantic reputation for the eloquence of their style, the beauty of their description, and the artistic power of their presentations of historic movements. All three were careful scholars, though idealists, vigorous, and clear writers, and sanguine Americans. To those at all seriously inclined their histories are as absorbing as fiction, and, if too enthusiastic to be accurate in all their details, are unquestionably true in general outline. They have made use of the imagination as an aid to scholarship, not as a substitute for it, and they have used it chiefly, if not solely, to elucidate truth.

There is nothing in oratory more profoundly eloquent than the two addresses of Abraham Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg. They are the simple and devout expressions of a national patriotism, purged of all worldly passion. The chasteness, the harmony, the marvelous beauty of their language is, however, forgotten in the sublimer beauty of their thought and spirit. They are so sacred

to something higher than literature that we never think of them as literature. The clear and animating orations of the chivalric, visionary Wendell Phillips deserve a passing mention for their beauty of form and transparency of argument. But our one great orator is the Whig statesman, Daniel Webster. He was educated in New Hampshire, under that vigorous discipline which only the hardships of poverty can give, and showed the value of his training in the stalwartness of his after-life, when he stood for a conscientious adherence to the Union and to the Constitution liberally interpreted. To this day, his sonorous, significant, and impressive utterances must be studied for any thorough appreciation of the responsibilities of American citizenship and the genius of American institutions. By his inherent dignity he long maintained against the encroachments of the modern politician our forefathers' standard of dignity in American public life. Unquestionably the inferior of the great English statesman, Edmund Burke, in beauties of imagination, precision and incisiveness of language, and in profundity of statesmanship, he was at least more smooth, more even, and more self-controlled.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
(From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.)

The contrast between the two well illustrates the contrast between England and America in every department of literature. The typical English writer shows the greater mastery of the powers and striking beauties of language. The American is the smoother and the more polished. The English is the more intense, and the more self-expressive, and the more powerful; the American the more guarded and the more contented. America has produced as yet no literature comparable to the greater classics of England, but she has produced much worthy to be found in every Anglo-Saxon household, and capable of cheering and strengthening in his work and hardships every Anglo-Saxon reader.

FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHORS.

WASHINGTON IRVING,

AUTHOR OF THE "SKETCH BOOK."



WASHINGTON IRVING.

IRVING, one of the first authors to make a real American literature, was born in New York in 1783. In consequence of delicate health he spent much of his youth in European travel. In 1809 he published his famous "Knickerbocker's History of New York," which had great success. But it is by his "Sketch Book," published in 1819, that he will be longest remembered. Rip Van Winkle and his twenty years' sleep, the amorous schoolmaster and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow, are characters which live forever immortal. This book, although published in America, was written in England, where Irving was then living, enjoying the pleasures of intimate friendship with Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, and the most famous English writers of the time. Sydney Smith's famous taunt, "Who reads an American book?" lost its truth and its sting after the "Sketch Book" came from America to charm and captivate the reading world of England. John Murray, the famous English publisher, paid Irving large sums for that book and for "Bracebridge Hall" and the "Tales of a Traveler," which followed it. There is a story that while Irving was at the height of his popularity in England, two women were overheard in conversation before a bust of Washington in an art gallery. "Who was Washington, mother?" asked the younger. "Why, my dear, don't you know?" was the reproving reply; "he wrote the 'Sketch Book.'"

In 1826 Irving went to Spain, occupying for some time a suite of rooms in the

famous old Moorish palace of the Alhambra. While there he wrote his "Life of Columbus," the "Conquest of Granada," and the "Alhambra" tales, all of which had great success. In 1832 he returned to America, and settled at his country seat, "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, near Tarrytown. This lovely home soon became the resort of the foremost literary and public men of America.



A DUTCH HOUSEHOLD, AS DESCRIBED BY "KNICKERBOCKER."

Irving was a most charming host, and was never more in his element than when surrounded by appreciative and responsive friends. In 1842, at the suggestion of Daniel Webster, he was appointed by President Tyler minister to Spain, where he spent four years, returning in 1846 to his beloved Sunnyside, where he lived until his death in November, 1859.

"Irving was as quaint a figure," says George W. Curtis, "as Diedrich Knickerbocker himself, . . . tripping with elastic step along Broadway, with low-quartered shoes, neatly tied, and a Talma cloak,—a short garment that hung from his shoulders like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance, which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the associations of his own writings. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address were delightfully characteristic."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

THE OLDEST OF THE GREAT AMERICAN POETS.

(*See portrait, page 652.*)

PROBABLY there is no other one among the list of American authors whose career so links the literature of the past and of the present as Bryant. "Thanatopsis," one of his most popular poems (though he himself ranked it low), was written in 1812, when the poet was only eighteen. He was born in western Massachusetts in 1794, and removed to New York in 1825. In 1826 he began to edit the *Evening Post*, and from that time until the day of his death William Cullen Bryant and the *Evening Post* were almost as conspicuous and permanent features of the city as the Battery and Trinity church. He lived under twenty Presidential administrations, closing his life in New York in 1878.

In 1821 Mr. Bryant married Frances Fairchild, the loveliness of whose character is hinted in some of his sweetest poems. The one beginning

"O fairest of the rural maids,"

was written some years before their marriage; and "The Future Life," one of the noblest and most pathetic of his poems, is addressed to her:—

"In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

"Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?"

Among his best-known poems are "A Forest Hymn," "The Death of the Flowers," "Lines to a Waterfowl," and "The Planting of the Apple-Tree." One of the greatest of his works, though not among the most popular, is his translation of Homer, which he completed when seventy-seven years of age.

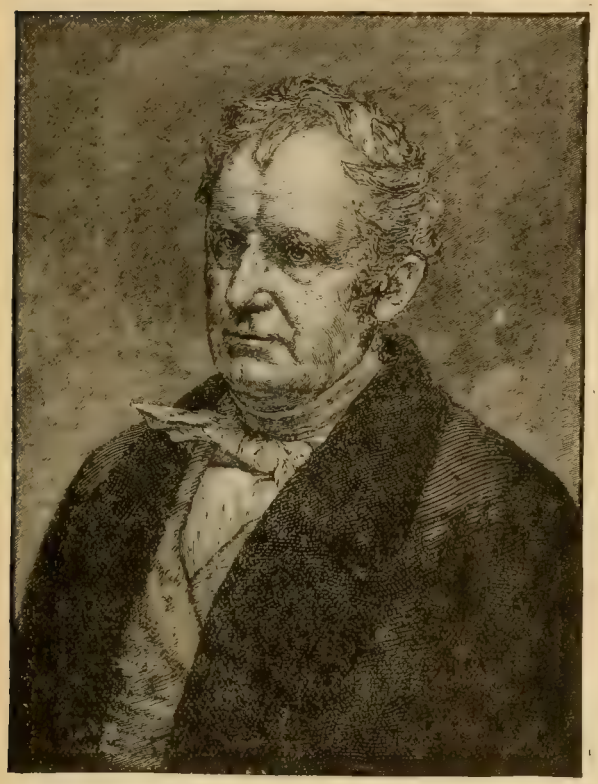
Bryant had a marvelous memory. His familiarity with the English poets was such that when at sea, where he was always too ill to read much, he would beguile the time by reciting page after page from favorite poems. However long the voyage, he never exhausted his resources. "I once proposed," says a friend, "to send for a copy of a magazine in which a new poem of his was announced to appear. 'You need not send for it,' said he, 'I can give it to you.' 'Then you have a copy with you?' said I. 'No,' he replied, 'but I can recall it,' and thereupon proceeded immediately to write it out. I congratulated him upon having such a faithful memory. 'If allowed a little time,' he replied, 'I could recall every line of poetry I have ever written.'"

His tenderness of the feelings of others, and his earnest desire always to avoid the giving of unnecessary pain, were very marked. "Soon after I began to do the duties of literary editor," writes an associate, "Mr. Bryant, who was reading a review of a little book of wretchedly halting verse, said to me: 'I wish you would deal very gently with poets, especially the weaker ones.' Later, I had a very bad case of poetic idiocy to deal with, and as Mr. Bryant happened to come into my room while I was debating the matter in my mind, I said to him that I was embarrassed by his injunction to deal gently with poets, and pointed out to him the utter impossibility of finding anything to praise or lightly to condemn in the book before me. After I had read some of its stanzas to him, he answered: 'No, you can't praise it, of course; it won't do to lie about it, but'—turning the volume in his hand and inspecting it—'you might say that the binding is securely put on, and that—well, the binder has planed the edges pretty smooth.'"

Bryant was a man of very striking appearance, especially in age. "It is a fine sight," says one writer, "a man full of years, clear in mind, sober in judgment, refined in taste, and handsome in person. . . . I remember once to have been at a lecture where Mr. Bryant sat several seats in front of me, and his finely-sized head was especially noticeable. . . . The observer of Bryant's capacious skull and most refined expression of face cannot fail to read therein the history of a noble manhood."

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,

THE PIONEER OF AMERICAN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

COOPER has been called "The Walter Scott of America." His historical romances of frontier and Indian life in the early days formed a new and distinctive American literature. Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789, but his boyhood home was at Cooperstown, in central New York, where his father had built a house in the wilderness, on the shores of Otsego lake. The place was surrounded by Indians of the "Six Nations," who came to Cooperstown for purposes of trade, and sometimes with hostile intent. The romantic surroundings of his early youth doubtless had a powerful influence upon Cooper's literary career. In 1803 he entered Yale College; but his love of freedom and roving disposition led to lawless excursions to the seashore and the interior, in consequence of which, in his third year, he was expelled. In 1806, when only seventeen, he went to sea as a common sailor, and afterward entered the navy as a midshipman. In 1811 he married the daughter of Peter De Lancey, one of a New York family who had been Tories during the Revolution. This marriage was one of several events which led to his being charged with English sympathies, and to his subsequent unpopularity.

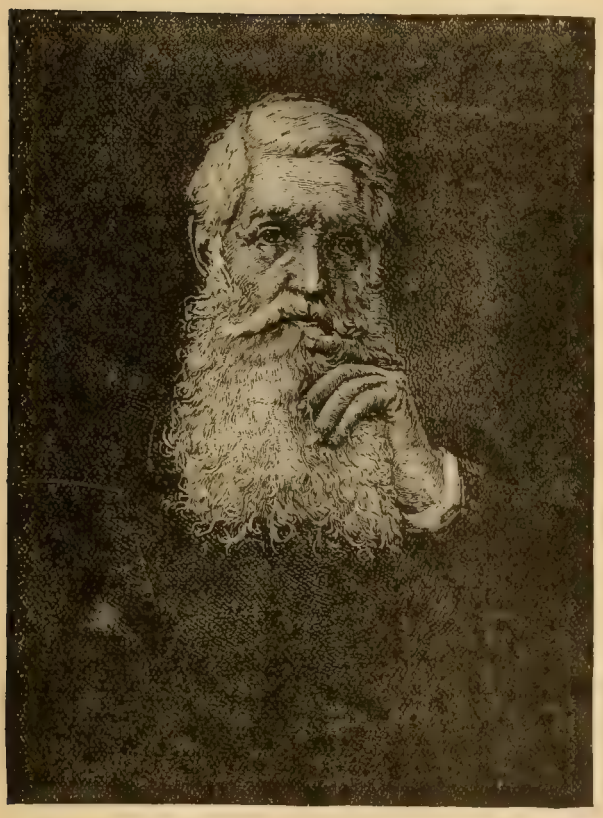
Cooper was thirty years old before the thought of a literary career had entered his mind. One day, when reading an English novel to his wife, he exclaimed in disgust, "I believe I could write a better story myself." Encour-

aged by her, the thoughtless remark became a purpose, and resulted in his first story, "Precaution," which, while dealing with unfamiliar scenes, was successful enough to prompt further effort. The story of a spy of the Revolution, told to him years before by his friend John Jay (*see p. 93*), recurred to his mind, and he wrote the tale of "The Spy," which had a success then unprecedented in American literature. Then followed rapidly "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," and "The Last of the Mohicans," which in 1826 raised his fame to the highest point. The power of his description is well illustrated by its effect on an old sailor, to whom Cooper read parts of "The Pilot," while he was writing it. When he came to the passage describing the vessel beating out of the "Devil's Grip" shoals, in the gathering storm, his auditor became restless, rose from his chair, and began uneasily to pace the floor. Not a detail escaped him. Presently he burst out, "It's all very well, my fine fellow, but you have let your jib stand too long." Cooper was delighted with his success, but took the hint, and made the wind blow the jib from its bolt-ropes.

For a quarter of a century a ceaseless succession of books poured from Cooper's busy pen. In the latter part of his life, unfortunately, he became involved in numerous controversies and quarrels, most of them resulting from strictures in his books upon America and Americans, especially in "Homeward Bound." A friend, writing from Italy after reading that book, said, "I think you lose your hold on the American public by rubbing down their shins with brickbats as you do." In consequence of newspaper attacks, Mr. Cooper brought libel suits against Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, James Watson Webb, and other editors. These cases he argued himself, showing great ability as a lawyer, and secured numerous verdicts giving him damages; but the result increased his unpopularity. He retired to his domain at Cooperstown, where he died in 1851, leaving an injunction to his children that no biography of him should be written or materials furnished by them. Six months after his death a public meeting in honor of the great novelist's memory was held in New York. Daniel Webster presided and addressed the gathering, and William Cullen Bryant made an address which did much to restore Cooper to his rightful place among the writers who have won for American literature a great and enduring fame.

GEORGE BANCROFT,

THE EMINENT AMERICAN HISTORIAN.



GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE great historian of the United States was the son of Rev. Aaron Bancroft, a typical New England clergyman. He was born in October, 1800,—the same month and year in which Macaulay, the great English historian, first saw the light. To his native brains Mr. Bancroft was fortunately able to add unusual educational opportunities. He entered Harvard at thirteen, graduated at seventeen, and after his graduation pursued a long course of study and travel in Europe, whence he returned in 1822, bringing the fruits of his experience in the shape of rare stores of knowledge and culture, and an extensive acquaintance with the most distinguished men of the time. He then entered political life, in which for many years he took an active part. In 1834 appeared the first volume of his great History. Politics interrupted his literary work, and the succeeding volumes followed at long intervals. In 1845 he was made Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, and in 1846 minister to England. The tenth and last volume of the History was not published until 1874. It comes down only to the close of the Revolution. The intense patriotism of the author is manifest in nearly every page, and the work has been criticised as "a Fourth-of-July oration in ten volumes." This fault, however, if it be a fault, is easy for Americans to forgive, and the work is generally regarded as the standard history of America up to the time of the Constitution.

Mr. Bancroft was an orator as well as a historian and politician, one of the best-known of his addresses being the famous oration on Lincoln, delivered before Congress in 1866. During the latter part of his life he had a winter home in Washington, where the national archives and the Library of Congress were always at his hand, and a summer home at Newport, where he had a wonderful garden of roses, which was a great attraction. Rose-growing and horseback riding were his recreations, and the erect and striking form of the historian, with his long gray beard, mounted on a fine horse, was for years a familiar figure at Newport and on the streets of Washington.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON,

THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHER AND POET.

(*See portrait, p. 642.*)



EMERSON, the famous philosopher, poet, and essayist, the "Sage of Concord," was born in Boston in 1803, and graduated at Harvard when only eighteen. It is characteristic of him that while in college he spent most of his time in the library; and at graduation, although not above the average of his class in general studies, in literature he was far beyond any of them. He studied for the ministry, and for a few years was pastor of a Boston church; but he soon resigned because he could not accept some of the doctrines of the church, and thereafter devoted himself to literature. His home was in Concord, Massachusetts, near the scene of the famous battle of 1775, commemorated by his own verse:—

> "There first the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

This home, especially after his works had given him reputation and authority, became a sort of Mecca to which Emerson's disciples and admirers, drawn either by the man himself or by his works, made pilgrimages. He had a peculiarly attractive and impressive personality. One writer says of him: "One day there came into our pulpit the most gracious of mortals, with a face all benignity, who gave out the first hymn and made the first prayer, as an angel might have read and prayed. Our choir was a pretty good one, but its best was coarse and discordant after Emerson's voice." Miss Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, who visited America in 1849, thus describes him:—

"Emerson came to meet us, walking down the little avenue of spruce firs

which leads from his house, bare-headed amid the falling snow. He is a quiet, nobly grave figure, his complexion pale, with strongly marked features and dark hair. That which struck me most, as distinguishing him from most other human beings, is his nobility. He is a born nobleman. I have seen before two other men born with this stamp upon them. Emerson is the third who has it, and perhaps in a yet higher degree. And added thereto that deep intonation of voice, that expression, so mild yet so elevated at the same time, I could not but think of Maria Lowell's words, 'If he merely mentions my name I feel myself ennobled.'"

It was in his home life that the peculiar power and loveliness of Emerson's character shone most conspicuously. "His charm," says one writer, "lay largely in his manners, which were simple, yet faultless. He greeted his friends with all the mildness and serenity of the very god of repose, and induced in them . . . a feeling of entire contentment with all the world. No heat, no fret, no hurry, no great call to strenuous exertion to appear well or make a fine impression. All was ease, calm, unstudied attention to every little want, and talk fit for the noblest and the best." He was an example of what he himself honored most:—"I honor," he says, "that man whose ambition it is, not to win laurels in the State or the army, not to be a jurist or a naturalist, not to be a poet or a commander, but to be a master of living well, and to administer the offices of master or servant, of husband, father, and friend."

Emerson died at Concord in April, 1882.

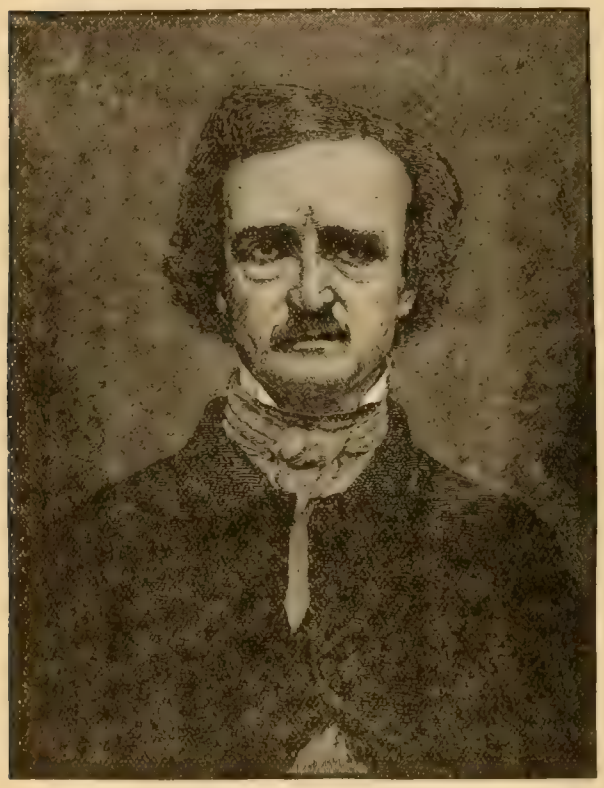
EDGAR A. POE,

THE BRILLIANT POET AND AUTHOR.

AMONG the geniuses of literature there are few names whose history is so completely dark and sad as that of Edgar A. Poe. The author of "The Raven" and "The Bells," and of those wonderful romances which have made his name famous, was the son of a pair of actors on the variety stage, and was born in Baltimore in 1809. His parents were miserably poor, and the death of the mother in Richmond in 1811 left her three children to the care of the public. Edgar, who was a beautiful and precocious child, was adopted by Mrs. John Allan, by whom he was brought up in luxury. He was a brilliant scholar, and had the best educational advantages; but at the University of Virginia, which he entered at the age of seventeen, he formed the habit of drinking,—a habit which wrecked his whole life. After graduating, he spent a year in

Europe, and became editor first of the *Southern Literary Messenger* and afterward of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine*. He married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, when she was only fourteen years of age, and the two, with Virginia's mother, led a life of the deepest poverty for ten years, until his wife's death.

This marriage, rash and foolish as it seems, was one of the best things in Poe's life. He was a kind and devoted husband, and his wife repaid him with an affection that was little short of worship. But he was never able to rid himself of his appetite for drink, and he died at last of delirium tremens.



EDGAR A. POE.

Poe was a fine reader and elocutionist. A writer who attended two lectures by him in Richmond says, "I never heard a voice so musical as his. It was full of the sweetest melody. During the lecture he recited Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs.' A little boy about twelve years of age was sitting near me. He was listening intently, and before Poe had finished the poem he was in tears. Could there be any greater tribute to a speaker's power? After the lecture Poe very modestly said, 'I have been requested to recite my own poem, "The Raven."' No one who heard this will ever forget the beauty and pathos with which this recitation was rendered. The audience was as still as death, and as his weird, musical voice filled the hall, its effect was simply indescribable. It seems to me that I can yet hear that long, plaintive 'Nevermore.'"

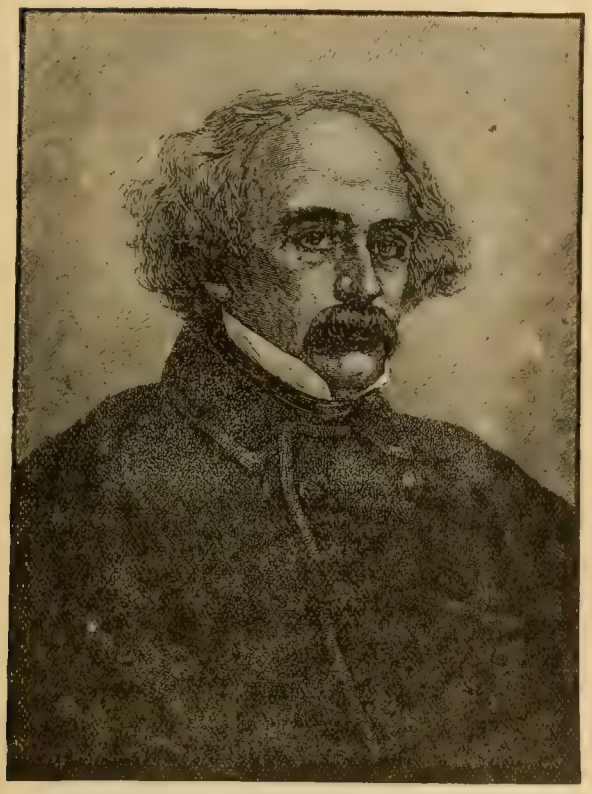
A lady who was an intimate friend of Poe in his later years says of him:—

"I have never seen him otherwise than gentle, generous, well-bred, and fastidiously refined. To a sensitive and delicately nurtured woman there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence with which he invariably approached all women who won his respect."

Poe died in Baltimore in 1849.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,

THE GREATEST AMERICAN WRITER OF ROMANCE.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE famous author of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun" was the son of a sea-captain, and was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804. (See p. 638.) He graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, Longfellow, the poet, and Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States, being among his classmates. Hawthorne was moody and melancholy, and Pierce did much to cheer and encourage him, thus laying the foundation of a lifelong friendship. In 1843 Hawthorne took up his residence at Concord, in the "Old Manse" (see p. 640), which he has made so famous, and from whose windows, it is said, the minister of the parish, on April 19th, 1775, looked out upon the memorable battle between his fellow-townsmen and the British troops. In 1846 he published "Mosses from an Old Manse," and in 1850 "The Scarlet Letter," which immediately placed him at the head of American writers of fiction. In 1852 President Pierce appointed him consul at Liverpool, and most of the remainder of his life was spent in Europe.

In general company, Hawthorne was silent and reserved. He was intensely shy, so much so that he has been known to leave the road and take to the fields rather than encounter a group of passers-by. He loved to go on solitary walks, seeking out secluded places where he could muse and dream without fear of disturbance. Once he brought Mr. Fields, his friend and publisher, to one

of these haunts, and bade him lie down on the grass, and watch the clouds float above, and hear the birds sing. "As we steeped ourselves in the delicious idleness," writes Mr. Fields, "he began to murmur some half-forgotten lines from Thomson's 'Seasons,' which he said had been favorites of his boyhood. While we lay there, hidden in the grass, we heard approaching footsteps, and Hawthorne hurriedly whispered, 'Duck! or we shall be interrupted by somebody.' The solemnity of his manner, and the thought of the down-flat position in which we had both placed ourselves to avoid being seen, threw me into a foolish semi-hysterical fit of laughter, and when he nudged me, and again whispered more lugubriously than ever, 'Heaven help me, Mr. —— is close upon us!' I felt convinced that if the thing went further, suffocation, in my case at least, must ensue."

Fortunately for Hawthorne, and for the world as well, he was most happily married, his wife being a woman of strong common sense and strength of character, able to shield her sensitive, shy, unpractical husband from the world, willing and glad to bear the burdens of poverty for his sake, and finding her abundant recompense in his love and companionship. The early years of their marriage, before the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," were spent in poverty and obscurity; but there was the most perfect sympathy and companionship in the home life. Theirs was in truth an ideal marriage. Hawthorne himself writes:—

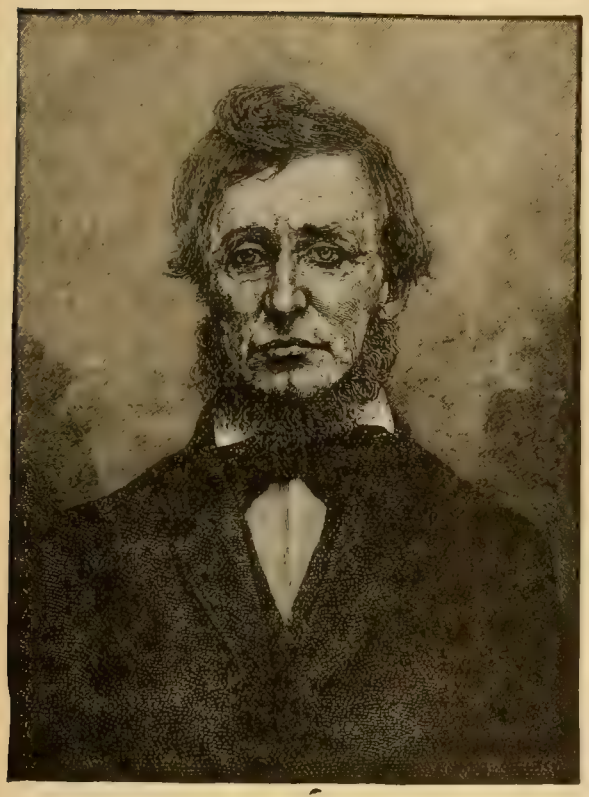
"My wife is in the strictest sense my sole companion, and I need no other; there is no vacancy in my mind any more than in my heart. In truth, I have spent so many years in total seclusion from human society that it is no wonder if now I feel all my desires satisfied by this sole intercourse."

Hawthorne returned from Europe with his family during the time of the civil war, and died not long after his return. "We carried him," writes Fields, "through the blossoming orchards of Concord, and laid him down under a group of pines on a hillside; the unfinished romance which had cost him such anxiety laid upon his coffin." His friend, Longfellow, in one of his most exquisite poems, describes the scene, referring to the uncompleted romance in the closing lines:—

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

HENRY D. THOREAU,

THE CONCORD HERMIT AND NATURALIST.

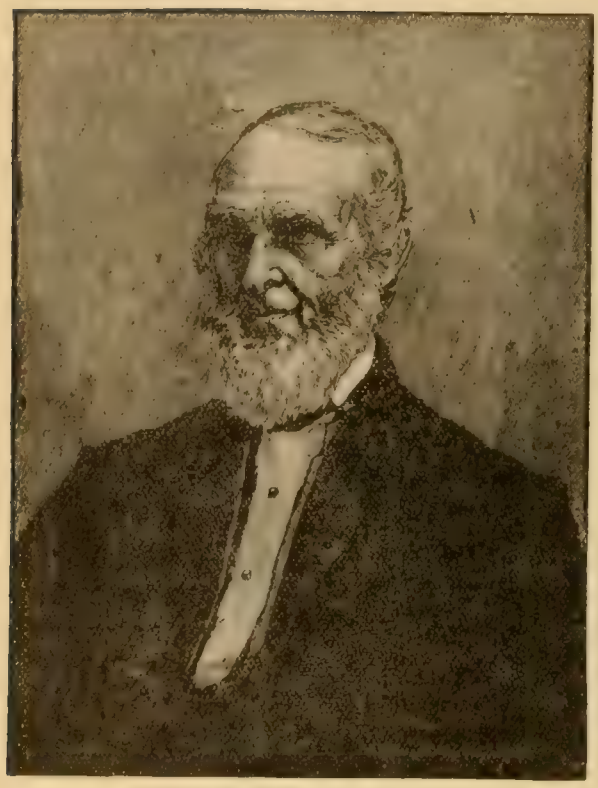


HENRY D. THOREAU.

THOREAU is one of the most quaint and striking figures of the "Concord group" of writers and philosophers, of which Emerson was the head. He was born in 1817, and graduated at Harvard in 1837. In manners, dress, and mode of life he was very eccentric. In 1845 he built a small frame house on the shores of Walden Pond, near Concord, where for some years he lived as a hermit, devoting himself to the study of nature. He gives an account of this part of his life in the little book entitled "Walden." In later years his writings became better known and more popular; but a year after an edition of one thousand copies of his first work was printed, he wrote to a friend that he could now say that he was the owner of a library of nearly a thousand volumes, over nine hundred of which he wrote himself. It is said that Thoreau never went to church, never voted, and never paid a tax. The only business which he ever followed was that of a surveyor. Emerson says of him, "Mr. Thoreau dedicated his genius with such entire love to the fields, hills, and waters of his native town, that he made them known and interesting to all reading Americans and to people over the sea. Whilst he used in his writings a certain petulance of remark in reference to churches and churchmen, he was a person of rare, tender, and absolute religion,—a person incapable of any profanation." He was never married. He died in 1862.

JOHN G. WHITTIER,

THE QUAKER POET OF AMERICA.



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHITTIER, the poet of freedom and right and truth, the author of "Snow-Bound" and "The Tent on the Beach," was a New England farmer's son, born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1809. He has given us a most perfect picture of the home life of his youth, glowing with life and color, in the exquisite poem of "Snow-Bound." Not even the hard, bare, practical round of farm life in a Quaker home could repress the poetry in him. When he was a boy of eighteen, he sent with fear and trembling some anonymous verses to the weekly paper in Newburyport, of which William Lloyd Garrison, afterward the famous abolitionist, was editor. When the next paper came, Whittier was transfixed with delighted surprise to find his verses not only printed, but commended, with a note by the editor asking for more. Soon afterward Garrison, himself little more than a boy, came to see the young poet, and to plead with his parents for an education for him. Whittier thus naturally drifted into advocacy of the cause of freedom, and for many years his earnest and thrilling poems were devoted to that cause. On more than one occasion he was threatened with mob violence for his part in the abolition movement, for which, after the final overthrow of slavery, he was so much honored.

Whittier was never married. His home was presided over for many years

by his sister Elizabeth, a most lovely and talented woman, between whom and her brother was an unusually close and affectionate bond. Her death was the greatest loss of his life, and he has written nothing more touching than his tribute to her memory in "Snow Bound":—

"The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,—
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?"

In personal appearance Whittier was described in his prime as "tall, slender, and straight as an Indian. He has a superb head; his broad brow looks like a white cloud under his raven hair; eyes large, black as sloes, and glowing with expression, . . . flashing like stars under such a magnificent forehead."

Although Whittier was for nearly half a century famous as a poet, his works, until his later years, brought him a very scanty revenue. From his "Life and Letters," published in 1894, we learn that the first sales of "Snow Bound" realized $10,000, after which he was in comfortable circumstances. "The Tent on the Beach" sold for some weeks at the rate of a thousand copies a day, and he wrote to his publisher, "This will never do. The swindle is awful." He could hardly credit the popularity of his poems, and felt that it was not merited.

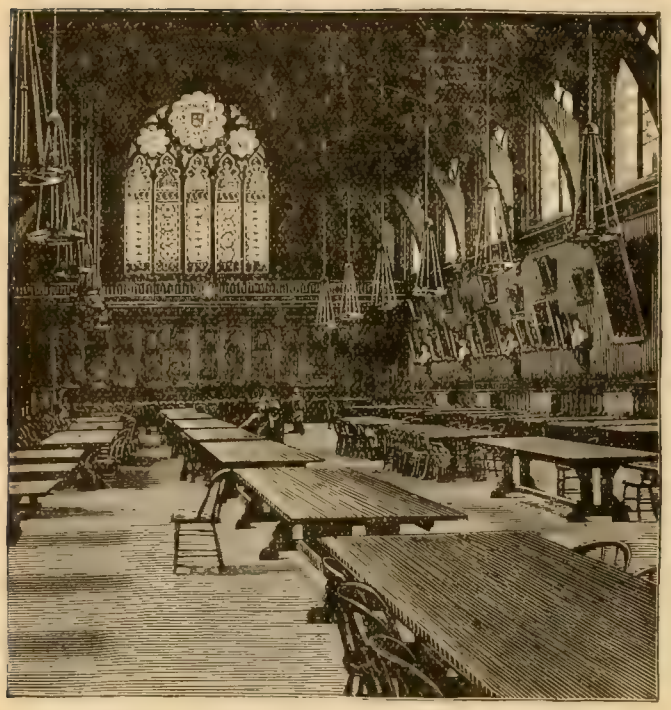
The poet was shy and diffident among strangers and in formal society, but among his friends genial and delightful, with a fund of gentle and delicate humor which gave his conversation a great charm. He was extremely fond of children, who rarely failed to appreciate and return his love. Though always a member of the Society of Friends, he was broad and liberal, dwelling little upon forms or creeds. Once, when a little niece wanted a scarlet cape such as other children were wearing, and her Quaker mother objected, Mr. Whittier pleaded for the little girl so well that she was allowed to have her way.

The evening of Mr. Whittier's life was passed among near friends at Danvers, Massachusetts, with the pleasant consciousness of being widely esteemed and beloved. He died on September 7th, 1892.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

THE GREAT POET AND ESSAYIST.

(*See portrait, p. 646.*)



INTERIOR OF MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

IT IS hard to label this many-sided man, author of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and the "Fable for Critics," the "Biglow Papers" and the "Present Crisis," poet, essayist, critic, wit, man of letters, diplomatist, and professor. He was born in Boston in 1819. He graduated at Harvard, and began the study of law, but soon gave it up to devote himself to literature. He married Maria White, a woman of singular beauty and loveliness, who is the subject of some of his most exquisite poems. Mrs. Lowell was herself a poet, the best known of her works being those sweet and pathetic poems, "The Alpine Sheep" and "The Morning-Glory," both in memory of a dead child. Mrs. Lowell herself died in 1853. On the night of her death a daughter was born to Mr. Lowell's neighbor, the poet Longfellow, who sent to his friend the beautiful poem, "The Two Angels."

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Uttered a word that had a sound like death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And slowly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

In 1854 Mr. Lowell was appointed to the chair of *belles-lettres* in Harvard University, and for a number of years delivered lectures on literature of a very high order. When the *Atlantic Monthly* was established, in 1857, he became its editor, and under his care it attained the highest literary rank. He also edited for some years the *North American Review*. He was appointed by President Hayes minister to Spain, and afterward minister to England, where he received the highest honors. He was particularly distinguished for his admirable public addresses, of which he made a number while in England, receiving the highest praise for his efforts.



MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Lowell began early to employ his pen in behalf of the cause of freedom. The first series of the "Biglow Papers," satirizing the Mexican War, showed that a new force had appeared in literature. Many who had been indifferent to the subject were attracted and interested by their keen wit and sarcasm. A certain John P. Robinson attained undying fame by being pilloried in a verse of Lowell's, whose jingle caught the popular ear; and poor Mr. Robinson, distracted by hearing on every hand some one repeating how

"John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everything down in Judee,"

sailed for Europe; but one of the first things he heard on arriving on foreign shores was that same tormenting rhyme, which pursued him wherever he went. The first series of these "Papers" undoubtedly had a powerful influence in forming public opinion against slavery; while the second series, published during the war, was even more potent in winning support for the government in prosecuting the war, and for the emancipation measures. The stinging words of his "Mason and Slidell," written when England was threatening war because of the capture of the Confederate commissioners, still thrill the heart and stir the blood. And his greatest poem, the noble "Commemoration Ode," was read at the dedication of "Memorial Hall," at Harvard, to the sons of the great University who fell in the civil war. Nowhere is Lowell's fervent patriotism more worthily expressed than in the closing lines of that great poem:—

"What words of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare!
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee;
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"

Mr. Lowell died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 12th, 1891.

WALT WHITMAN,

THE AUTHOR OF "LEAVES OF GRASS."

(*See portrait, p. 644.*)

ONE of the most original and striking figures among American writers is Walt Whitman, the author of "Drum-taps" and "Leaves of Grass." Whitman was born on Long Island in 1819, and learned the printing trade in Brooklyn, which favored the development of his literary ability. From boyhood he had a "passion for humanity," and an equally strong one for nature, and spent much of his time on the lonely Long Island beaches, and again among the crowds on the streets and at the ferries. For some years he was engaged as a printer and journalist, editing the Brooklyn *Eagle* and other papers. "Leaves of Grass" was first published in 1855. It was certainly a new kind of poetry, and stirred up much discussion, being

vehemently denounced by many critics for its violation of all accepted rules of literary propriety. During the civil war Whitman was a volunteer nurse in the Washington hospitals, and on Lincoln's tragic death wrote his fine poem, "My Captain," which was published in the collection called "Drum-taps." This book confirmed his reputation as a poet, which from that time increased steadily, especially in England. During the latter part of his life he lived in a small house in Camden, New Jersey. He was a familiar figure on the streets and ferry-boats, with his long white beard, slouch hat, and peculiar dress. His kindness of heart and amiable disposition made him greatly beloved among those by whom he was best known. He died in 1892.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN."

(*See portrait, page 648.*)

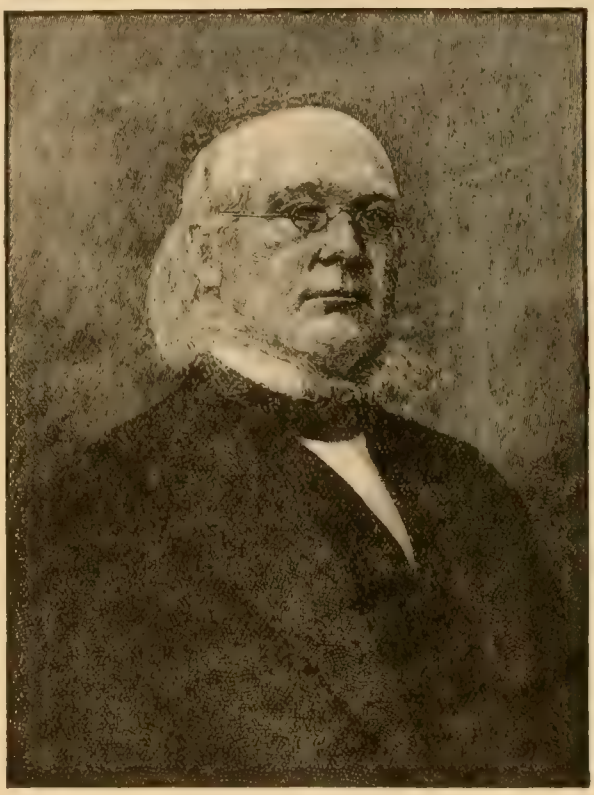


NOT one of the stories of the author of "Little Women," fascinating as the young people of America have found them to be, is half so interesting or pathetic as the story of her own life and work. Miss Alcott was born in 1832, in Germantown, now a suburb of Philadelphia. She was the daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott, one of the "Concord school" of philosophers, of whom Emerson was the head. He was an amiable, scholarly, unworldly man,—one of the geniuses of whom it has been aptly said that they "have every kind of sense but common-sense." Mr. Alcott's various hobbies, his frequent changes, and his utter lack of thrift, made life hard indeed for his devoted wife and their children. In 1834 the family moved to Boston, where Mr. Alcott undertook a private school. This was financially unsuccessful, and in 1840 he moved to Concord, Massachusetts. "These Concord days," writes his daughter, "were the happiest of my life, for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, and Hawthornes, with their illustrious parents to enjoy our pranks and share our excursions." In 1842 he undertook a communistic experiment at a farm near Concord, where several families were to live together in Arcadian simplicity, eating no meat, going to bed at sundown, and studying Transcendental philosophy. This soon came to an end, and brought Mr. Alcott to utter ruin and poverty. It was at this time that Louisa, although a mere child, began the noble and unselfish

efforts to retrieve the family fortunes to which her whole life was devoted. When only fifteen she turned her thoughts to teaching, and for a short time had a little school in the barn for the children of Mr. Emerson and other neighbors. But her chief resource was her pen, which for several years she employed in writing largely for the "story papers,"—a line of work which she followed only because it brought her money and was always open to her. Soon, however, her work began to be accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines of reputation; and in 1861 she published her first book, called "Moods." It was a failure at the time, though it had a large sale when republished years afterward, when her later books had made her name famous. During the war she went as a nurse to the hospitals near Washington, where she contracted a severe illness, from the effects of which she never entirely recovered. Her experiences were told in a volume entitled "Hospital Sketches," which was quite popular. Her most successful book, "Little Women," was published in 1867, and made her position at once secure. The end for which she had struggled was attained, and her beloved parents and sisters assured of comfort for the future.

But this great success only made her more busy. Following "Little Women" came in rapid succession "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Work," and a long list of other stories. She had contracted the habit of working hard, and the great demand for all that she could write resulted in wearing out her strength. In the last years of her life her health was poor, though her bright and cheerful spirit shone clear and strong through sickness and health alike. She made two journeys to Europe, where her sister May (the "Amy" of "Little Women") lived, and who died there a year after her marriage. So strong was the habit of work in Miss Alcott that she hardly laid down her pen until the day of her death, which occurred in August, 1888.

Miss Alcott made no pretense of being a poet, though she wrote much in verse; but once, on the death of her beloved mother, the inspiration of the occasion produced the beautiful and pathetic poem, "Transfiguration," one of the finest of her works. A few years after her death was published her "Life, Letters, and Journals," one of the most charming of American books, and one which should be read by every one who has laughed and cried over her stories, and learned through them to admire and love the strong and noble woman who wrote them.



HORACE GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY,

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN JOURNALISM.



HE men of whom we love to read are those who stand for some great principle, whose lives and deeds exemplify its power. When we think of patriotism, the figure of Washington rises before us, as the man whose life, above all others, was controlled by pure love of country. Practical wisdom, shrewdness, and thrift are embodied in Benjamin Franklin. Astor and Girard represent the power of accumulation; Stewart, Carnegie, and Pullman, the power of organization; and so, when we consider the power of the press, the image which comes up before our mental view is that of Horace Greeley. In almost every personal quality there have been men who far surpassed him,—men who were greater as politicians, as organizers, as statesmen, as speakers, as writers,—but in the one respect of influencing public opinion through the press, of "making his mind the mind of other men," no man in America has ever wielded such power as the great editor and founder of the New York *Tribune*.

Greeley is one of the most interesting and picturesque characters in our history. A strong individuality, a marked and peculiar personal flavor, characterized all his words and acts. Everything he said or did was said or done in the Greeley way,—a way which was known and recognized all over the United States. His political influence was incalculable. Thousands of men who had never seen him or heard his voice accepted his words as political gospel. W. D. Howells, writing of his own boyhood days, tells how the neighbors gathered in the country store when the *Tribune* was received, and, as it was opened with the words, "Well, let's see what old Horace says this week," listened with unquestioning assent. What a tremendous engine such a newspaper was can hardly be appreciated by those who did not live in the stirring times "before the war," and who knew not the *Tribune* and Greeley in the days of his power.

Horace Greeley was one of the poor country boys who have afterward become the bone and sinew of the republic. He was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, in 1811. His father, Zaccheus Greeley, was a struggling farmer. He

moved to Vermont in 1821, and a few years later to the western part of Pennsylvania. Horace was a precocious child; and his mother, Mary Woodburn, who was of Scotch-Irish stock, used to recite to him ballads and stories, so that he really acquired a taste for literature before the age at which many children conquer the alphabet. At the age of three he went to school—in bad weather having to be carried on his father's shoulder; but he had learned to read even before this,—sitting by his mother, with the book on her lap, while she sewed or knitted. The book was often misplaced, and the child learned to read with it sideways or upside-down, an accomplishment which came to his aid when he began to set type. For this business he possessed another natural qualification —he was a perfect prodigy at spelling. Such an excellent reputation did he obtain for correct scholarship and good conduct, that the school authorities in Bedford, which was beyond his legal district, passed a unanimous vote "that no pupils from other towns should be received into the school except Horace Greeley alone:" a most unusual compliment to a New Hampshire schoolboy.

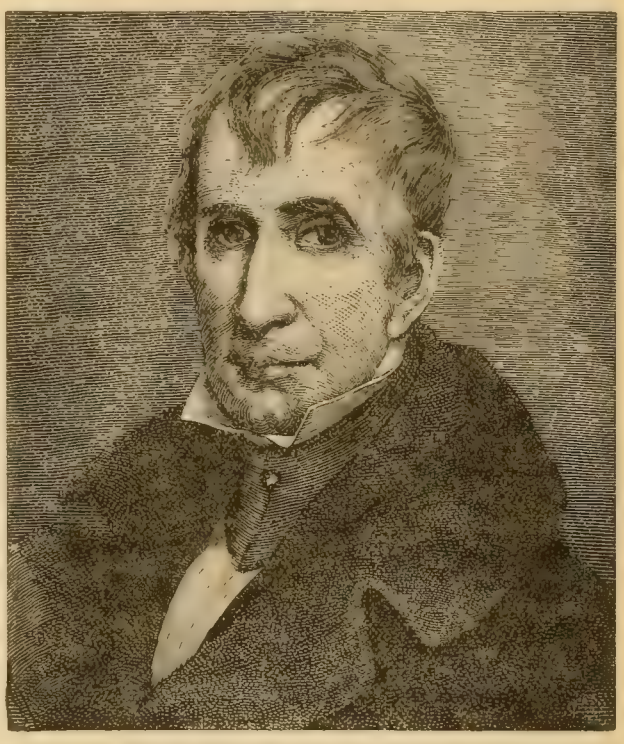
LEARNING THE PRINTER'S TRADE.

In his fifteenth year Horace felt that he could endure farming no longer, and at last procured from his father a reluctant consent that he should definitely seek employment as a printer. He found the longed-for opportunity at East Poultney, Vermont, in the office of the *Northern Spectator*. An agreement was made for Horace to remain as an apprentice until twenty years of age. All the money he received was forty dollars a year for clothing, and out of this it was quite certain he bought many books and very little else for himself. Though he was frequently excessively fatigued after his day's work, he was never satisfied until he had spent some hours in study. His scanty wardrobe, unfashionable clothes, and generally *outré* appearance often excited derisive comment. His annual salary of forty dollars would have gone far in that place to enable him to make a presentable appearance had he spent it on himself, but instead of this he sent nearly the whole of it to his father, who was ever in need of money.

In 1830, before Horace's apprenticeship ended, the *Spectator* collapsed, and he was again set adrift. His father had removed to Western Pennsylvania, and the boy turned his face in that direction. After working for a few months on different country papers, he resolved to try his fortune in New York, and went to that city in August, 1831.

Greeley was, on his first entrance in New York, about twenty years of age, tall, slim, pale, with flaxen locks and pale blue eyes. He always had a habit of wearing his hat on the back of his head, as if accustomed to star-gazing, which gave him, even late in life, a peculiarly "green" look. It is probable that he was still assisting his parents, for with his correct and temperate habits, there is no other reason why he should have come to the city without a respectable suit

of clothes, and with all his personal effects tied up in a handkerchief. This sort of economy may be carried too far, as it was in his case; preventing him from getting a situation, which a more respectable appearing person might have obtained. David Hale, editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, to whom he applied for work, took him for a runaway apprentice, and plainly told him so. In his search for a boarding-house he met with a somewhat similar experience. At the first house where he applied, on Wall street, on asking the terms, the answer was, "Six dollars a week, but something cheaper will probably suit you better." And it did; he wandered over to the north side, and found, he said, "the sign of 'Boarding' on a humbler edifice; I entered, and was offered shelter and subsistence for $2.50 per week, which seemed more rational, and I closed the bargain."



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

After a most persistent search for work, Greeley at last found employment on a Polyglot Testament, which was so difficult and slow that most printers refused to work on it. By working twelve and fourteen hours daily, he managed to earn six dollars a week. For months he plodded along in this manner, not always having employment. In January, 1832, he procured a situation on the *Spirit of the Times*, the foreman of which, F. V. Story, afterward became his partner. The young firm hired rooms on the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets. Their principal dependence was the printing of Sylvester's *Bank-note Reporter*. All the money invested by Greeley and Story was about $240, Mr. George Bruce, the type founder, granting them credit for some additional material. Mr. Story was drowned in June, 1833. His place in the business was supplied by Mr. Jonas Winchester, and early the next spring (March, 1834) Mr. Greeley commenced his first editorial work, the firm publishing a weekly paper called the *New Yorker*, which lasted until the March of 1841, when it went under, with a credit on its books of $10,000 due to Mr. Greeley for editing the paper, all of which was sunk with the wreck. But the debts which the firm owed to others troubled him far more than what

he lost in the concern himself. His expressions on this subject are pathetic in their intensity. "For my own part," he says, "and I speak from sad experience, I would rather be a convict in State's prison, a slave in a rice-swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar."

In the famous campaign of 1840, when Harrison was "sung and shouted into the presidential chair," Greeley started a small weekly called the *Log Cabin*. He threw all his spirit and energy into it; he made it lively, crisp, and cheap. It attained an almost unheard-of success, reaching editions of eighty and ninety thousand. It was continued for several months after the triumphant election of Harrison, and then merged into the New York *Tribune*, which Greeley started at this time, the first issue appearing April 10, 1841.

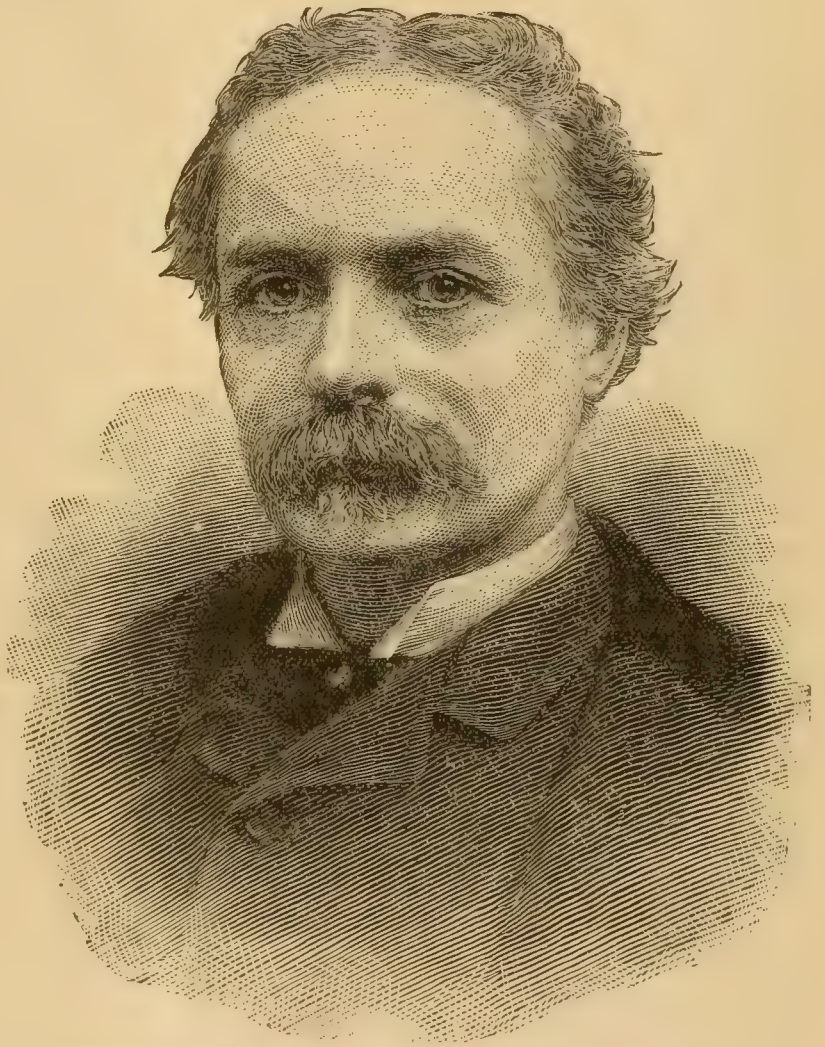
GREELEY AND THE "TRIBUNE."

The new enterprise soon became successful. It was helped at the start by a bitter attack from the *Sun*, then in the hands of Moses Y. Beach. The defense and rejoinders were equally pungent and amusing. Mr. Greeley always throve best upon opposition. His spicy retorts, and especially his partisan enthusiasm, forced the attention of the public, and the subscription-list of the *Tribune* soon rose from hundreds to thousands; by the third week in May it had 10,000 names on its books. New and more powerful presses had to be bought to work off these large editions. Advertisers came rushing in, and it became absolutely necessary for the overwhelmed editor to seek a business partner. The *Tribune* office would soon have become a modern spectacle of chaos had not its financial affairs been taken in hand by a competent financier. This "good angel of the profit and loss account" was Mr. Thomas McElrath, through whose efficiency and good management was soon brought order out of confusion, making the "*Tribune* office not only one of the best conducted, but one of the best paying in the city."

Greeley was now in his element. Political and social discussion were the breath of his nostrils; and under his hand the *Tribune* quickly became the most interesting paper in the country, as well as the most powerful. Mr. Greeley was a very earnest and emphatic writer; it was impossible to mistake his meaning; he had positive opinions on all subjects upon which he touched. Hence he drew devoted followers and admirers on the one side, while exciting the most bitter opposition from the unconvinced. He was the most pugnacious of editors, and was much stronger in a fight than when unopposed.

One thing which undoubtedly tended to bring the *Tribune* into prominence was Greeley's tendency toward "isms." He always had something to say about new social, industrial, and religious theories, and was very apt to advocate them.

In this direction he was much influenced by his wife, whom he had married in July, 1836. She was a lady deeply imbued with the ultra-transcendentalism of the period; she was also a vegetarian, and in many respects held eccentric and unusual views. Horace Greeley was devoted to her. It was, perhaps, in a measure due to her influence that Mr. Greeley took up with such zeal the cause of Fourierism, becoming a devoted follower and exponent of this theory for reorganizing society. Mrs. Greeley was one of those who joined in the "Brook Farm experiment," a development of Fourierism in Massachusetts, which was a rather ludicrous failure.



WHITELAW REID, GREELEY'S SUCCESSOR AS EDITOR OF THE "TRIBUNE."

One thing in particular gave the *Tribune* eminence; that was Greeley's policy of employing as contributors the best writers of the time. To name all the able men and women who thus won fame for both themselves and the *Tribune*, would make a list too long to print; but among them may be mentioned Bayard Taylor, whose "Views Afoot" first appeared in the form of letters to the *Tribune;* Margaret Fuller, whose articles gave her a wide reputation; George Ripley, Moncure D. Conway, Sydney Howard Gay, and George W. Smalley; and for years Thomas

Hughes, the popular author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," sent frequent and able letters from London. The result of this liberal policy was to make the *Tribune* indispensable to people of intelligence, even though utterly opposed to its political views.

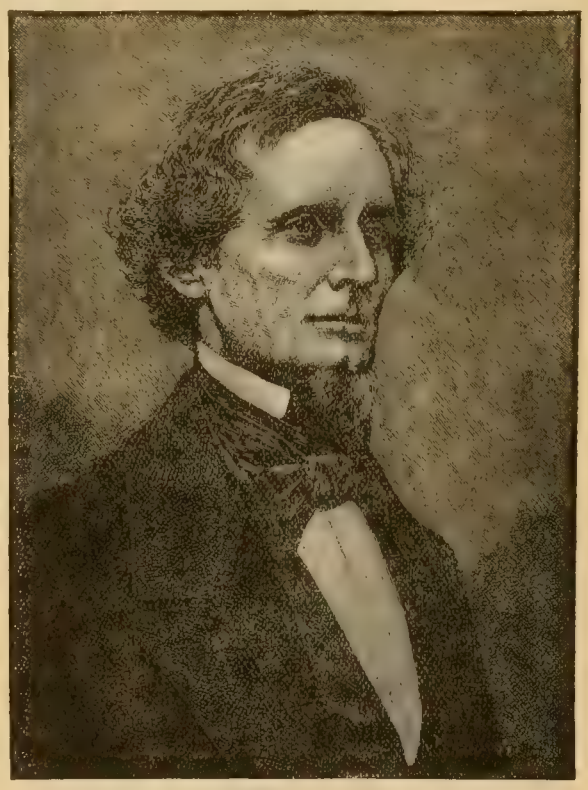
In 1848, when General Zachary Taylor, "the hero of Buena Vista," was elected President, Greeley was chosen as member of Congress from New York city. He made no effort to secure the election, and when consulted by a fellow-candidate, Mr. Brooks, as to what should be done to accomplish it, he said to his messenger, "Tell Mr. Brooks that we have only to keep still, and General Taylor will carry us both in." Mr. Greeley's presence in Congress was soon felt. He discovered that it was the custom with members of Congress to charge "mileage" by long and circuitous routes from their homes to Washington; and he soon made one of the greatest newspaper "hits" of the time by publishing in the *Tribune* a complete statement of what each member would receive if his mileage were computed by the shortest mail route, alongside of the amount he actually did receive. It may be imagined that that issue of the paper had a large sale in Washington, and for some time there was a great deal of "rising to explain" by honorable members. Mr. Greeley also introduced a "Homestead bill," which years afterward became one of the most popular measures ever passed by Congress, but which then received not a single vote beside his own!

THE YEARS BEFORE THE WAR.

But Greeley's strength was as a journalist, not as a legislator. At the close of his brief term he retired from Congress, and during the stormy decade preceding the civil war he made the *Tribune* a mighty power. He warmly espoused the cause of freedom, and denounced the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and the endless aggressions of the slave power with a vigor and pertinacity which made him one of the best-hated men in America. His course was not always consistent; and he often brought upon his head the wrath of friends as well as enemies. Moreover, in the conduct of a great daily paper much must be left to the judgment of subordinates; and all their mistakes were, of course, laid to the charge of their chief. Many of the old readers of the *Tribune* supposed that every line in the paper was actually written by Horace Greeley. He rarely took the trouble to justify or explain; and therefore, while in one sense one of the best known men in the country, he was one of the most misunderstood. Mr. Greeley had no time or thought for personal explanations; he was bent upon saving the country,—individuals could take care of themselves.

During the war Mr. Greeley's course was somewhat erratic and unstable. The *Tribune* had been considered in the South an "Abolition" paper; Mr.

Greeley had condemned all the preliminary movements of the secessionists, and had come very near demanding the impeachment of President Buchanan. Just at the crisis, when every word from an influential source was potent to turn the scale for good or evil, Greeley astounded and dismayed the loyal, and put a ready weapon into the hand of secession, by his ill-timed, ill-considered article, "Let the South Go!" The advocates of secession were triumphant, and concluded that if the *Tribune* was willing to "Let the erring sisters go in peace," other people might be depended upon to acquiesce. The immediate result of that article was to cause fifty Southern officers in New York to vote that they "resign their commissions in the United States army and join their brethren in the South." But no sooner had these men taken his advice, and the "erring sisters" attempted to "go," than the *Tribune* was the first to try to pull them forcibly back again.

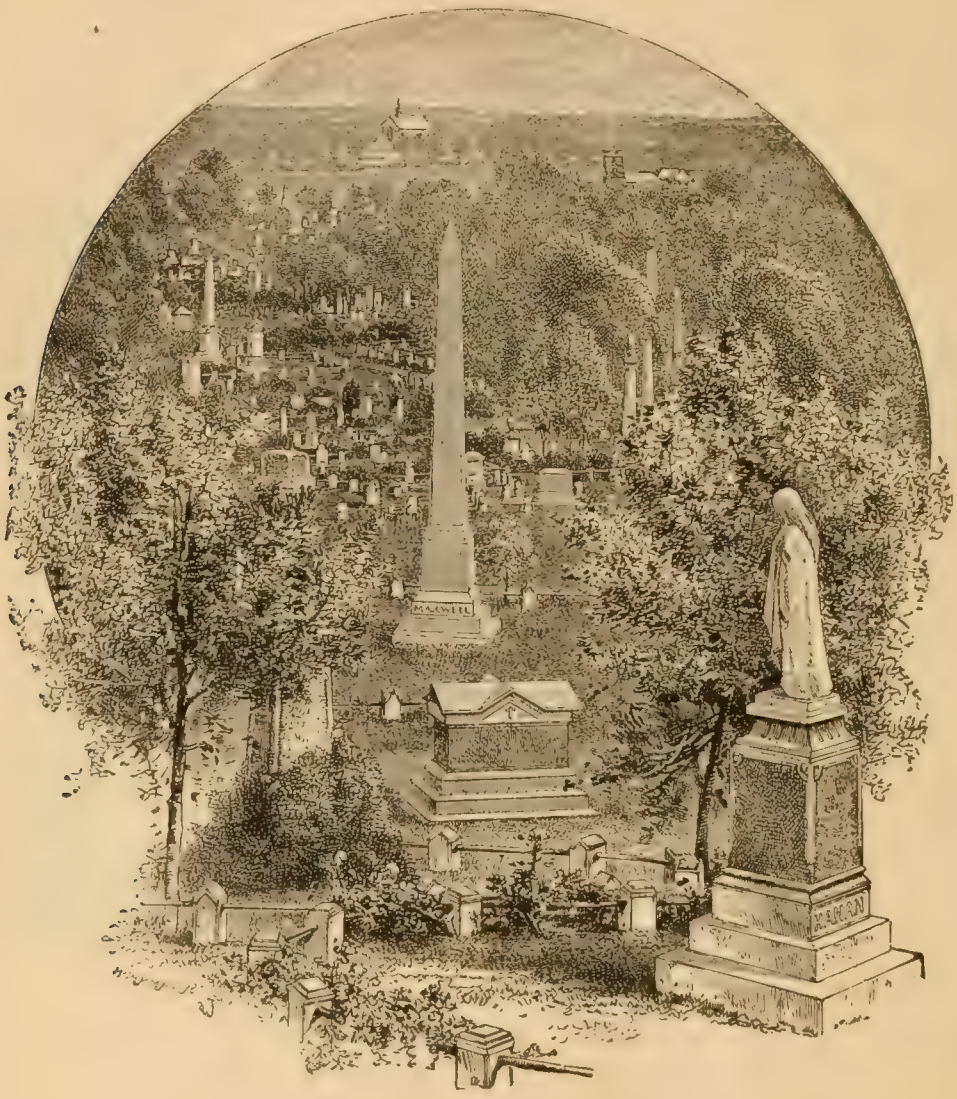


JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Before the administration was ready with its plans, before the Union army was drilled or properly organized, Mr. Greeley broke out with his famous war-cry, "On to Richmond!" which undoubtedly did much to precipitate the disaster of Bull Run. Then, when the Union cause looked dark, "despairing of the republic," he rushed to Canada to discuss, unauthorized, with Confederate envoys, terms for a treaty of peace disgraceful and injurious to the United States; yet all this time the *Tribune* flourished. After the war closed it received another shock, when one morning its readers learned that its senior editor had gone to Richmond to offer bail for Jefferson Davis. Mr. Greeley afterward justified his action with much force; but at the time it seemed utterly unaccountable. Throughout all these tergiversations, however, he kept a hold upon a large class of readers who believed in him, to whom he was a mental and moral lawgiver, who refused to believe any evil of him; and, if some visitor to the city—for a large proportion of *Tribune* readers were country, and particularly Western, people—on coming back, reported that in an interview with Mr. Greeley the editor had indulged in

unlimited profanity, the unlucky individual was incontinently discredited and voted a calumniator.

In the years following the war, Greeley's pen was more busy than ever. Beside his editorial writing in the *Tribune*, he prepared the second volume of



GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

his war history, "The American Conflict," and his delightful autobiography, "Recollections of a Busy Life." He was always intensely interested in the growth of the West, where he had made a memorable tour in 1859, extending to Salt Lake City; and now he unceasingly advocated western emigration. His terse advice, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country,"

became a sort of national watchword, and many thousands of eastern people resolved to turn their faces toward the empire of the West.

In 1872 a curious political combination was made. Probably such a surprise was never sprung upon the country as the nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency, by a convention of "Liberal Republicans" and bolting Democrats. That he should be defeated at the polls was inevitable. Strange to say, his experience as an editor, his own denunciations of political opponents, had not prepared him for the bitter attacks which were made upon him. He could not digest the ridicule of the caricaturists, who, it is safe to say, never before had such a tempting opportunity. He worked hard through the canvass, traveling and addressing meetings; body and mind suffered from the fatigue and excitement. To add to his troubles, Mrs. Greeley, who had been out of health for a considerable time, died at this period; he watched over her day and night, obtaining very little sleep, and altogether the burden became too great for him to bear. His health gave way; he became unable to sleep; and sleeplessness was followed by inflammation of the brain, which soon ended his life. Everything which medical skill and attention, with the loving care of his two devoted daughters, could do, was done; but all was unavailing. A short time before his death, the terrible delirium incident to his disease subsided, and he became himself once more. After some hours of calm and serene rest, with his faculties restored, he passed quietly away, repeating the sublime words of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Horace Greeley sleeps in Greenwood Cemetery, Long Island, on a hill overlooking the beautiful bay of New York, and within sight of the great city where his busy life was spent. In the centre of the plot stands a granite pedestal, on which is a portrait bust of heroic size, showing the upper part of his figure, in the historic white overcoat, with the front thrown back, exposing to view the inner pocket, filled with letters and papers. This monument was erected by the printers of New York, the bust and the two tablets on the sides of the pedestal being of type metal. On one of the tablets is the figure of a young man setting type, his "stick" in his left hand, the right resting on the "case." On the other tablet is the inscription:—

HORACE GREELEY.

BORN FEBRUARY 3d, 1811.
DIED NOVEMBER 29th, 1872.

FOUNDER OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.



SALT LAKE CITY



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

AUTHOR OF THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN NOVEL.



EW names are more indelibly written upon our country's history than that of Harriet Beecher Stowe. "No book," says George William Curtis, "was ever more a historical event than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' . . . It is the great happiness of Mrs. Stowe not only to have written many delightful books, but to have written one book which will always be famous not only as the most vivid picture of an extinct evil system, but as one of the most powerful influences in overthrowing it. . . . If all whom she has charmed and quickened should unite to sing her praises, the birds of summer would be outdone."

Harriet Beecher Stowe was the sixth child of Reverend Lyman Beecher,—the great head of that great family which has left so deep an impress upon the heart and mind of the American people. She was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in June, 1811,—just two years before her next younger brother, Henry Ward Beecher. Her father was pastor of the Congregational Church in Litchfield, and her girlhood was passed there and at Hartford, where she attended the excellent seminary kept by her elder sister, Catharine E. Beecher. In 1832 her father accepted a call to the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, and moved thither with his family. Catharine Beecher went also, and established there a new school, under the name of the Western Female Institute, in which Harriet assisted.

In 1833 Mrs. Stowe first had the subject of slavery brought to her personal notice by taking a trip across the river from Cincinnati into Kentucky in company with Miss Dutton, one of the associate teachers in the Western Institute. They visited the estate that afterward figured as that of Mr. Shelby, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and here the young authoress first came into personal contact with the slaves of the South. In speaking, many years afterward, of this visit, Miss Dutton said: "Harriet did not seem to notice anything in particular that happened, but sat much of the time as though abstracted in thought. When the negroes did funny things, and cut up capers, she did not seem to pay the

slightest attention to them. Afterward, however, in reading 'Uncle Tom,' I recognized scene after scene of that visit portrayed with the most minute fidelity, and knew at once where the material for that portion of the story had been gathered."

Harriet Beecher's life in Cincinnati was such as to bring out all that was best and noblest in her character. Where her father's family was, she could not lack good society, for all that was best intellectually and socially always gath-



NEGRO VILLAGE IN GEORGIA.

ered naturally around that centre. Among the professors in Lane Seminary was Calvin E. Stowe, whose wife, a dear friend of Miss Beecher, died soon after Dr. Beecher's removal to Cincinnati. In 1836 Professor Stowe and Harriet Beecher were married. They were admirably suited to each other. Professor Stowe was a typical man of letters,—a learned, amiable, unpractical philosopher, whose philosophy was like that described by Shakespeare as "an excellent horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey." Her practical

ability and cheerful, inspiring courage were the unfailing support of her husband. Soon after their marriage he sailed for Europe to purchase books for Lane Seminary, and in a characteristic letter given to him at parting, not to be opened until he was at sea, she charges him, "Set your face like a flint against the 'cultivation of indigo,' as Elizabeth calls it, in any way or shape. . . . Seriously, dear one, you must give more way to hope than to memory. You are going to a new scene now, and one that I hope will be full of enjoyment to you. I want you to take the good of it."

In 1839 Mrs. Stowe received into her family as a servant a colored girl from Kentucky. By the laws of Ohio she was free, having been brought into the State and left there by her mistress. In spite of this, Professor Stowe received word, after she had lived with them some months, that the girl's master was in the city looking for her, and that if she were not careful she would be seized and taken back into slavery. Finding that this could be accomplished by boldness, perjury, and the connivance of some unscrupulous justice of the peace, Professor Stowe determined to remove the girl to some place of security where she might remain until the search for her should be given up. Accordingly, he and his brother-in-law, Henry Ward Beecher, both armed, drove the fugitive, in a covered wagon, at night, by unfrequented roads, twelve miles back into the country, and left her in safety with the family of old John Van Zandt, the fugitive's friend.

It is from this incident of real life and personal experience that Mrs. Stowe conceived the thrilling episode of Eliza's escape from Tom Loker and Marks, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In the spring of 1832 Mrs. Stowe visited Hartford, taking her six-year-old daughter Hatty with her. In writing from there to her husband she confides some of her literary plans and aspirations to him, and he answers :—

"My dear, you must be a literary woman. It is so written in the book of fate. Make all your calculations accordingly. Get up a good stock of health, and brush up your mind. Drop the E out of your name. It only encumbers it and interferes with the flow and euphony. Write yourself fully and always Harriet Beecher Stowe, which is a name euphonious, flowing, and full of meaning. Then, my word for it, your husband will lift up his head in the gates, and your children will rise up and call you blessed."

The letter closes with a characteristic appeal :—

"And now, my dear wife, I want you to come home as quick as you can. The fact is I cannot live without you, and if we were not so prodigious poor I would come for you at once. There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent, with so little self-conceit; so much reputation, with so little affectation : so much literature with so little nonsense, so much enterprise with so little extravagance, so much tongue with so little scold, so much sweetness with so little softness, so much of so many things and so little of so many other things?"

That Professor Stowe's devoted admiration for his wife was reciprocated, and that a most perfect sympathy of feeling existed between the husband and wife, is shown by a line in one of Mrs. Stowe's letters from Hartford, in which she says: "I was telling Belle yesterday that I did not know till I came away how much I was dependent upon you for information. There are a thousand favorite subjects on which I could talk with you better than with any one else. If you were not already my dearly loved husband I should certainly fall in love with you."

The years from 1845 to 1850 were a time of severe trial to Mrs. Stowe. She and her husband both suffered from ill health, and the family was separated. Professor Stowe was struggling with poverty, and endeavoring at the same time to lift the Theological Seminary out of financial difficulties. In 1849, while Professor Stowe was ill at a water-cure establishment in Vermont, their youngest child died of cholera, which was then raging in Cincinnati. In 1850 it was decided to remove to Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, where Professor Stowe was offered a position; and in April Mrs. Stowe, with three of her five children, started on the long and toilsome journey, leaving her husband with the other two to follow a few months later. Their household goods were shipped at the same time, and Mrs. Stowe, under the pressure of poverty and in delicate health, undertook all the labor and responsibility of establishing their new home. Early in the summer her husband joined her, and in July her son Charles was born. In a letter written about this time she says:—

"Sarah, when I look back, I wonder at myself, not that I forget any one thing that I should remember, but that I have remembered anything. From the time that I left Cincinnati with my children to come forth to a country that I knew not of, almost to the present time, it seemed as if I could scarcely breathe, I was so pressed with care. My head dizzy with the whirl of railroads and steamboats; then ten days' sojourn in Boston, and a constant toil and hurry in buying my furniture and equipments; then landing in Brunswick in the midst of a drizzly, inexorable northeast storm, and beginning the work of getting in order a deserted, dreary, damp old house. . . .

"Then comes a letter from my husband saying he is sick abed, and all but dead; don't ever expect to see his family again; wants to know how I shall manage in case I am left a widow; knows we shall get in debt and never get out; wonders at my courage, thinks I am very sanguine, wants me to be prudent, as there won't be much to live on in case of his death, etc.. etc., etc. I read the letter and poke it into the stove, and proceed.". . .

Few women under such circumstances would think of undertaking literary work; yet it was in the midst of these events that the great work of Mrs. Stowe's life began to take definite shape in her mind.

The year 1850 is memorable in the history of the conflict with slavery. It was the year of Clay's compromise measures, as they were called, which sought to satisfy the North by the admission of California as a free State, and to propitiate the South by the notorious "Fugitive Slave Law." The slave power was at its height, and seemed to hold all things under its feet; yet in truth it

had entered upon the last stage of its existence, and the forces were fast gathering for its final overthrow.

EFFECTS OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

After the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act, letter after letter was received by Mrs. Stowe, in Brunswick, from Mrs. Edward Beecher and other friends, describing the heart-rending scenes which were the inevitable results of the enforcement of this terrible law. Cities were more available for capturing escaped slaves than the country, and Boston, which claimed the "cradle of liberty," Faneuil Hall, opened her doors to the slave-hunters. The sorrow and anguish caused thereby no pen could describe. Families of colored people were broken up. Some hid in garrets and cellars. Some fled to the wharves and embarked in ships and sailed for Europe. Others went to Canada. One poor fellow, who was doing good business as a crockery merchant, and supporting his family well, when he got notice that his master, whom he had left many years before, was after him, set out for Canada in midwinter on foot, as he did not dare to take a public conveyance. He froze both feet on the journey, and they had to be amputated. Mrs. Edward Beecher, in a letter to Mrs. Stowe's son, writing of this period, says:—

"I had been nourishing an anti-slavery spirit since Lovejoy was murdered for publishing in his paper articles against slavery and intemperance, when our home was in Illinois. These terrible things which were going on in Boston were well calculated to rouse up this spirit. What can I do? I thought. Not much myself, but I know one who can. So I wrote several letters to your mother, telling her of various heart-rending events caused by the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. I remember distinctly saying in one of them, 'Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is.'

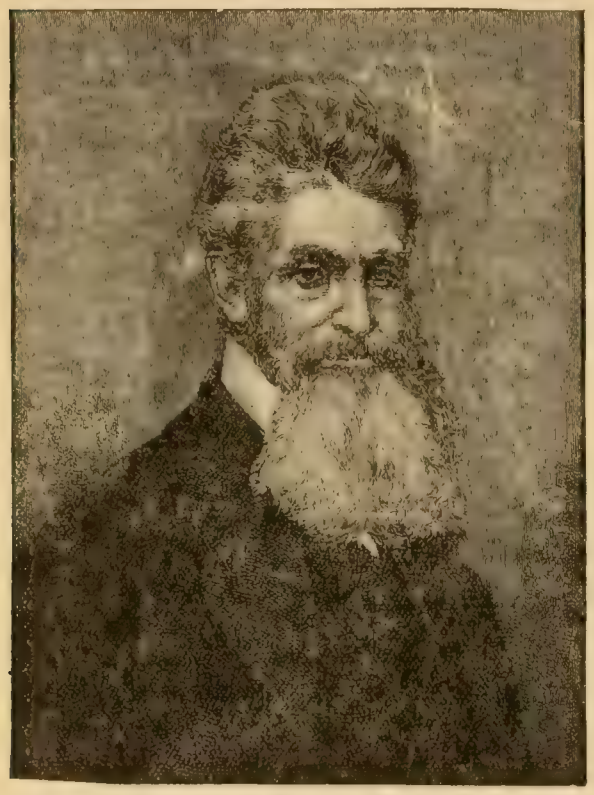
"When we lived in Boston your mother often visited us. . . . Several numbers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' were written in your Uncle Edward's study at these times and read to us from manuscripts."

A member of Mrs. Stowe's family well remembers the scene in the little parlor in Brunswick when the letter alluded to was received. Mrs. Stowe herself read it aloud to the assembled family, and when she came to the passage, "I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is," Mrs. Stowe rose from her chair, crushing the letter in her hand, and with an expression on her face that stamped itself on the mind of her child, said: "I *will* write something. I will, if I live."

This was the origin of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Professor Cairnes and others said truly, "The Fugitive Slave Law has been to the slave power a questionable gain. Among its first fruits was 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

It was in the month of February after these words were written that Mrs. Stowe was seated at the communion service in the college church at Brunswick. Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom

passed before her mind. So strongly was she affected that it was with difficulty she could keep from weeping aloud. Immediately on returning home she took pen and paper and wrote out the vision which had been as it were blown into her mind "as by the rushing of a mighty wind." Gathering her little family about her, she read what she had written. Her two little ones of ten and twelve years of age broke into convulsions of weeping, one of them saying through his sobs, "Oh, mamma! slavery is the most cruel thing in the world." Thus "Uncle Tom" was ushered into the world. It was a cry, an immediate, involuntary expression of deep, impassioned feeling.



JOHN BROWN, WHO WAS HANGED IN 1859 FOR AN ATTEMPT TO LIBERATE THE SLAVES.

Twenty-five years afterward Mrs. Stowe wrote, in a letter to one of her children, of this period of her life: "I well remember the winter you were a baby, and I was writing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' My heart was bursting with the anguish excited by the cruelty and injustice our nation was showing to the slave, and praying God to let me do a little, and to cause my cry for them to be heard. I remember many a night weeping over you as you lay sleeping beside me, and thought of the slave mothers whose babes were torn from them."

The story was begun as a serial in the *National Era*, June 5, 1851, and was announced to run for about three months, but it was not completed in that paper until April 1, 1852. It had been contemplated as a mere magazine tale of perhaps a dozen chapters, but once begun it could no more be controlled than the waters of the swollen Mississippi, bursting through a crevasse in its levees. The intense interest excited by the story, the demands made upon the author for more facts, the unmeasured words of encouragement to keep on in her good work that poured in from all sides, and, above all, the ever-growing conviction that she had been intrusted with a great and holy mission, compelled her to keep on until the humble tale had assumed the proportions of a large volume. Mrs. Stowe repeatedly said, "I could not control the story, it wrote itself;" and, "I the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?

No, indeed. The Lord himself wrote it, and I was but the humblest of instruments in his hand. To him alone should be given all the praise."

For the story as a serial the author received $300. In the meantime, however, it had attracted the attention of Mr. John P. Jewett, a Boston publisher, who promptly made overtures for its publication in book form. He offered Mr. and Mrs. Stowe a half share in the profits, provided they would share with him the expense of publication. This was refused by the Professor, who said he was altogether too poor to assume any such risk; and the agreement finally made was that the author should receive a ten per cent. royalty upon all sales.

SUCCESS OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

In the meantime the fears of the author as to whether or not her book would be read were quickly dispelled. Three thousand copies were sold the very first day, a second edition was issued the following week, a third a few days later; and within a year one hundred and twenty editions, or over three hundred thousand copies, of the book had been issued and sold in this country. Almost in a day the poor professor's wife had become the most talked-of woman in the world; her influence for good was spreading to its remotest corners, and henceforth she was to be a public character, whose every movement would be watched with interest, and whose every word would be quoted. The long, weary struggle with poverty was to be hers no longer; for, in seeking to aid the oppressed, she had also so aided herself that within four months from the time her book was published it had yielded her $10,000 in royalties.

The poet Whittier wrote at this time to William Lloyd Garrison :—

"What a glorious work Harriet Beecher Stowe has wrought. Thanks for the Fugitive Slave Law! Better would it be for slavery if that law had never been enacted; for it gave occasion for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

Garrison wrote to Mrs. Stowe :—

"I estimate the value of anti-slavery writing by the abuse it brings. Now all the defenders of slavery have let me alone and are abusing you."

It is true that with congratulatory and commendatory letters came hosts of others, threatening and insulting, from the Haleys and the Legrees of the country. Of them Mrs. Stowe said: "They are so curiously compounded of blasphemy, cruelty, and obscenity that their like could only be expressed by John Bunyan's account of the speech of Apollyon: 'He spake as a dragon.'"

The feeling toward the book in the South is well described in a letter written by Mrs. Stowe to the Earl of Shaftesbury :—

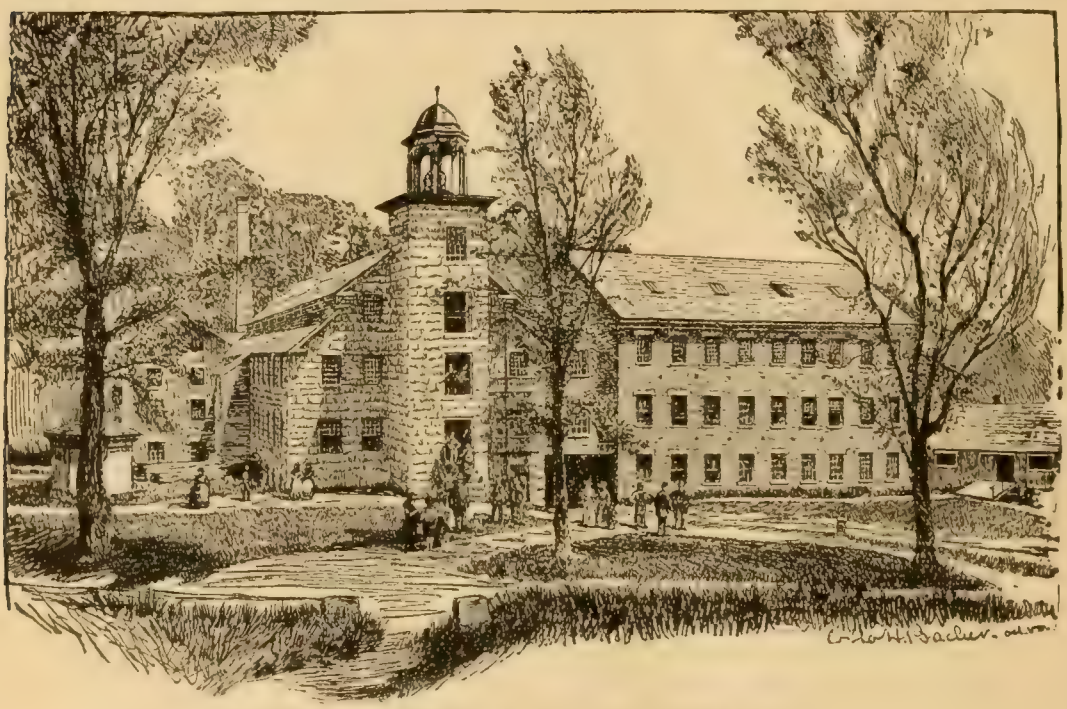
"There is nothing that Southern political leaders and capitalists so dread as anti-slavery feeling among themselves. All the force of lynch law is employed to smother discussion and blind conscience on this question. The question is not allowed to be discussed, and he who sells a book or publishes a tract makes himself liable to fine and imprisonment.

"My book is, therefore, as much under an interdict in some parts of the South as the Bible is in Italy. It is not allowed in the bookstores, and the greater part of the people hear of it and me only through grossly caricatured representations in the papers, with garbled extracts from the book.

"A cousin residing in Georgia this winter says that the prejudice against my name is so strong that she dares not have it appear on the outside of her letters, and that very amiable and excellent people have asked her if such as I could be received into reputable society at the North."

The popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" abroad was as remarkable as its success at home. A statement made by Clarke & Company, who published the first English edition, is as follows:—

"An early copy was sent from America in April to Mr. Bogue, the publisher, and was offered by him to Mr. Gilpin, late of Bishopsgate street. Being declined by Mr. Gilpin, Mr. Bogue offered



A NEW ENGLAND COTTON MILL OF MRS. STOWE'S TIME.

it to Mr. Henry Vizetelly, and by the latter gentleman it was eventually purchased for us. Before printing it, however, as there was one night allowed for decision, one volume was taken home to be read by Mr. Vizetelly, and the other by Mr. Salisbury, the printer, of Bouverie street. The report of the latter gentleman the following morning, to quote his own words, was: 'I sat up till four in the morning reading the book, and the interest I felt in it was expressed one moment by laughter and another by tears. Thinking it might be weakness and not the power of the author that affected me, I resolved to try the effect on my wife (a rather strong-minded woman). I accordingly woke her and read a few chapters to her. Finding that her interest in the story kept her awake, and that she, too, laughed and cried, I settled in my mind that it was a book that ought to, and might with safety, be printed.'

"Mr. Vizetelly's opinion coincided with that of Mr. Salisbury, and to the latter gentleman

it was confided, to be brought out immediately. The week following the book was produced, and one edition of 7000 copies worked off. It made no stir until the middle of June, although we advertised it very extensively. From June it began to make its way, and it sold at the rate of 1000 per week during July. In August the demand became very great, and went on increasing to the 20th, by which time it was perfectly overwhelming. We have now about four hundred people employed in getting out the book, and seventeen printing machines, besides hand presses. Already about 150,000 copies of the book are in the hands of the people, and still the returns of the sales show no decline."

In 1852 Professor Stowe received a call to the professorship of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary, and the family soon removed to their Massachusetts home. They were now relieved from financial pressure; but Mrs. Stowe's health was still delicate; and in 1853 she went with her husband and brother to England, where she received, much to her surprise, a universal welcome. She made many friends among the most distinguished people in Great Britain, and on the continent as well. On her return she wrote the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and began "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp." In fact, her literary career was just beginning. With "Uncle Tom's Cabin" her powers seemed only to be fairly awakened. One work after another came in quick succession. For nearly thirty years after the publication of "Uncle Tom," her pen was never idle. In 1854 she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," and then, in rapid succession, "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Agnes of Sorrento," "House and Home Papers," "Little Foxes," and "Oldtown Folks." These, however, are but a small part of her works. Besides more than thirty books, she has written magazine articles, short stories, and sketches almost without number. She has entertained, instructed, and inspired a generation born long after the last slave was made free, and to whom the great question which once convulsed our country is only a name. But her first great work has never been surpassed, and it will never be forgotten. The evil system which produced the story has long since passed away; but "Uncle Tom" still lives in immortal youth. Our hearts still tremble for Eliza and her child; they exult over George Harris's defense; they burn at the words of St. Clare, and they sink within us at Uncle Tom's death. Who can read unmoved the story of Cassy's life, or of poor Topsy hiding away in her bosom the keepsake of her lost Eva? And what man but can understand the feelings of George Shelby, when, kneeling by the new-made grave of Uncle Tom, he says, "Witness, eternal God, that from this hour I will do what one man can to drive this curse of slavery from my land!"

After the war which accomplished the abolition of slavery, Mrs. Stowe lived in Hartford, Connecticut, in summer, and spent the winters in Florida, where she bought a luxurious home. Her pen was hardly ever idle; and the popularity of her works seemed to steadily increase.

The most noteworthy event of Mrs. Stowe's later years was the celebra-

tion of her seventieth birthday, on June 14, 1882. Her publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., arranged a reception for her in the form of a garden party at the "Old Elms," the home of ex-Governor Claflin of Massachusetts, in one of Boston's most beautiful suburbs. The assembly gathered to do honor to Mrs. Stowe that lovely June afternoon comprised two hundred of the most distinguished and best known among the literary men and women of the day.

As the guests arrived they were presented to Mrs. Stowe by Mr. H. O. Houghton, and then they gathered in groups in the parlors, on the verandas, on the lawn, and in the refreshment room. At five o'clock they assembled in the large tent on the lawn, when Mr. Houghton, as host, addressed to his guest and her friends a few words of congratulation and welcome.

Poems written for the occasion by John G. Whittier, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Allen (Mrs. Stowe's daughter), Mrs. Annie Fields, and Miss Charlotte F. Bates were also read, and speeches were made by Judge Albion W. Tourgée and others prominent in the literary world.

Letters from many noted people who were prevented from being present were read or placed in Mrs. Stowe's hands. The exercises were closed by a few words from Mrs. Stowe herself. As she came to the front of the platform the whole company rose, and remained standing until she had finished. Her address was brief and simple,—a few words of thanksgiving for the great work wrought by God's hand in the abolition of slavery, and of loving trust that "all things work together for good." "If any of you have doubt, or sorrow, or pain, if you doubt about this world, just remember what God has done; just remember that this great sorrow of slavery has gone, gone by forever. . . . Let us never doubt. Everything that ought to happen is going to happen."

The last stanza of Whittier's beautiful poem may fittingly close this brief sketch:—

"Ah, dearer than the praise that stirs
The air to-day, our love is hers!
She needs no guaranty of fame
Whose own is linked with Freedom's name.
Long ages after ours shall keep
Her memory living while we sleep;
The waves that wash our gray coast lines,
The winds that rock the Southern pines,
Shall sing of her; the unending years
Shall tell her tale in unborn ears.
And when, with sins and follies past,
Are numbered color-hate and caste,
White, black, and red shall own as one
The noblest work by woman done."

POLITICAL GIANTS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS, A. M.,
Author of "Standard History of the United States."

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

SOLDIER, ORATOR AND STATESMAN.



BENJAMIN HARRISON.

When General William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe and of more than one important battle of the war of 1812, succumbed to the torments which beset every President of the United States, and suddenly died one month after his inauguration, he left a grandson named Benjamin, not quite eight years old, who was the third son of John Scott Harrison, and was born at North Bend, Ohio, August 20, 1833. His father was the owner of a large farm, where the son toiled while a boy, and laid the foundation of the rugged health and strength which stood him so well in after years.

The first school which Benjamin Harrison attended was kept in a log building, where, so far as is known, he was neither a dull nor an unusually bright pupil. It may have been too early in life for him to display the ability which afterward

carried him to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. He was fortunate in having a sensible parent, who, knowing the value of education, sent him at the age of fifteen to Farmers' (now Belmont) College, near Cincinnati. He remained two years and then became a student at Miami University, Oxford, where he attracted attention by his skill as a debater and orator.

While a law student, he made the acquaintance of Miss Caroline L. Scott, a most estimable young woman, and daughter of the president of the University. The two formed a strong, mutual attachment, and were married in 1853, before Harrison had attained his majority. He was graduated in 1852, fourth in his class.

He entered the law office of Storer & Gwynne, and shortly after was admitted to the bar. Moving to Indianapolis in the following year, he began to practice, and has made that city his home ever since. Clients were not numerous nor were fees large, but those who employed young Harrison found him conscientious, devoted to their interests, and possessed of sterling integrity and marked ability. He was prompt and kept his promises. A lawyer of that kind is sure to succeed.

In 1855, he entered into partnership with William Wallace, but six years later that gentleman was elected county clerk and Harrison associated himself with W. P. Fishback. When fairly started upon what was a most promising career, his patriotism led him into the military service of his country, where he made a fine record. He was mustered in as Second Lieutenant, July 14, 1862, as Captain eight days later, and then, August 7th, as Colonel of the 70th regiment of infantry, the term of enlistment being for three years. He commanded his regiment until the 20th of August, 1863; the second brigade of the third division, reserve corps, until September 20, 1863; his regiment again to January 9, 1864, and the first brigade, third division, 20th army corps, to September 23, 1864, on which date he was detailed for special duty in Indiana. Returning to duty in the field, he was ordered in November, 1864, to report in person to the general commanding at Nashville, Tenn. He afterward commanded the 1st brigade, provisional division, Army of the Cumberland, to January 16, 1865, when upon his own request, he was relieved and directed to rejoin his command, which was then at Savannah, Georgia, under General Sherman. On his way thither, he was stricken with what threatened to be a fatal illness, but, rallying, he pressed on. He was not yet fully recovered and was placed in command of the camp for convalescents and recruits at Blair's Landing, South Carolina. He soon after joined General Sherman at Raleigh, where he resumed command of the 1st brigade, 3d division, 20th army corps, April 21, 1865, and was relieved therefrom June 8th, because of the mustering out of the troops composing it. On the same day he was mustered out and honorably discharged.

As we have said, General Harrison made a most creditable record in the field. "Little Ben" quickly won the reputation of being a brave man and a skilful leader. He was very popular with his own men and with the general officers. His regiment had no superior in effectiveness and discipline. He was in action at Russelville, Kentucky, and in the numerous severe engagements of the Atlanta campaign, and was present at the surrender of General Jo Johnston, at Durham's Station, North Carolina, April 26, 1865. Fighting Jo Hooker considered Harrison without a superior as a regimental and brigade commander, and it was at his request that, January 23, 1865, he was breveted brigadier general of volunteers, "for ability and manifest energy and gallantry in command of a brigade."

He had already won a fine reputation as a lawyer in Indianapolis. He was elected in 1860, reporter of the Supreme Court, but the office was vacated by his enlistment. He was overwhelmingly re-elected in 1864, while absent in the field. At the close of the term, he had a lucrative practice, and was retained in nearly all the important cases in his State. In 1876, Godlove S. Orth, Republican candidate for Governor, withdrew during the canvass and Harrison's name was substituted without consultation with him and while he was absent from the State. He made a plucky fight, but Governor Hendricks' popularity was too great to be overcome.

In 1880, Harrison was chairman of the Indiana delegation in the convention which nominated James A. Garfield for the presidency. A strong pressure was brought to bear upon him to permit his name to be presented but he refused. His splendid work and his great ability led Garfield to offer him a place in his Cabinet, which he declined. He was chosen United States Senator in 1881 and served for six years, during which he took rank among the foremost debaters and leaders.

In the Chicago presidential convention in 1888, Harrison was nominated on the eighth ballot. During that memorable campaign, he made ninety-four speeches, all of which were forceful, effective and beyond criticism even by his enemies. His most extraordinary achievement, however, was after his election to the presidency. Leaving Washington, April 15th, he made a journey of 10,000 miles to and from the Pacific coast, returning exactly one month later. On that journey, he made one hundred and forty addresses, some of them on five minutes' notice. His audiences at times included old Confederates, colored men and representatives of nearly every grade of society. He was taken without warning to institutions of learning, before the blind, the educated, and was brought face to face with those who had seldom seen the inside of institutions of learning. In none of his numerous addresses did President Harrison repeat himself. Each speech was in exquisite taste, often rising to heights of genuine eloquence. The most prominent newspaper which opposed his election de-

clared that President Harrison has never had a superior, if indeed an equal, as an effective off-hand speaker.

His administration was worthy and dignified, and though his Cabinet contained the brilliant Blaine, yet Harrison was President at all times and his influence was felt in every department. Above all things, he was a patriot and an American under all circumstances. His renomination at Minneapolis was to be expected, but the desire for a change throughout the country, rather than any distrust of the President or disfavor with his work, led to his defeat by Grover Cleveland. A few days before election Mrs. Harrison died, after a long and painful illness. The lives of the two had been an ideal one, and no couple ever were more tenderly attached to each other.

After his retirement from the presidency, General Harrison was engaged by the late Senator Leland Stanford of California to deliver a course of lectures before the University he had founded, upon constitutional law. His practice expanded and he easily took rank among the ablest and most successful counsellors in the country. He was prominently mentioned as a presidential candidate, as President Cleveland's term drew to a close, the conviction being general among the Republicans that, with his past record and his great ability, he was certain of success in the struggle of 1896. The nomination, however, seemed to be a matter of indifference to General Harrison and in February, 1896, he made public his decision not to be a candidate. In January, 1896, he announced his engagement to Mrs. Dimmick, a niece of the late Mrs. Harrison.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

SUCCESSFUL LAWYER, GOVERNOR AND PRESIDENT.

Grover Cleveland, twenty-second and twenty-fourth President of the United States, was born in the village of Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. He was the son of Richard Falley Cleveland, a Presbyterian minister, who was graduated at Yale in 1824, and five years later married Annie Neal, daughter of a Baltimore merchant.

When the son was four years old his father accepted a call to Fayetteville, near Syracuse, New York, where the boy attended the academy, and afterward served as clerk in a country store. Some time later the family removed to Clinton, in Oneida County, and Grover was a student at the academy there.

At the age of sixteen he became a clerk and assistant teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind, in New York city. In the same institution his elder brother, William, now a preacher, was also a teacher.

Grover was an excellent teacher, but yielding to ambition, he decided to go West, where he believed greater opportunities for mental growth and success awaited him. He stopped at Black Rock, now a part of the city of Buffalo, and called upon his uncle, Lewis F. Allen, who persuaded him to stay and help in the compilation of a volume of the "American Herd Book." He assisted in the preparation of several more volumes, and in August, 1855, became a clerk and copyist for the law firm of Rogers, Bowen & Rogers, in Buffalo. He took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1859. Meanwhile his father died, and, that he might be able to support his mother, Grover remained three years longer with the firm at a moderate salary.



GROVER CLEVELAND.

His worth and ability had attracted favorable notice, and he was appointed assistant district attorney of Erie County, January 1, 1863, holding the office for three years. He was defeated in 1865, as the Democratic candidate for district attorney, and became a law partner of Isaac V. Vanderpool, uniting, in 1869, with the firm of Lanning & Folsom. By this time he had attained marked success, and in 1870 was elected sheriff of Erie County. At the end of his three years' term, he formed a law partnership with his intimate friend, Lyman K. Bass, who had defeated him for the district attorneyship, the firm being Bass, Cleveland & Bissell. Ill health compelled the retirement of Mr. Bass, when the firm became Cleveland & Bissell. It was very successful, and Mr. Cleveland's reputation increased.

One of the marked features of Mr. Cleveland's early public career was his great popularity when he appeared as a candidate for the suffrages of the people. Being nominated by the Democrats for mayor of Buffalo, in the autumn of 1881, he received the largest majority (3,530) ever given to a candidate in that city, although the Republican ticket was successful in other directions. He was supported not only by his own party but by the independent and the "reform" movements. He fulfilled the expectations of his supporters, vetoing extravagant measures, and conducting his office in so prudent and economical a manner that he saved fully $1,000,000 to Buffalo during the first six months of his term. His course gave him such a popularity that in September, 1882, he was nominated for governor of the State. His opponent was Charles J. Folger, then Secretary of the United States Treasury. Both men had a record that could not be assailed, and the result was astounding. In a vote of 918,894, Cleveland received a plurality of 192,854, giving him a majority over his opponent, the greenback, prohibition, and scattering vote, of 151,742, the like of which was never before known in the Empire State. The vote was so tremendous that it attracted national attention, and convinced the Democratic party that if the new governor made no blunder during his administration, he would be the most available candidate for the presidency.

Governor Cleveland made no blunders that could mar his prospects. He was able, honest, and wholly devoted to the interests of the State. At the Democratic national convention, held in Chicago, in July, 1884, after several days devoted to organization and the presenting of the names of the candidates, he received the nomination, which he formally accepted by letter on the 18th of August.

Four candidates were before the country in November, 1884: Cleveland of New York, the regular Democratic nominee; James G. Blaine of Maine, Republican; Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts, labor and greenback; and John P. St. John of Kansas, prohibition. One of those little incidents which can never be foreseen, and which often overturn the best laid plans, led to the defeat of Blaine. At a public reception, Reverend Dr. Burchard, in addressing Mr. Blaine, referred to the Democratic party as that of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Mr. Blaine did not catch the expression, or, as he afterward declared, he would have reproved it, but the mischief was done so far as he was concerned. The charge against him was used so skilfully that the Republican candidate lost the vote of New York by a trifling majority. This gave Cleveland 219 electoral votes to 182 for Blaine, while the popular vote stood: Cleveland, 4,874,986; Blaine, 4,851,081.

President Cleveland was inaugurated on the 4th of March following, and called around him an able Cabinet. He proved himself sincere when he declared he would do his utmost to carry out the policy of civil service reform.

This course alienated some of his supporters who believed in the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," and who considered all ante-election pledges to the contrary as intended simply to catch votes, but President Cleveland adhered to the policy to the end, earning the respect of both parties by his courage and sincerity. He used the veto power with the same severity as when Mayor and Governor. He favored a reduction of the tariff, with the ultimate establishment of freer trade.

A pleasing incident of President Cleveland's first administration was his marriage, at the White House, June 2, 1886, to Miss Frances Folsom, daughter of Oscar Folsom, the President's intimate friend. The whole country felt an interest in the happy event, and Mrs. Cleveland, as the leading lady of the land, has commanded the admiring respect of the nation and of all with whom she has come in contact. No more graceful or accomplished lady has ever presided at the White House.

In the autumn of 1888, President Cleveland found himself pitted against General Benjamin Harrison, with the result that has already been stated. Of the popular vote, Cleveland received 5,540,329 and Harrison 5,439,853, while of the electoral votes, 168 went to Cleveland and 233 to Harrison.

In 1892, the same gentlemen were the leading candidates and the verdict was reversed; Cleveland received 5,553,142 and Harrison 5,186,931 on the popular vote, while in the electoral college 276 votes went to Cleveland and 145 to Harrison. It was the first time in our history that a President was re-elected after being out of office for one term.

It is not the province of this sketch to give a history of the leading features of President Cleveland's administrations. A monetary stringency and a great depression of business were accompanied by a formidable railway strike which necessitated the calling out of the United States troops in several parts of the country.

The time when President Cleveland "struck fire," however, was in his message to Congress, on December 17, 1895. England, whose "earth hunger" is insatiable, and who has appropriated land in all parts of the world, often without regard to right and justice, had disputed for years with Venezuela over the boundary between that country and British Guiana, obtained by England from The Netherlands in 1814. Learning that the interior of Venezuela contains valuable gold mines, England set up a claim, which if allowed would have split Venezuela almost in half. That weak country protested, but was powerless. England refused to arbitrate, but meant to win by the bullying course which she is so fond of adopting with feeble nations.

The United States could not view with indifference this dismemberment of a sister republic on the American continent, for it would be a flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine enunciated in 1823, which declared in language not to

be mistaken that no part of North or South America from that time forward should be open for colonization by any foreign power. Lord Salisbury, the British prime minister, was slow in replying to the communications of our government. When his reply came, however, the President submitted it to Congress with the statement that the action Great Britain contemplated was a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, which it was the duty of the American Government to resist, and proposed the appointment of a commission by the President to determine the correct boundary.

This declaration, as we have stated, "struck fire." It was instantly responded to by an outburst of patriotic fervor from one end of the country to the other. The President was endorsed everywhere. In the North and South the veterans were as eager as their sons to be led against their old hereditary enemy. President Cleveland was declared to be an American in the highest sense of the word, and an exalted patriot who had sounded the bugle to which hundreds of thousands of loyal spirits would respond.

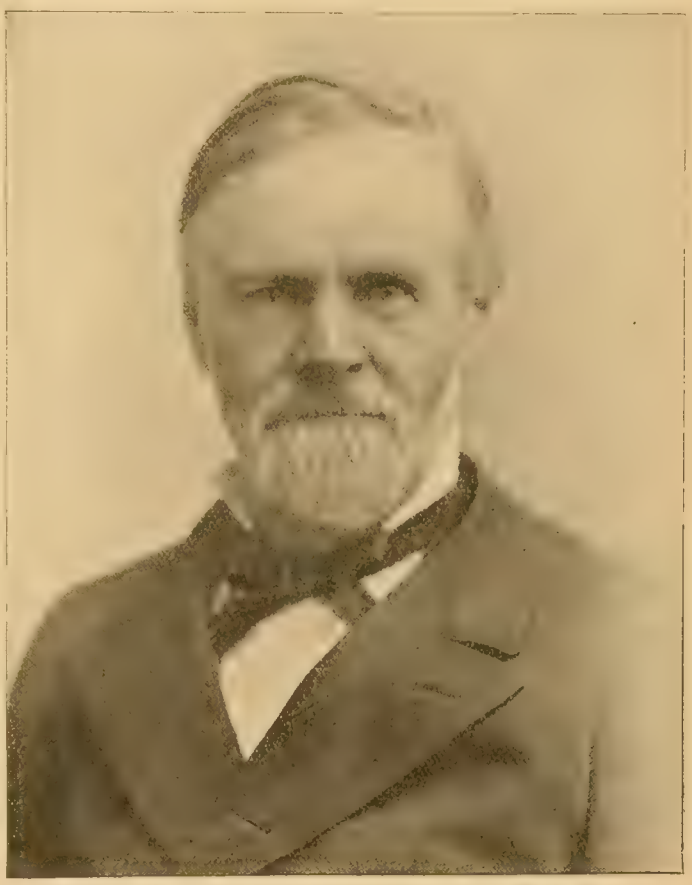
Evidently England had not reckoned on raising such a storm as this. She found herself confronted by a nation that could not be bullied, a nation that was ready to fight at "the dropping of a handkerchief" for principle. Great as would be the calamity of a war between the two nations, it would be less a calamity than dishonor. The result is known. England was forced to make a virtue of necessity, and, with the best grace she could command, yielded to the inevitable, admitting that if the Monroe Doctrine is not international law, it is the abiding law of America and must be respected by all nations. And with this happy ending, it is to be hoped that England having learned more of us than she ever knew, the two great nations will hereafter remain friends.

JOHN SHERMAN.

GREAT FINANCIER AND STATESMAN.

John Sherman is admittedly one of the ablest financiers and foremost statesmen of America. He was born May 10, 1823, at Lancaster, Ohio, and was the eighth of eleven children. He was the son of Charles Robert Sherman, who settled in Lancaster and took a leading part in the measures for defence in the war of 1812. He was a prominent and respected citizen, who after serving for six years on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State, died suddenly in the forty-first year of his age.

During his childhood, John Sherman attended a private school at Lancaster, but in 1831, his father's cousin, a prosperous merchant at Mount Vernon, invited him to his home and offered to take charge of his education until he was fitted for Kenyon College. The youth studied faithfully for four years, but, instead of entering college, returned to his mother's home and attended the academy there. The family were in such straitened circumstances that John decided that it was his duty to give up the plan of going to college and to support himself instead. His elder brother gave him employment as junior rodman under the engineer engaged in improving the Muskingum River. He improved his leisure by study, but at the end of two years lost his place through the sweeping political changes in the State. Returning to Lancaster with nothing to do, he fell for a time into bad habits, but touched by the grief of his mother over his lapse, and by a sense of manliness, he quickly rallied, and thenceforth was his own "master." Ever since that lapse, Senator Sherman has been a temperate man, and no one is more opposed to the drinking habit than he.



JOHN SHERMAN.

In the autumn of 1839, it was arranged that young Sherman should study law at Mansfield with his elder brother Charles and with Judge Parker, who had married his mother's only sister. His industry enabled him to support himself while thus employed, and he had been a practicing lawyer for more than a year before his admission to the bar, which took place on the day that he attained his twenty-first year.

On December 31, 1848, John Sherman was married to Miss Margaret Cecilia Stewart, only child of Judge Stewart. After their wedding tour, the couple returned to Mansfield and the husband applied himself arduously to his

profession. His industry, ability and integrity brought him success, and in 1854 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives. It was in that year that the Missouri Compromise was repealed, stirring up such a vehement revolt and uprising in the North, that the Republican party of to-day was born and brought into vigorous existence. Recently, when asked if he remembered his first speech, the distinguished Senator said :—

"Yes ; I remember it well. It was in the midst of the exciting Kansas-Nebraska times and there had been numerous changes in the personnel of the House. There were many young men among the new members. Matt Day, one of the founders of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, was a member. He wrote a great deal, but did not speak much and was slightly deaf. He had scant regard for the sophomoric efforts of the young Congressman. On the day that I spoke I sat behind him. Day would listen with his hand at his ear, and the moment one had concluded, would say with a grunt of satisfaction :

"'Another dead cock in the pit.'

"At last I saw a place where I thought I could make a good point. I jumped to my feet, got the Speaker's eye and said my say. When I was through and had sat down I said : 'Here is another dead cock in the pit, Mr. Day.' But Day replied : 'No, my young friend, I don't think it is quite so bad as that with you yet,' and he gave me to understand that I had another chance or so for my life."

Mr. Sherman spoke frequently, and, despite his youth, speedily assumed a leading position among his associates. He was renominated in October, 1856, and triumphantly elected. He was one of the most active and vigorous workers in the presidential campaign of that year, and insists to-day that the Republicans would have been successful, had they placed Seward or Chase in nomination instead of Fremont.

The career of John Sherman is another proof that it is brains and ability which bring success in this country. Chosen again in 1858, a member of the House, he had already become so prominent that he was placed in nomination for Speaker. On the twenty-fifth ballot he came within three votes of election, but he eventually withdrew and Pennington was chosen Speaker by a majority of one. Sherman was appointed chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, of which he had not previously been a member.

Mr. Sherman had been elected a fourth time when Abraham Lincoln was placed in nomination for the presidency. He had no more ardent and powerful supporter than Sherman. In a speech at Philadelphia, September 12, 1860, he made a number of remarkable prophecies, every one of which was fulfilled in the momentous events that speedily followed.

It was February 23, 1861, that Lincoln arrived in Washington, and Sherman met him at Willard's Hotel in the evening, for the first time. "When intro-

duced to him," says Mr. Sherman, "he took my hands in both of his, drew himself up to his full height, and looking at me steadily, said: 'You are John Sherman! Well, I am taller than you; let's measure.' Thereupon we stood back to back, and some one present announced that he was two inches taller than I. This was correct, for he was six feet three and a half inches tall when he stood erect."

Salmon P. Chase, having accepted the place of Secretary of the Treasury in Lincoln's Cabinet, his seat in the Senate was taken by Sherman, who would have preferred to remain in the House, to which he had just been elected for the fourth time and of which he was certain to be chosen Speaker. But having entered the Senate, Sherman steadily rose to his present exalted place in the regard of his countrymen. In that august body, he has towered for years, head and shoulders above his distinguished associates, most of whom are of national reputation.

It seems to be the law of this country that the greatest men in a political party fail to receive its highest rewards. The peerless Henry Clay was nominated three times for the presidency but never attained it. Daniel Webster, longing with an unspeakable longing for the high office, died a disappointed man. If any Republican of the last quarter of a century was entitled to the presidential nomination at the hands of that party, John Sherman is pre-eminently the man. More than once it was almost within his reach, but never quite grasped. It was his humiliation to be forced aside, and see the honor bestowed upon men who were in the ranks when he was a leader, and whose ability was no more to be compared to his than is a bauble to a diamond. But his place in the honor and grateful recollection of the nation is secure.

Senator Sherman was foremost in financial and all other measures for the support of the Government, throughout the agony of the civil war. He personally recruited an Ohio brigade. He was chairman of the important Finance Committee for several years, and in 1877 left the Senate to enter the Cabinet of President Hayes. It was during his administration of the Treasury Department that the resumption of specie payments took place, January 1, 1879. With a foresight and skill that could not be surpassed, Secretary Sherman had made such careful preparations for this important step that when it took place, there was not the slightest jar or friction. It was in the natural order of things, effect following cause with perfect smoothness.

Senator Sherman re-entered the Senate in 1881, and is there to-day, the same industrious, patriotic, sagacious, far-seeing statesman, whose utterances are read with profound interest in every corner of the land, the leader so eminent and able that none dreams of disputing his supremacy, equally respected by political friends and foes, still in the prime of his magnificent mental powers, and so great in the truest meaning of the word, that when his farewell words come to be spoken, his loss will be felt throughout the nation.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

THE GREAT "SPEAKER" AND DEBATER.



THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

"How do you mix your paints?" timidly asked an amateur of a distinguished artist.

"With brains, sir!" thundered the master of the brush.

And, as we stated in our sketch of Senator John Sherman, this is preëminently the truth in American affairs. Social advantages, wealth and the aid of friends are not without their effect, but if the element of ability is lacking, the highest success is unattainable. Water finds its level, and the man who is thrown into the bustling arena of the House of Representatives can never attain the place of leader, unless nature has furnished him with ability, or in other words, with brains.

No stronger proof can be given of this statement than is found in the career of Thomas Brackett Reed, who was born in Portland, Maine, October 18, 1839. He attended the common schools of the city, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1860, being among the first in his class and taking the highest honors possible—the prize for excellence in English composition. He possesses rare gifts in this respect, his writings showing a clear, vigorous, but limpid style, which have brought him a national reputation, while his speeches

are eloquent, sparkling, logical, and coruscating with humor, sarcasm, and wit. No man surpasses him in readiness of repartee. No more enjoyable treat can be imagined than that of a debate in the House, where he is beset with all sorts of questions from political opponents. His instant replies are inimitable, and the man that can unhorse him in debate has not yet made his appearance, and is not likely to do so for an indefinite time to come.

It was only the other day that a newspaper reporter, while looking for President Cleveland, stepped to the door of the House restaurant, and believing he saw that distinguished personage, requested an attendant to bring him to him at the President's convenience. When the gentleman came forward it proved to be Speaker Reed.

"I beg your pardon," said the correspondent; "I am looking for the President and mistook you for him."

"For heaven's sake don't let the President learn of this," said the Speaker, with owl-like gravity; "he is already vain enough of his personal appearance."

After his graduation, Mr. Reed taught in a Portland high school, studying law at the same time. He went to California in 1863, expecting to make his home in that State. He taught school there and began the practice of law, but at the end of the year, for family reasons, returned to Maine. In April, 1864, he was appointed acting assistant paymaster in the United States navy and assigned to duty on the gunboat *Sibyl*, which patrolled the Tennessee, Cumberland and Mississippi rivers until the close of the war. He was discharged from the service in August, 1865, and returned to Portland, where he was admitted to the bar.

His advance was rapid. He was interested from the first in politics, and his power and popularity were so marked, that, without his knowledge, he was nominated by his party in 1868, for the State House of Representatives. His election followed as a matter of course, and his reputation as a brilliant lawyer going with him, he was placed on the Judiciary Committee. Maine was quick to see that she had secured the right man and re-elected him in 1869, promoting him to the Senate in 1870, but he resigned the senatorship to assume the duties of Attorney General, to which office he had been elected. Mr. Reed is the youngest Attorney General that Maine ever had. He held the office for three years, and added to his fame, during which he displayed courage, conscientiousness and ability of a high order.

He retired from office in 1873, and was appointed City Solicitor of Portland, where his course was marked by the same devotion to duty that had distinguished him when Attorney General. His name was well-known throughout the State, and it was in the natural order of events, that, in 1876, he was nominated for Congress in the district composed of Cumberland and York

counties. There was the bitterest fight conceivable against him, but by his indomitable energy and ability, he swept everything before him. It is a remarkable fact, that during this whole stirring campaign, the sum total of his traveling expenses, hotel parlors for delegates and cost for everything, was exactly $42.00. It may be doubted whether his subsequent nominations involved as much as that insignificant sum, for every year since, without a single vote against him in any convention, he has been enthusiastically renominated by his constituents. The leading Republican paper in Maine said: "Mr. Reed can represent his district in Congress for the rest of his natural life if he wants to; there's no question about that." His popularity made Mr. Reed the candidate before all others of New England for the Presidency in 1896, beside which, as has been shown, he had myriads of supporters in all parts of the Union.

Mr. Reed took his seat in Congress, October 15, 1877, the House having been summoned in extra session to pass the army appropriations, which had failed at the closing session of the Forty-fourth Congress. It was a Democratic House and remained in session until the following June. Mr. Reed made his first speech April 12, 1878, and drew the attention of the House by his keen, convincing logic.

At the beginning of his second term, Mr. Reed's abilities were recognized by his appointment as a member of the Judiciary Committee. His strength as a debater caused a number to vote for him as Speaker in the caucus of December, 1881, and he was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House. By that time, he was the recognized leader on the Republican side. He prepared and introduced a bill for the proper distribution of the Geneva award against Great Britain for the *Alabama* claims, and his accompanying report convinced the House that the bill was right and led to its passage.

His great ability was recognized by political opponents as well as friends. Without soliciting a single vote, he was unanimously chosen in caucus, in 1887, as the Republican candidate for Speaker. The House being Democratic, however, John G. Carlisle received the honor in the Forty-eighth and Fiftieth Congresses. Reed's turn came in 1889, when the Republicans had a bare majority, and, on the second ballot placed him in the Speaker's chair, he receiving 166 votes to 154 cast for John G. Carlisle.

There are few who are not acquainted with Speaker Reed's career as presiding officer of the House of Representatives. For a time indeed he was the central figure in the eyes of the country. There were many contested election cases and the Democrats used every means to obstruct legislation. It was impossible to have every Republican in his seat at all times, to meet the constitutional requirement that there should be a majority present to do business. The Democrats refused to answer to their names at roll call, and the custom had

always been for the Speaker, under such circumstances, to declare no quorum present. On January 29, 1890, when the Democrats had sat mute while their names were being called by the clerk, Speaker Reed coolly counted sufficient numbers "present but not voting," to constitute a quorum.

It was like a thunder clap from the clear sky. Pandemonium was let loose, and the Democrats, in a white heat of rage, protested and declared the proceeding unconstitutional and revolutionary. The Speaker, however, resolutely held to his decision and the business of the session which had been blocked so long moved forward, though it cannot be said without friction. The rule was finally adopted, February 14, 1890. It was sustained by the Supreme Court, and four years later, when a Democratic House was caught in precisely the same dilemma, it adopted precisely the same rule. Mr. Reed was chosen speaker again of the Fifty-fourth Congress, in December, 1895.

Mr. Reed lives in a comfortable home at Portland, with his wife, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Merrill, formerly pastor of a Congregational Church of that city. He has one daughter, who, at this writing is not yet out of her teens. He is popular with his neighbors, for he is genial, pleasant and charitable, manly and courageous, and whenever he runs for office, is certain to receive a great many Democratic votes, for what American can help feeling proud of him? In the words of Henry Hall, he is "in many respects the greatest all-around man in the United States to-day, of stainless record and unimpeachable integrity, bold but safe, brilliant but wise, masterful but heeding counsel, and a fighter without fear."

CHARLES FREDERICK CRISP.

SOLDIER, DEBATER AND PARLIAMENTARIAN.

Charles Frederick Crisp, Democratic Speaker of the House, naturally takes his place beside Reed, the famous Republican Speaker. Though the two gentlemen may differ in some respects, it cannot be denied that they resemble each other in their stainless integrity, their genial manner and their great ability. Like General Meade, Charles F. Crisp was born on foreign soil, though his parents were Americans, temporarily absent from their native land. Consequently their sons were as much Americans as if they first saw the light on Bunker Hill. Young Crisp was born January 29, 1845, in Sheffield, England, where his parents had gone on a visit, but they returned to America before the

son was a year old. They made their home in Georgia, and in that State the son has spent most of his life, with the exception of the brief space mentioned at the beginning.

Young Crisp entered the Confederate service in May, 1861, having just turned his sixteenth year. He was a brave soldier and served with honor for more than three years, as an officer in the Tenth Virginia Infantry. On May 12, 1864, the fortunes of war made Lieutenant Crisp a prisoner, and his residence was in Fort Delaware until June 1865, when he was set free.



CHARLES FREDERICK CRISP.

Returning to Americus, Crisp took up the study of law and soon acquired a lucrative practice. In 1872, he was appointed solicitor-general of the southwestern judicial circuit and was re-appointed in 1873, for a term of four years. The Congressional Directory thus modestly sums up the public career of Mr. Crisp:—

"He located in Americus in 1873; in June, 1877, was appointed judge of the superior court of the same circuit; in 1878 was elected by the general assembly to the same office; in 1880 was re-elected judge for a term of four years; resigned that office in September, 1882, to accept the Democratic nomination for Congress; was permanent president of the Democratic convention which assembled in Atlanta in April, 1883, to nominate a candidate for governor; was elected to the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, and Fifty-third Congresses, and re-elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 8,503 votes, against 2,568 votes for George B. White, Populist; was elected Speaker of the House in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses."

It will thus be noted that Mr. Crisp entered Congress at the age of thirty-

eight. He speedily took high rank in that body, and often, during his second term was called to occupy the chair in committee of the whole. He is one of the ablest parliamentary authorities, self-possessed debaters and best informed men in the House. He was a leading participant in the turbulent scenes of the Fifty-first Congress, when the only member as cool as he was Speaker Reed. His party never did a more appropriate thing than when, at the first opportunity, they placed him in the chair as Speaker, and it may be truthfully said that few if any occupants have displayed more ability and judicial fairness than he.

Great as have been the public honors placed upon Mr. Crisp, the most pleasing picture of him is in his own home. He is liked by every one in Americus. When the news reached that town that he had been chosen Speaker, a telegram was sent to him with the announcement that his friends had locked up the chief of police and all his officers for twenty-four hours and had taken possession of the place, that they might have a chance to give proper expression to their feelings.

Mr. Crisp has been blessed with one of the best of wives, and they have had seven children, of whom only four are living. The eldest daughter is married, and the oldest boy is clerk to his father. Unhappily the mother, shortly after her marriage, was afflicted with rheumatic gout, from which she has never recovered. Her affliction seems to have drawn her children and husband closer to her, and the love borne by all for one another makes the home an ideal one.

The house in the evening is the resort of the young people of Americus. They come together to dance and sing and enjoy themselves. Although Speaker Crisp is neither a singer nor dancer, none finds keener enjoyment in the fun than he. He is very fond of young people, and it follows inevitably that they are equally fond of him. He is thoroughly happy, and holding as he does the esteem and respect of all his neighbors and acquaintances, and with the prospect of higher political honors awaiting him, ex-Speaker Crisp has no excuse for envying the fortunes of any man.

JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE.

TARIFF REFORMER, FINANCIER AND PARLIAMENTARIAN.



JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE.

John Griffin Carlisle was born September 5, 1834, in Campbell (now Kenton) County, Kentucky. His father, Lilbon H. Carlisle, was a farmer in a small way, who inherited a portion of the Carlisle farm, situated a few miles from Covington. The family originally came from Virginia.

John Griffin was a studious boy but considered indolent. He did not take kindly to manual labor, but was fond of books. He attended the public schools and received few educational advantages. That he improved his time is proved by the fact that while he was in his teens, he was a successful teacher, but he had made up his mind to become a lawyer, and in 1855, he entered as a law student the office of John W. Stevenson, at Covington. The father of Stevenson was Speaker of the House of Representatives and the son afterwards became Governor of Kentucky and United States Senator.

In 1858, at the age of twenty-three, Carlisle was admitted to the bar. He quickly demonstrated that he was the possessor of a powerful and logical mind, and his success was assured from the first. In the following year, he was elected to the Lower House of the Kentucky Legislature. During the civil war, Mr.

Carlisle was a Union man, though as he states, not an aggressive one. He practiced his profession while the fighting was going on.

In 1866, he was elected State Senator and resigned in 1871, during a second term, to become Lieutenant Governor. Five years later, he was elected to the National House of Representatives, and was Speaker from 1883 to 1889. He remained in the House until 1890, when he was chosen United States Senator, to succeed Senator Beck, who had died. This office he resigned at the solicitation of President Cleveland, whose Cabinet he entered in March, 1893, as Secretary of the Treasury.

Such in brief is the public career of this distinguished son of Kentucky, a gentleman who to-day is one of the most remarkable men and influential politicians in the Union. The appropriateness of his selection by President Cleveland was recognized in every quarter, for from Mr. Carlisle's first appearance in Congress in 1879, he was accepted as authority on finance, and was the most successful leader that the Democrats have had since the war. The legislation of the three Houses over which he presided was unusually creditable. In the Fifty-first Congress, he succeeded in so weakening protectionist opposition that the Mills bill was passed, though his party had been unable to unite on the Morrison bill.

It was Mr. Carlisle's report which in 1879 resulted in the revision of the excise laws and an equitable system of taxation. In 1881, he introduced an amendment which limited the power of the national banks to surrender circulation and protected the Treasury and the business of the country from the assaults which have been made by banks whenever there was a threatened reduction in the interest on the public bonds held by them.

Mr. Carlisle is six feet in height, with smooth-shaven face, bright blue eyes, and his appearance suggests that of a prelate of the Roman Catholic church. He is the pink of courtesy, and has been seen to give up his seat in a street car to a colored woman with as much grace as the late General Jo Johnston showed upon similar occasions. His voice is pleasant, and he is an attentive listener, with a heart so kind that his break down when Speaker was caused by his constant efforts to help the members who came to consult him regarding their bills. If he is lacking in one thing, it seems to be the power to refuse a favor, through his dread of hurting the applicant's feelings or doing him an injustice. All such persons reap the penalty of their open heartedness, and Secretary Carlisle is to-day a poor man, far different from many who have held public office.

The story is told of him that when a blubbering Kentuckian, as he called himself, begged for enough money to take himself and family home, after they had been robbed, the Secretary handed him fifty dollars. A half hour later, the same man and half a dozen drunken companions rode past the Secretary's house, whooping and enjoying themselves to their fullest bent.

Some of the Secretary's habits are not to be commended. He takes no exercise whatever. If his carriage does not call for him, he boards the street-car for his home. It has been said that the only possible exercise he gets is when the street car is so full that he has to hang fast to a strap.

But the most remarkable characteristic of Secretary Carlisle remains to be mentioned. It is his wonderful mental grasp of complicated questions, a power which seems to be in the nature of intuition. He will run through a mass of papers and extract the kernel, when other lawyers have only begun their investigation. He will sit toying with a pack of cards and play solitaire, without making an error in the game and dictate the most important letters. After fifty such letters have been written he will listen to their re-reading, and, if a single word has been inadvertently changed, he will detect it as quick as a flash. His skill in this respect is almost incredible. Major McKinley once remarked of him that he never had a clouded thought, and the facetious Senator Joe Blackburn said:

"Carlisle is not entitled to half as much credit as I am. What I know I have had to study, dig, grub and toil for. Carlisle knows four times as much as I do. He has all the wisdom of the ancients and the moderns packed away in his head, and whenever he opens his mouth great things and good things naturally roll out of it. He isn't entitled to any credit for them. He can't help it. He was born that way."

Secretary Carlisle has long been the confidential adviser and intimate friend of President Cleveland. He has a charming home and is devoted to it. He was married January 15, 1857, to Miss Mary Jane Goodson, belonging to a prominent family of Kentucky. His son Lilbon Logan is his private secretary and is unmarried. His other son, William K., is married and has two or three small children with him at his home in the West. Both sons are bright and success-ful lawyers. Mrs. Carlisle is her husband's helpmate, looking after his health, not always a slight matter, and giving her aid and counsel in many important matters, while the husband, with all his wisdom and ability, fully appreciates the inestimable service which such a wife is often able to render even in questions of public affairs and of state matters.

LEVI PARSONS MORTON.

BANKER AND STATESMAN.



LEVI PARSONS MORTON.

Levi Parsons Morton, although to-day worth many million dollars, was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Like many of the very wealthy men of our country, he was the son of poor parents, and hewed his way to success by his own industry, ability and resolution not to stop short until that success was attained. His mother was the daughter of a clergyman, and his father was a clergyman, Daniel O. Morton, of Shoreham, Vermont, where Levi Parsons was born in 1824, being the fifth of six children. By great economy the preacher was able to send his two oldest sons to school, but young Levi gathered his first book instruction at the knees of his father and mother. Afterward he attended the common school for awhile, but at an age when many other lads are preparing for the academy or college, he started out to earn his own livelihood.

About the only avenue open for youths of that class is the country store, which, however, has been the stepping-stone to success for more than one great man. Levi had barely reached his teens, when he was employed in selling sugar, tea, and all the odd knacks that may be found in a village store. But he

was made of the right stuff, and at the end of a year he was promoted to a better paying situation in Enfield, Massachusetts, from which he drifted to Concord, finally landing at Hanover. In the last named place is a well known university. Unable to attend the institution himself, young Morton found the air of learning congenial, and he was delighted in his intercourse with the students, the professors, their wives and families. Not neglecting his business, he improved himself mentally to the utmost, and looks back upon that episode in his life as among his most pleasing remembrances. While a resident of Hanover, he cast his first vote for General Zachary Taylor, afterward President of the United States.

In 1849, when twenty-five years old, Morton removed to Boston and made a profitable arrangement with the leading dry goods house of James Beebe & Co. At that time there was another young man connected with the house of Beebe & Co., Junius S. Morgan, who afterward became the head of the great banking firm in London.

Morton and Morgan became close friends, and in 1852, Morton was taken in as a member of the firm of Beebe & Co. Here he confirmed his reputation as a man of unusually keen business instincts, and added much to the success of the firm. There seemed, however, to be only one right place for the budding merchant and millionaire, and that was the metropolis of the country. Accordingly, in 1854, he left New England and associated himself with Mr. Grinnell, a New York merchant. The sign of Morton & Grinnell, commission merchants, was hung out on lower Broadway, then the centre of the dry goods trade of the city.

In 1856, when thirty-two years old, he was married to Miss Lucy Kimball, who belonged to an old Long Island family. Ere long a commercial panic swept over the country, and all his hard earned savings were engulfed, but he never lost heart and kept his head so well above water, that in 1863 he was able to establish the banking firm of L. P. Morton & Co. It was the business to which he had long aspired, for which he was eminently fitted and in which he attained extraordinary success. His old friend, Junius S. Morgan, became a partner, and in 1869, Mr. George Bliss, who had always been very successful in the dry goods business, joined the firm with a large amount of capital, the style becoming Morton, Bliss & Co. Mr. Morgan soon retired, and, going to London, formed other connections. Sir John Rose, who had been Minister of Finance in Canada, shortly after took charge of the New York firm's business in London, which was rapidly growing, and Morton, Rose & Co. soon became a power in that city.

From 1873 to 1884, Morton, Bliss & Co. were the fiscal agents of the United States government, and were active in the syndicate that negotiated United States bonds for the refunding of the National debt and the restoration

of specie payments. A memorable transaction of the firm was the payment by check of $15,500,000 on account of the Geneva award for the *Alabama* claims, and another of $5,500,000 on account of the fishery award.

Mr. Morton was prominent in society, and, in 1870, he bought "Fairlawn," a magnificent estate on Bellevue Avenue, Newport, where he gave many notable entertainments. In the following summer, however, he was afflicted by the death of his wife there. The blow was a severe one, and only after the persistent urgency of his friends he roused himself and entered more vigorously than ever into business. In 1873, he was married to Miss Annie Street, daughter of William I. Street, belonging to one of the oldest families in New York. The country place of the Streets was at Poughkeepsie, and, in deference to the wishes of Mrs. Morton, her husband purchased "Ellerslie," a few miles above, which is one of the most palatial residences in this country.

Mr. Morton is the type of the successful American merchants and bankers, whose peculiar training and mental equipment sometimes lead them to turn their attention to politics. Mr. Morton listened to the persuasion of friends, and, in 1878, accepted the Republican nomination for Congress from the Eleventh district in New York city. It was a Democratic stronghold, but Mr. Morton was successful and was re-elected at the conclusion of his first term. His strength was already so apparent that he was offered the nomination for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with Garfield. He declined and the honor went to Chester Alan Arthur, who, as is known, succeeded to the Presidency upon the assassination of the President. Garfield offered Mr. Morton the choice between Secretary of the Navy and the mission to France. The latter suited Mr. and Mrs. Morton and was accepted. The family removed to Paris in 1881, and remained until 1885, when Mr. Morton resigned to make way for Robert McLane. He made a most admirable record while in France, and this country was never more capably represented in Paris than by him and his family.

In 1889, Mr. Morton became Vice President of the United States with Benjamin Harrison as his chief. He won the same golden opinions while presiding officer of the United States Senate, and political opponents regretted scarcely less than political friends, his retirement at the end of four years.

Mr. Morton had become too "available" a candidate for his party to allow him to withdraw from politics, and, though he had reached the age of threescore and ten, when he felt himself entitled to rest, he accepted the nomination for governor against Senator David B. Hill and defeated him by a majority of 156,108, at the same election in which Cleveland carried the State against Harrison. Governor Morton's term expires on the last day of 1896. At the beginning of the year, the Republican leaders of the State agreed to unite their efforts in pressing him for the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

His worth and ability were proven long ago. He holds that the office is

one too dignified for any person to seek or to decline. When the wife of President Harrison died, Mrs. Morton became the leader of society in Washington, and there was never a more brilliant and popular leader than she. It was her innate graciousness, her infinite tact, and her kindness of heart, more than her beauty and brilliant accomplishments which won her the admiration and respect of all, as the foremost lady of the land. The parents have been blessed with five bright and beautiful daughters, carefully trained and educated, fit companions all, for their noble mother and worthy father.

WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

CONGRESSMAN AND FINANCIER.

William B. Allison, recently re-elected United States Senator from Iowa, is a native of Ohio, the commonwealth which of late years has furnished so many statesmen to the Union. Some time ago, in a chat with the late General Sherman, he remarked to the writer: "There's something singular about Ohio; she has always a number of leading men at the front. Here at West Point, she has the largest number of members in the graduating class, and it has been so for years. The infusion of New England blood into that State seems to have produced the best sort of stock. General Grant was a native of the State, and," added the grim soldier with a smile, "if I wer'n't such a modest man, I might add that I also was born there."

Mr. Allison was born in 1829, and was graduated from the Western Reserve College. His first entrance into public politics, as he states, was in 1860, when he was appointed one of the tally secretaries at the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. He was then practicing law in the little town of Ashland, near the centre of the State, some fifteen miles from where that other famous son of Ohio, John Sherman, was engaged in the same profession. Allison had removed to Iowa in 1857, where he found himself among many people from Ohio. It was as a delegate from Iowa that he attended the memorable convention which placed one of the greatest Americans that ever lived in nomination for the Presidency.

"I sat right in front of George Ashmun, of Massachusetts," said Senator Allison. "He was president of the convention, and I believe that I gave him the first news of Lincoln's nomination. I kept footing up the figures as they came

in, and some time before the members of the convention were aware of the fact, I saw that Lincoln would be successful, and I turned about and told Mr. Ashmun of the fact. A few minutes later the convention realized it, and then ensued one of the most wonderful scenes in our history. The convention was held in the old wigwam in Chicago, and there were about ten thousand people present. When the vote was announced a scream went up from thousands of throats and fully one thousand hats were thrown into the air. It rained hats for several minutes after the announcement, and I can still see the hats rising and falling. The people lost control of themselves, and I have often wondered what became of those hats, for there was not much possibility of recovering your hat in a mob like that."



WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

Although Mr. Allison was deeply interested in politics from the first, and always inclined to the principles of the Republican party, he felt no special ambition to become a politician. Nevertheless, his neighbors appreciated his ability, and he was nominated for Congress in 1862. Samuel J. Kirkwood was then governor of Iowa and Allison was on his staff. Being directed to raise troops for the armies in the field, he organized three regiments in North Iowa in 1861, but was attacked by a serious illness which laid him up for a year. As soon as he recovered, he set to work again and raised three more regiments. He was then nominated for Congress by the conservative element of the Republican party. His opponent was a Democratic editor of so pronounced secession proclivities that he was in jail by orders of the aggressive Secretary Stanton. Thus the issue was a straight one between the friends and enemies of the Union.

Had all of Iowa's citizens been at home, Mr. Allison would not have felt

the slightest misgiving as to the result, but the majority of the Iowa soldiers in the field were Republicans. In this dilemma, Allison persuaded Governor Kirkwood to call an extra session of the Legislature, which passed a law allowing the soldiers at the front to vote. Three commissioners were sent thither, the result being that Allison was triumphantly elected. The same system of soldier voting was afterward adopted by other States in the North. Mr. Allison remained in Congress until 1871, and two years later was elected to the Senate, where he has remained ever since, being re-elected, as already stated, in 1896.

From his first entrance into politics, Senator Allison has been profoundly interested in financial matters, and there is no higher authority on that question than he. He was early appointed a member of the Appropriation Committee. His seat was near that of Congressman Garfield and he became the intimate and trusted friend of him and of Blaine. Despite his friendship for Mr. Blaine, he was also the valued associate of the most bitter opponents of the Maine statesman. This was a tribute indeed to the worth and ability of Allison.

President Garfield was so impressed by Allison's attainments and complete mastery of financial questions, that, in the face of the strongest pressure from other quarters, he urged him to accept the portfolio of the Treasury. Allison would have done so, for the post would have been a congenial one to him, had it not been for the delicate state of his wife's health. She was a brilliant and accomplished woman, but was an invalid whose existence depended upon her living a quiet, restful life. Because of this, the affectionate husband declined the offer. The nervous malady of his wife became intensified, and some time later, when she had become a victim to melancholia, sad to say, she took her own life.

Mr. Allison enjoys splendid health, and is in the prime of his mental powers. His eye is bright, his complexion ruddy, and the iron-gray hair abundant. He is a handsome man, genial and fond of a good story, and he can tell one and join in the ringing laughter which greets a witticism. He is fond of books, art and travel, and is almost as familiar with the politics of Europe as with those of his own country. He is dignified and kindly without a trace of egotism or vanity. Senator Gear of Iowa, said of him: "There is nothing of a coward about Allison. He is cautious, but not cowardly. He has a stiff back-bone in him, and when the occasion demands, he always shows that he has convictions and the courage to support them. He has been in public life for a generation, and although he is sixty-seven years old, he looks and really is ten years younger, and in the prime of physical condition."

DAVID BENNETT HILL.

GOVERNOR, SENATOR AND POLITICAL LEADER.



DAVID BENNETT HILL.

"I AM a Democrat," was the superfluous declaration of United States Senator David Bennett Hill, some time since, for, among all the leading Democrats of the country, there is no more pronounced party man than he. It was Samuel J. Tilden, the Sage of Greystone, who ten years before said to him: "You have never failed me; you have always been loyal and honorable; you can be trusted; you are honest; you have brains; such men are rare. The American people appreciate power and manliness and ability, and you possess all three. I am proud of you. Whatever you do in public life, never forget that you are a Democrat." And Mr. Hill has never forgotten it.

Caleb Hill was a Connecticut farmer, who removed to the State of New York early in the present century, and David Bennett, the youngest of five children, was born in 1843, in the town of Havana, Schuyler county. His mother was a woman of rare intelligence and force of character, and her example and training had much to do with the success of her son in after life.

David was a weak, sickly boy and his parents did not believe he would live to reach maturity. It is said that nearly every crone who met him had a habit

of chucking him under the chin and solemnly remarking: "Poor boy, he will not be with us long, but I suppose he will be better off among the angels." "I don't want to be an angel," angrily protested the lad, who up to the present, has had his wish gratified.

His weak health made young Hill a studious boy and he developed a marked talent for composition. He was the pupil always selected to read a composition or deliver a speech at school celebrations, and, when he was still quite young, many of the shrewd neighbors prophesied a brilliant future for the youth. At the age of seventeen years, he attended a political meeting at Watkins' Glen. He had just been graduated from the High School, and like the others had gone to the Glen to listen to the address of a famous political orator.

The orator did not appear, much to the disappointment of the multitude. When they were about to separate, the committee observed young Hill in the crowd, and aware of his skill as a speaker, urged him to go upon the platform. He consented and delivered a speech, full of good sense and displaying such a familiarity with politics that the audience was surprised and delighted. "He's made of the right stuff," remarked one of the old men, "he'll be heard from again."

Fortunately by this time Hill had acquired sound health, and the old women and pessimists agreed that the time for his becoming an angel would have to be postponed indefinitely.

His father died while he was a lad and his mother eked out a living as best she could from the heavily mortgaged farm. David contributed all the help he could, selling papers and candies on the New York Central Railway, before he had entered his teens. Having passed through the High School, he now entered a law office in Elmira and began the study of law. He was a hard student, and did two years' work in one, being admitted to the bar, when he had barely reached the age of twenty-one. Two months later he was appointed city attorney, and was thus fairly launched upon the sea of politics, where he has made a brilliant reputation. His sound judgment, his great ability and his aggressive nature caused him to forge to the front quickly, and he was selected as a delegate to the Democratic State convention in 1868. Two years later, he was elected to the legislature and attracted the attention of Samuel J. Tilden.

At the expiration of his term, Hill returned to Elmira, where he became alderman. His record was so satisfactory, that he was nominated for mayor and defeated one of the most popular of Republicans. His course brought him before the State convention in 1882, and he was elected lieutenant-governor on the ticket which placed Grover Cleveland in the gubernatorial chair. In 1885, he was chosen governor by a large majority, being re-elected, and holding the office until 1891. In the latter year he was chosen United States Senator, for the

term expiring in 1897. In the face of his earnest protest he was forced to take the nomination for governor in 1894, against Levi P. Morton. It was the Republican "landslide" year, when there was no earthly hope of success for the Democrats, but Hill went into the canvass and fought to the end with his accustomed energy and skill. He had the determined support of a minority in the convention which placed Grover Cleveland in nomination for the presidency in 1892, and has often been named since in connection with that high office.

Senator Hill has reached success by study, hard work, integrity, and the momentum of natural ability. He is not a brilliant speaker, and rarely are his addresses lit up by flashes of humor; but they are solid, full of fact, and logical. He is extremely popular with his own party, which would be proud to honor him with any office within its gift. He is respected for his talents, and commands the attention of the Senate when he rises to speak. It is to his credit that he does not use tobacco in any form, and he never tasted liquor but once, which was simply to learn what sort of flavor the poison has. He is averse to female society, finding his greatest pleasure in his books and the company of his own sex. Now and then, there are mysterious reports of his engagement to some lady, but if ever he does take to himself a wife, it will be the most unexpected act of his life.

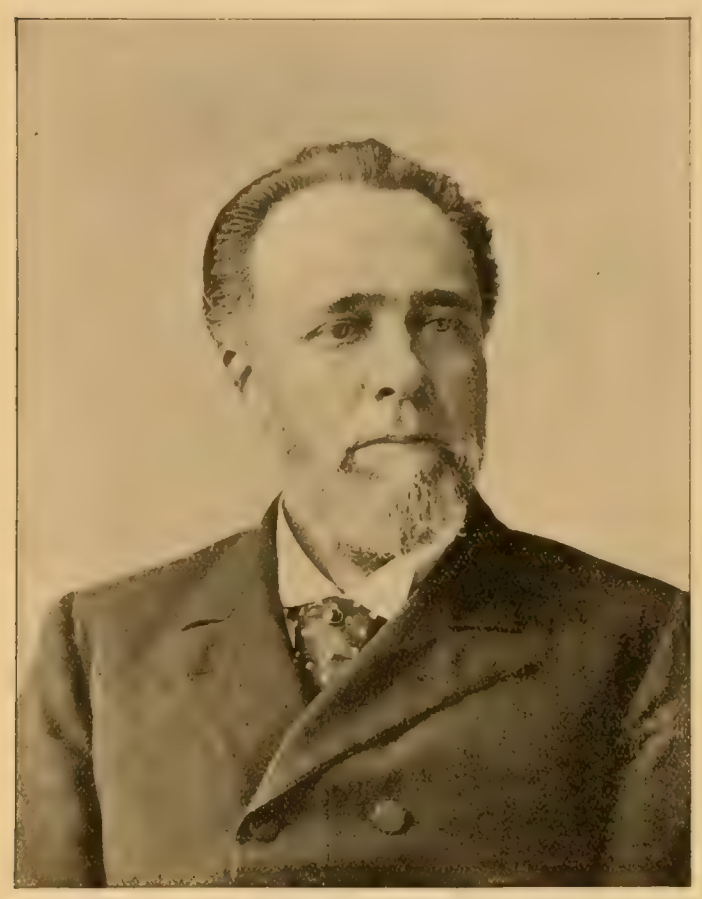
HENRY MOORE TELLER.

BUSINESS ORGANIZER AND CHAMPION OF SILVER COINAGE.

Henry Moore Teller is of Dutch descent and was born at Granger, Allegheny county, N. Y., May 23, 1830. He received a good academic education, and while in attendance at the academy, taught school at intervals in order to help pay the expenses of his education.

Having completed his course at the academy, he took up the study of law under the instruction of Judge Martin Grover, and was admitted to the bar, January 5, 1858, at Binghamton in his native State. Like many other young men, Mr. Teller formed the idea that the West offered a wider field for success, although his first move was not very far in that direction. He located at Morrison, Whitesides county, Illinois, and began the practice of his profession. He had been a hard student and was well grounded in his profession. He met with excellent success, but became convinced that he had not gone as far west as was best for him. Accordingly, in April, 1861, he emigrated to Colorado, which is still his home.

In that Territory, he found a congenial field for his ability and energy, not only in law but in business enterprises. The legal firm which he formed was H. M. & W. Teller. Fully alive to the vast possibilities of the new country, Mr. Teller became interested in its development. He originated and pushed to a successful issue the Colorado Central Railroad. He drew the charter and presented it to the Territorial legislature in 1865, and for five years he was president of the company. He infused his own energy and spirit in the management of the line, and gave new proof of his exceptional ability as an organizer and thorough railway manager. The finances could not have been conducted with better judgment and he quickly made the railroad the leading one in the Territory.



HENRY MOORE TELLER.

During the Indian troubles of 1863, Mr. Teller was appointed brigadier-general of the militia, serving with much acceptability for two years, when he resigned.

Although originally a Democrat, Mr. Teller joined the Republican party in 1855, when it was in its infancy. He became a power in politics, commanding the respect and confidence of all classes. He never sought office and did not seem to care for political honors, but in 1876, upon the admission of Colorado as a State, he was placed in nomination as one of the first United States Senators, and without any effort on his part, was elected. In drawing for the long and short terms, he secured the short one and took his seat, December 4, 1876. He was re-elected the same month, and served until April, 1882, when he was appointed Secretary of the Interior by President Arthur, serving until March 3, 1885, when he was again elected to the United States Senate to succeed Nathaniel P. Hill, Republican. Senator Teller took his seat, March 4, 1885, to be elected once more in 1890. His term expires March 3, 1897.

Senator Teller has long been a prominent Free Mason and Knight Templar. He was Grand Master of Colorado for seven years, and was also Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of the same State. His career shows his popularity with the people. His integrity has never been questioned. He is genial, with an attractive manner, laborious in his profession, and with a charitable nature. More persons than would be suspected have received valuable aid at his hands, and the toiler, no matter how humble, knows that he has one of the best and truest friends in him. As a representative of the sentiments of Colorado, Senator Teller, it need hardly be said is a pronounced "silver man," as he has proved times without number in the warm debates and struggles which have taken place during the last few years in Washington. His ability, forceful logic, and commanding courage have given him a national reputation and a popularity which places him at the head of the champions of his financial ideas, and with scarcely a rival in the great West.

WILLIAM LYNE WILSON.

SCHOLAR AND TARIFF REFORMER.

William Lyne Wilson was born in Jefferson county, West Virginia, then a part of Virginia, May 3, 1843. His father Benjamin Wilson died when the son and only child was only four years old, and he was thus left to the care of his widowed mother. She trained him carefully, and having entered Columbian College, in Washington, D. C., he was graduated in 1860, and the same year became a student at the University of Virginia.

Those were stirring times, for the country was about to plunge into civil war. Young Wilson had been in the University less than a year, when, with the majority of students, he withdrew to enter the Confederate service, in which he remained until the final surrender at Appomattox. He then returned to Columbian College, in which he was appointed Professor of Ancient Languages. While meeting the duties of this honorable place, he studied law and was graduated from the law school of that institution in 1867. At that time the "test oaths" prevented any person who had served in the Confederate service from practicing in the courts of West Virginia, but the law was repealed in 1871 and Professor Wilson began the duties of his profession in Charlestown. He was chosen as one of the West Virginia delegates to the National Democratic Con-

vention in 1880, and as a State Elector at Large on the presidential Democratic ticket of that year.

In 1882 he became president of the West Virginia State University, and two weeks later was nominated by the Democratic Convention of the Second District for Representative in Congress, and elected in the following November. He acted as president of the University from March 4, 1883, without salary, until he took his seat as a member of the Forty-eighth Congress, in December of that year. He served for six terms, but was swept under by the wave of Republican successes in November, 1894. Postmaster General Bissell having resigned early in 1895, President Cleveland nominated Professor Wilson as his successor, and he was promptly confirmed by the Senate. His appointment gave general satisfaction to all parties, for it was only a recognition of his extraordinary services in the cause of tariff reform.



WILLIAM LYNE WILSON.

In 1893, Professor Wilson was chairman of the Ways and Means committee, and the tariff bill which he presented in that year and fought through the House, drew the attention of the entire country to him. No man ever wrought harder than he, toiling all day and far into the night, and none could have made a more vigorous, determined and successful contest upon the floor of the House. When triumph came at last, he was carried on the shoulders of his shouting adherents, the scene being one which no witness can ever forget. His exhausting labors proved serious, for his health broke down and it was a long time before he regained in any degree his usual strength. The "Wilson Bill," whose merits it is not our province to discuss, has taken its place in history and the author is acknowledged to be one of the brainiest and ablest members of his party.

Professor Wilson is a small man, slender of frame, and barely five feet in height. His pale face is that of a student, and his fine hair is rapidly becoming white. Although wholly absorbed in his public duties while in Washington, when he is at his home in Charlestown, West Virginia, he is a merry, rollicking boy among his own four sons, provided they are at home with him. He is the happy father also of two daughters and the family is an ideal one. Both he and his accomplished wife are Baptists, and when the news of his nomination to Congress reached him, they were at a prayer meeting. It was a case of the office seeking the man, and Professor Wilson has never in any sense of the word been a wire-puller.

A little fact may be mentioned here: the small pale disk which Professor Wilson sometimes wears as a scarf pin, was struck two thousand two hundred years ago, by command of the founder of the Macedonian empire. It shows the profile of Philip, and is one of the rarest coins in existence, carrying us back to the luminous noontide of Greek civilization, which still glows for the student beyond the mists and shadows of encroaching centuries.

WILLIAM McKINLEY, JR.

TARIFF REFORMER AND GOVERNOR.

William McKinley, Jr., was born in Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, January 29, 1843. His father was a German by birth and lived to his 85th year, his mother, of Scotch descent, being still alive at this writing. William was the third son. The eldest, David, is a resident of San Francisco, where, until 1894, he was the Hawaiian Consul General to the United States. The second son, James, died a few years ago, and Abner, younger than William, is engaged in business in the city of New York.

When five years old, William attended the village school at Niles, continuing his studies at a more advanced school at Poland, whither his parents removed in order to obtain better educational advantages for their children. When not quite sixteen, William was sent to the Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., but fell ill and had to return home. When he recovered, he began teaching school, receiving $25 a month and "boarding around." He was thus engaged, when the country was thrilled by the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Instantly the pale-faced, gray-eyed student, flung aside his books and enlisted as

a private in the war for the Union. It was patriotism of the loftiest nature which inspired the young teacher. He was mustered in at Columbus in June, by General John C. Fremont, who thumped the young man's chest, looked in his clear eye, and surveying him from head to foot said: "You'll do!"

Young McKinley was attached to the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and remained with it to the close of the war. During that period, he served on the staff of Brigadier General Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, on the staff of the famous Indian fighter, General Crook, and subsequently on that of Brigadier General Hazen. He was in all the engagements in which his regiment took part, and was made a second lieutenant directly after the battle of Antietam, upon the urgent recommendation of General Hayes. He became first lieutenant, February 7, 1863, captain, July 25, 1864, and was breveted major by President Lincoln for gallant conduct on the fields of Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, being mustered out with his regiment, in July, 1865.



WILLIAM McKINLEY, JR.

Thus at the age of twenty-two, Major McKinley was a fire-tried veteran of the war for the Union, with a record to which he can always refer with patriotic pride.

But the war was over, the Union restored, and the modest young man, without pausing to boast of his deeds, entered upon the study of law. He was graduated from the Albany (N. Y.) Law School, and settling in the little town of Canton, Ohio, waited for his clients to come to him. They straggled thither, and fortunate were all who secured the services of the brilliant, conscientious, and learned lawyer. His ability attracted the attention of Judge Belden, who invited him to a partnership with him, and the connection lasted until the death

of the Judge in 1870. His townsmen showed their appreciation of the young man by electing him, in 1869, prosecuting attorney of Stark county, an office which he held for a number of yours. He had already established his reputation as a powerful jury lawyer and one of the best speakers in the State.

At the age of thirty-three, the people of his district elected him their representative in Congress, his re-election following until 1890, when, through the gerrymandering of his district, he was defeated by a small majority. From January, 1892 to January, 1894, and again until January, 1896, he was Governor of Ohio, his election being among the most notable triumphs of his career.

While in Congress, McKinley was a member of the Committee on Revision of Laws, the Judiciary Committee, the Committee on Expenditures in the Post Office Department, and the Committee on Rules. Upon the nomination of General Garfield for the Presidency, McKinley took his place on the Committee on Ways and Means, serving with the committee for the rest of his time in Congress. It was while he was chairman that he framed the "McKinley Bill," which still bears his name. This tariff act became law, October 1, 1890, and provided for a high rate of duty on an immense number of articles imported from foreign countries, but made sugar free. Its purpose was to reduce the national revenue and to increase protection.

The work involved in the preparation of this bill is almost inconceivable. It contained thousands of items and covered every interest in the country. For four weeks, while the House was in session, he was almost constantly upon his feet, answering numberless questions, meeting objections and giving information. With the exception of two minor amendments, it passed exactly as it came from the hands of the committee.

A correspondent of the New York *Press* thus describes the man: "Quiet, dignified, modest, considerate of others, ever mindful of the long service of the veterans of his party, true as steel to his friends, unhesitating at the call of duty, no matter what the personal sacrifice; unwavering in his integrity, full of tact in overcoming opposition, yet unyielding on vital party principles, with a heart full of sympathy for those who toil, a disposition unspoiled by success and a private life as spotless as self sacrificing, he stands before the American people to-day as one of the finest types of courageous, persevering, vigorous, and developing manhood that the Republic has ever produced."

A peculiar proof of Major McKinley's exalted sense of honor was given at the dead-lock in the presidential convention of 1888. A movement on the fourth ballot suddenly set in in his favor, which could have been readily turned into a stampede. But he was there as the pledged friend of Senator John Sherman, and nothing could swerve him from his allegiance. He checked the movement at its beginning, and those who would have tempted him turned back at sight of that earnest countenance and at the ringing tones of that

eloquent voice. Almost precisely the same thing was repeated four years later at Minneapolis, when the nomination would have assuredly gone to him, had he not peremptorily checked it, and ordered the delegates from his own State to vote as they had been instructed. The history of recent years shows that not many placed in the situation of Major McKinley were able to come out of it unscathed and without the smell of fire upon their garments.

A man like Major McKinley could not fail to make an ideal husband, when blessed as he is with an ideal wife. Both of their children died in infancy, and the wife is an invalid, but though their silver wedding was celebrated in January, 1896, no lovers were ever more chivalrously devoted to each other than are they, now that they have reached the meridian of life. Mrs. McKinley is as staunch a protectionist as her husband, and is firmly persuaded that no man quite so good and great has ever been born. When he is expected at home, she is at the window watching for him. His last act is to kiss her on the threshold, followed by a turn and salute when about to pass out of sight. No sweeter picture can be imagined than this couple, whose whole life is the most emphatic contradiction of the sneer that "Marriage is a failure." The two are members of the Methodist church, and, should they ever be called to the highest station in the gift of the American people, it is certain that none will wear the honors more worthily than they.

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW.

THE APOSTLE OF SUNSHINE AND CHEERFULNESS.

Chauncey Mitchell Depew was born at Peekskill, N. Y., April 23, 1834. His remote ancestors were French Huguenots, who founded New Rochelle, in West-chester county. His father, Isaac Depew, was a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of Peekskill, and his mother, Martha Mitchell, was a representative of the distinguished New England family, one of whose members, Roger Sherman, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Chauncey spent his boyhood in Peekskill, where he prepared for college. He was a bright student, and at the age of eighteen entered Yale College, from which he was graduated in 1856, with one of the first honors of his class. In June, 1887, Yale conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. It will be noted that Mr. Depew reached his majority at about the time of the formation of the Republican party. Although of Democratic antecedents, he had been a close

student of politics and his sympathies were with the aims of the new political organization, to which he speedily gave his allegiance.

Mr. Depew studied law in his native village, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. In the same year, he was elected as a delegate to the Republican State convention, this being an acknowledgment of the interest he had taken in the party, and the skill and energy he had shown in advocating its policy. He began the practice of law in 1859, and was highly successful from the first. Few men of the present day are so gifted with eloquence, wit, and the power of giving an instant and happy turn to the most unexpected interruptions or occurrences. In his early manhood, his striking power as a stump speaker, his readiness at repartee, and his never failing good humor, made him a giant in politics, to which he was literally forced to give attention. But with all these extraordinary gifts, he could launch the thunderbolts of invective against wrong and stir the profoundest depths of emotion by his appeals. He loved liberty and hated oppression, and has always believed that the United States of America is the happiest and greatest country upon which the sun ever shone. His patriotic speeches are models of eloquence and power.



CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW.

In 1860, he took the stump for Abraham Lincoln and added greatly to his reputation as a ready, forceful and brilliant pleader for that which he believed to be right. No speaker was so welcome as he to his audience, whether composed of scholars, of business men, or of the uneducated masses. He was sure to say something entertaining, something instructive and something worth remembering. He was never dull; he was logical and luminous, and no matter how lengthy his addresses, he was sure to be greeted with cries of "Go on! go on!"

at their conclusion. It cannot be denied that he contributed much to the success of that memorable election.

In 1861, Mr. Depew was nominated for the Assembly in the Third Westchester County District, and although the constituency was largely Democratic, he was elected by a handsome majority. He fully met all the high expectations formed, and was re-elected in 1862. By his geniality, wit, integrity and courtesy he became as popular among his political opponents as among his friends. He was made his party's candidate for Secretary of State, directly after the Democrats had won a notable triumph by the election of Horatio Seymour as governor; but by his dash and brilliancy and his prodigious endurance (he spoke twice a day for six weeks), he secured a majority of 30,000. So admirably did he perform the duties of the office that he was offered a renomination, but declined.

During the administration of President Johnson, Secretary of State Seward appointed Mr. Depew Minister to Japan, but after consideration, the offer was declined. He seemed to have decided to withdraw from politics and to devote his time and energies to his profession. That shrewd railway man and financier, Commodore Vanderbilt, had watched the career of Depew, and had formed a strong admiration for him, while the eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt, became his firm friend. In 1866, Mr. Depew was appointed the attorney of the New York and Harlem Railroad Company, and three years later, when that road was consolidated with the New York Central, he was made the attorney of the new organization, being afterward elected a member of the Board of Directors.

As other and extensive roads were added to the system, Mr. Depew in 1875, was promoted to be general counsel for them all, and elected to a directorship in each of the numerous organizations. The year previous, the legislature had made him Regent of the State University, and one of the Commissioners to build the Capitol at Albany.

In 1884, the United States senatorship was tendered to Mr. Depew, but he was committed to so many business and professional trusts that he felt compelled to decline the honor. Two years before, William H. Vanderbilt had retired from the presidency of the New York Central, and in the reorganization Mr. Depew was made second Vice-President. The President, Mr. Rutter, died in 1885, and Mr. Depew was elected to the presidency, which office he still holds.

His previous experience had made him thoroughly familiar with all the intricacies and minutiæ of the immense business, its policy, its relations with other corporations, its rights, responsibilities and limitations, and none was so well equipped for the responsible post as he. "The basilar fact in Mr. Depew's character is a profound and accurate judgment, and this asserts itself in all his manifold relations with men and affairs, and in every effort he puts forth in any direction. Practical common sense, tact, an exquisite sense of the proprieties, a

singular aptitude for business, and an intuitive appreciation of the value of means with reference to their ends, are manifestations of this judgment ; and if we add a strong will, great executive ability, untiring industry, and instinctive love of order, and a readiness to adopt the best method, an intellect of astonishing range and remarkable promptness in the solution of intricate problems, we have a correct estimate of the qualities which place him in the first rank of railway managers."

At the National Republican convention of 1888, New York voted solidly for Mr. Depew as its candidate for the Presidency, but he withdrew his name. At the convention at Minneapolis in 1892, he was selected to present the name of President Harrison, and made one of the best speeches of his life. When Mr. Blaine resigned as Secretary of State, President Harrison urged Mr. Depew to accept the place, but after a week's deliberation, he felt obliged to decline the honor.

It is impossible in a sketch like this to do justice to the remarkable versatility of Mr. Depew. His admirable addresses would fill several bulky volumes. As an after dinner speaker, he is without a peer, and his wit, logic and eloquence never fail him. What could be more apt than his words, when, upon entering a public hall where a number of leading men were straining themselves to prove the Christian religion a delusion and a sham, and there were instant and clamorous calls for him, he said : "Gentlemen, my mother's Bible is good enough for me ; have you anything better to offer?" And then with touching pathos and impassioned words he made an appeal for the religion which they reviled, which must have pierced the shell of more than one agnostic heart

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